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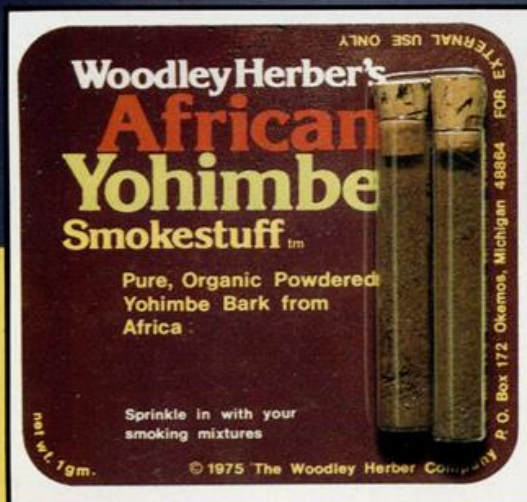
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September 1976, No.13

INTERVIEW:

Michael Stepanian

Steve Long

22

FEATURES:

How to Buy a Judge

Ray Schultz

41

The High Times Guide to Jamaica

47

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues

Tom Robbins

62

PICTORIALS:

How Kif Is Cut

Pato

44

Reality, Perception and Donuts

Bill Griffith

64

TRIPS:

Kif Making in Morocco

Paul Bowles

43

DEPARTMENTS:

Letters

11

Forum

14

Health

17

Law

20

Records

91

Books

94

Paraphernalia

100

Trans-High Market Quotations

108

Closers

110

HIGHWITNESS NEWS:

33

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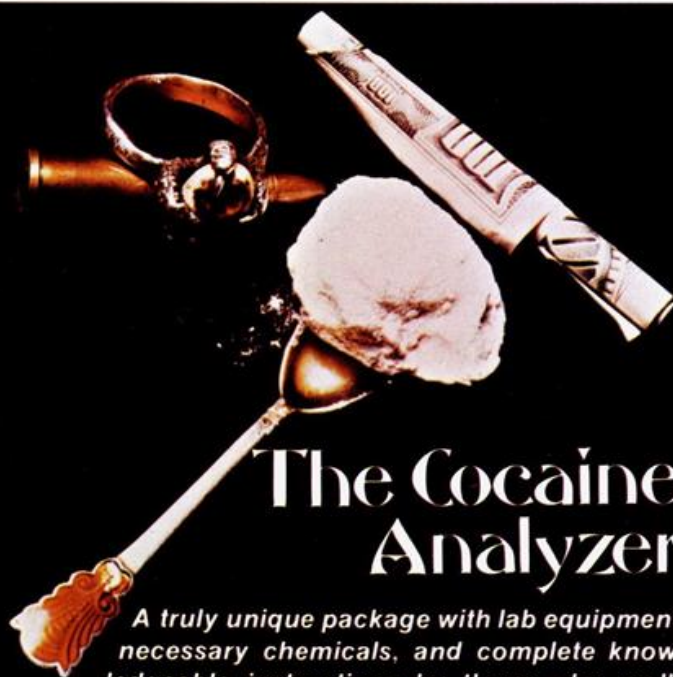
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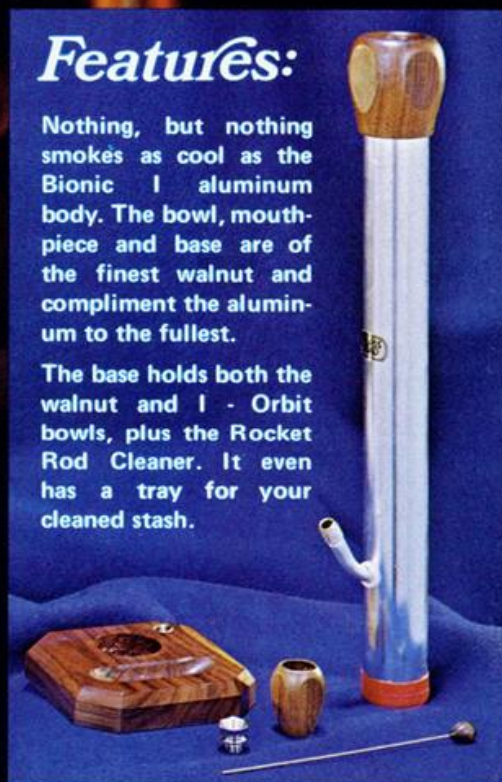
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The Innocence of Marvin Flowers

Dope media followers will recall the case of Marvin Flowers, who had the singularly incredible misfortune to be arrested for drunkenness while in possession of \$336,556 in cash. Mr. Flowers had reportedly pulled over to the side of the freeway in St. Petersburg, Fla. (which is what you're supposed to do, if drunk) and was peacefully sleeping when the police, perhaps spurred by the sight of a long-haired "kid" in a brand-new, white Lincoln with icy airconditioning, saw fit to investigate, roust, harass, harangue, persecute and arrest the perplexed Mr. Flowers, and in the backseat of the Lincoln, they found this suitcase full of money. This simple twist of fate has propelled Mr. Flowers on an extraordinary journey through the kafka hells of our drug enforcement policy. In the process, he has become an unlikely but quite real *folk hero of dope*.

Money Does Not Bring Happiness

The government, of course, was not satisfied with confiscating the \$336,556, although certainly Mr. Flowers would have been happy to pay the appropriate taxes on that. With the moral certitude of Visigoths destroying the Parthenon, the police clapped Mr. Flowers behind bars and thus saved the population of the freeway from his drunken snoring. The iron door had barely swung shut on Mr. Flowers before the local press had tried and convicted him. The primary evidence against him was the possession of an inordinate amount of money. Inordinate by whose standards? If possession of money were a crime, Mr. Rockefeller would surely be hanging from a lamppost right now, wouldn't he?

And so, the government and the local press, together, began a campaign of persecution for "conspiracy" the likes of which has not been seen since the notorious political conspiracy trials of the Sixties—e.g., the Panther 21, the Chicago Seven, the Harrisburg Six, the Oakland Seven, the New Haven Three, the Seattle Seven, et al. The local newspapers investigated Mr. Flowers' entire life (thus saving the police the trouble), and they had a lurid orgy with the facts. The "evidence" against Mr. Flowers was various: he had a fleet of new Lincolns, equipped with push-button radiotelephones and icy airconditioning; he was young (too young to have \$336,556 while cops get \$8,000 a year); he had long hair; he had numerous safe-deposit boxes (it's an unsafe world); he had in his wallet a receipt for a boat; he had a luxurious house in exclusive Clearwater Hills; he kept a Lear jet (icy airconditioning running) standing by for his use; his friends had a helicopter landing pad in their back yard (So what? So do lots of people.); he held wild parties; his friends quickly disappeared (Who wouldn't after the vicious publicity barrage unleashed against them?); the entire contents of Mr. Flowers' house disappeared after his arrest, never to be seen (or lovingly fondled and gloated over) by the police again (Did the police consider the possibility of burglary while they were harassing a harmless drunk? No.); he was a former motorcycle racer; he was a Yankee carpetbagger from Muskegon, Wisconsin; he had once been arrested for failing to return a rented car on time; he was known to spend time in the posh Yachtsman Inn in Myrtle Beach.

The Clincher

The investigators were particularly interested in a note found in Mr. Flowers' wallet, to wit: "Georgetown Sea Buoy [which happens to be located near Jamaica off Santa Maria Island]. Start looking next Thursday night... won't expect anybody after midnight. Find a place for me to unload plus charts of the area." O.K., so it sounds bad. A man's wallet, like a woman's purse, tends to become cluttered with all manner of scribbles. The media had tried and convicted Mr. Flowers. High Times would like to counter that so that Mr. Flowers can get a fair shake. The fishing is really excellent down by Jamaica at night, and it takes a big place to unload a good catch. We're convinced Mr. Flowers had nothing more sinister in mind than looking for *jaws*, not jam. And if not, well, nobody's perfect. There are so many laws in this world, it's almost impossible to abide by all of them all of the time. We're not saying Mr. Flowers is a saint (we hear he has not been canonized), but you don't have to be a saint to be innocent of specific criminal charges.

Mr. Flowers was duly brought before the Inquisitors and ordered to sing or stay in the cage—an indefinite (like life) term in jail for contempt (these grand juries do think grandly). But Mr. Flowers had the arrogant nerve to assert his constitutional rights. For 17 hours of intensive questioning, he refused to speak, even to acknowledge his own existence (which by this time was a crime in itself). For so doing, Mr. Flowers subsequently did nine months in the hellhole of the Pinellas County Jail

until his lawyers got him out. Mr. Flowers' basic crime was to be alive, young and rich behind redneck enemy lines.

The Ship, the Black Freighter

But the government was not through with Mr. Flowers. On the basis of the aforementioned factoids (almost all untrue) plus the inchoate ramblings of a purported oberlieutenant in Mr. Flowers' phantom Q-boat fleet of mysterious black freighters, an indictment was duly brought down for conspiracy to smuggle 50 tons of weed into America (where it is sorely needed and other observers felt Mr. Flowers should be given a medal and a key to the city if this were true). Indicted along with him was the jovial Harry "the Rock" Hoffman, who although possibly overweight, certainly looks innocent to us, although perhaps not as innocent-looking as the blue-eyed Mr. Flowers. Observers feel that the chief informer had gone crazy and imagined boatloads of weed. Mental illness is a widespread problem in America, as the National Institute of Mental Health would be the first to acknowledge.

Bondage in the Bay

After much grief and deprivation of the pursuit of happiness (and if the government's case were true, which it is not, much interruption of important foreign trade), the case came to trial, but lo and behold, the chief informer failed to appear. No one knows exactly what detained him on the way to the courthouse, but if his body someday washes ashore wrapped in chains, it will surely be because (as informers are wont to do) he tried to steal more chain than he could swim with. Another informer, more minor, had a sudden change of heart and refused to testify. The government's "case" collapsed, and the judge, a wise man, gave the government until June 1 of this year to come up with the missing witness. The government has come up with no witness, but the judge has still not dismissed the charges. Why?

Is Marvin Flowers a victim of the same fate as Sacco & Vanzetti? Is Marvin Flowers like a hero of some Greek tragedy, pursued by his fatal flaws, drunkenness and too much money? No, without people like Marvin Flowers there would be no narcs and there would be no America. Mr. Flowers is probably right now providing work for hundreds of narcs deployed in ruining his livelihood—which is landscaping. The government obviously has its grasses confused.

We are certain that Mr. Flowers, as he contemplates an untimely death (by overattention) to a great career, would agree. Sipping a bowl of conch soup, nibbling on a Key lime pie, writing a postcard to his kindly white-haired mother (Mr. Flowers reportedly loves nature and is kind to dogs and children), thinking about the good old days before that awful \$336,556 misunderstanding, he must remember the good old days before every stranger was a narc and every sea lane was closed. The judge now holds Mr. Flowers' fate in his hands. If justice is blind, the scales must surely weigh Mr. Flowers innocent. Smuggling means never having to say you're sorry.

In Memoriam: Ken Burnstine

In his prime, Ken Burnstine was one helluva man—larger than life, brimming with joie de vivre, the essence of vitality. He organized the greatest marijuana-smuggling flying circus ever. His Lockheed Lodestars, skimming in low over the water, seemed to singlehandedly supply the Jamaican market in the old days. It was a rare abandoned Florida airstrip that didn't feel the caress of a Burnstine plane. But accidents happen—a plane fell out of the sky (some say it was shot down), another hit a Pompano Beach high-rise apartment, several others crashed in the water, and, of course, the local press got on his case hot and heavy, forcing the narcs to crucify him.

Unfortunately, when the walls started closing in, Burnstine turned informer. It's true that he picked his targets—a CIA gun dealer, a Teamster official, etc., but he was still an informer, and decent society has no place for such people. The irony is that if Ken had known he was going to die last month, he would have undoubtedly held his mud to the end. (Why not? The government can't put a dead man in jail.) The 59 people (!) whose indictments have been dropped certainly appreciate the timeliness of his accident (or was it suicide?), but it was an unexpectedly different fulfillment of the generally agreed-upon prophecy that Ken Burnstine would never do a day in jail. He could have been a hero to the end, but he lost his guts and ratted out. After all that he had been through. Champion unlimited air racer. Combat pilot. Dope runner. Sad. . . . Words fail. Ken, goodbye. ☐

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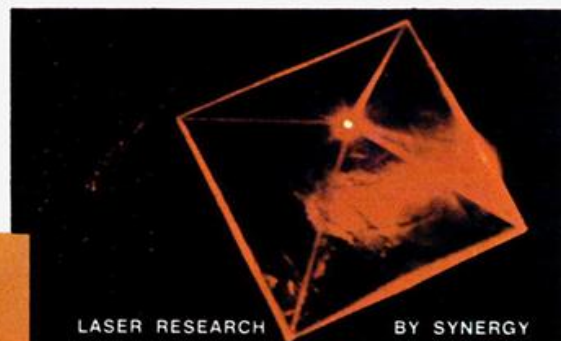
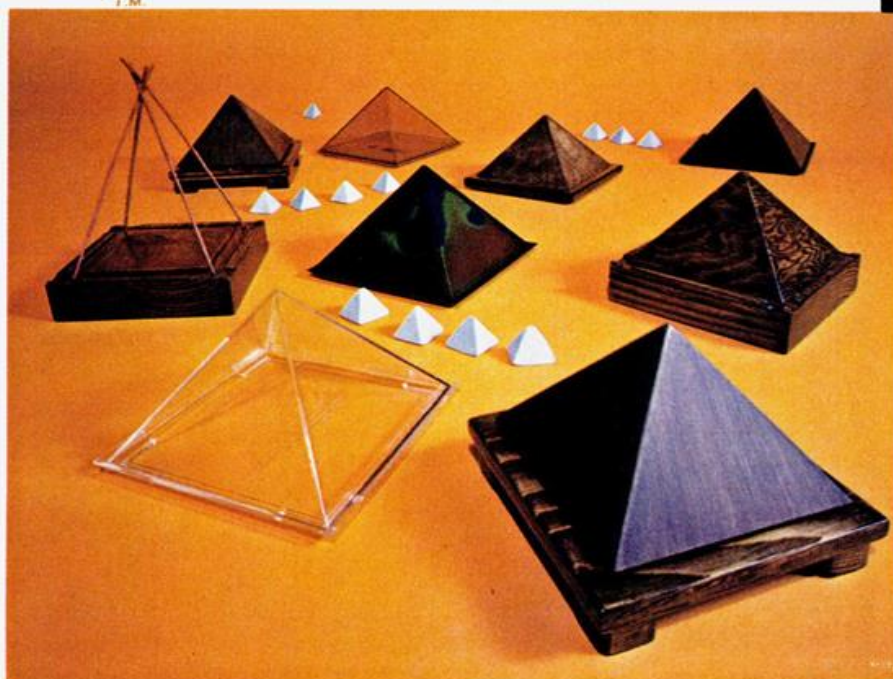
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Neurological Academy Closed

Answers to the questions posed in the "Acid Heresy" letter published in your May issue are important not only for understanding "the continuing deterioration in quality and availability of LSD," but also to counteract the generalized deterioration of the alternative culture. With acid (and energizing reefer) on the endangered sacraments list, the self-development of many people is slowing to a snail's pace. The situation is grave.

At this space-time convergence, methods of raising consciousness and intelligence abound, but none equal the well planned acid trip as an antidote to the limiting conditioning of our highly technological society. If marijuana is "the matriculation key to the school of rapture," LSD is the matriculation key to the neurological academy. This latter level is the one we must operate on if we are to reprogram our biocomputers on an individual basis and determine our destinies.

Please help us demystify the (pure) LSD shortage. Scanning *High Times* on the starship's newspad would be much more interesting than working through antiquated and impotent methods while waiting for the sun to nova. —B. Brown, Santa Barbara, Ca.

Stay Thule

There are a lot of different types of pot currently on the market, and I would now like to introduce one more: Greenland Green. Although its growth isn't exces-



sive, it's one of the highest quality—a cross between Colombian and Kools [sic]. We believe we bear the distinction of growing the northernmost weed in the world. 800 miles from the North Pole.

—Name withheld, Thule, Greenland

Snake in Your Grass

Put a few of these in your plants and worry no more about ripoffs. The weed is



homegrown Thai; the snake is a Pope's tree viper. —M. E. Tampa, Fla.

Millions for Tribute

The problem of Americans being jailed in foreign countries is an old one, dating back to impressment in the British Navy and the capture of American merchant seamen by the Barbary Coast pirates. Early Americans shouted "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," and went to war to rescue their fellow citizens, but I believe the most effective method is to negotiate with the foreign governments and buy the people back. Small governments are always in need of hard currency, and they don't like the expense of feeding imprisoned Americans. The ill-conceived method of freeing Americans by violent breakouts can only result in death and probably harsher conditions for those remaining.

A committee should be set up to raise the money, then vote on whose freedom would be purchased. Those jailed for only one crime and not involved in violent acts should be eligible. Shake-down cases, mothers and the seriously ill should get priority. Race, class and political beliefs should not enter into the decisions. By contributing \$1 each, America's 20-million grass and cocaine users could produce a freedom fund of \$20 million. Figuring an average price of \$20,000 per person and figuring that half of the money would go for operational expenses, travel and bribes, a fund of \$20 million could buy freedom for 500 Americans a year.

To get people to contribute, two requirements must be met: there must be strict accounting of all funds, and there must be no prejudice shown in who gets priority to be freed.

All countries practicing shake-downs should be boycotted and Americans discouraged from vacationing there until the governments clear up problems like this. —R. Paulson, Brockton, Mass.

Gringo Stars

I have just returned from a year in South America, and I want to express my disgust with a common attitude among American youths visiting there—namely the idea that native cultures exist primarily as places for tourists to hang out, sample the psychedelics and gawk at exotic customs. While none of these activities are necessarily wrong, when done with no real interest in the Indians themselves, they do a great disservice both to the natives and to Americans. Later Americans have neither the money nor the freedom to emulate the American hippie dream. Any extension of personal freedom is a direct threat to the totalitarian regimes that rule most of the continent. Dopers who speak no Spanish and have only a superficial interest in local customs give these people a distorted version of an American reality that can never be theirs. Such contacts help destroy the remnants of native culture as surely as exploitation by Exxon and Macdonald's, and by much the same means—by bombarding the Indians with overwhelming images of modern industrial civilization.

—John Obeda, San Francisco, Ca.

Hollyweed Hills

Hollywood Hills has much more than glitter and bad words; it's grown some primo homegrown. It all started when my partner got us some real gold Colombian. We saved every seed and planted them in the hills where they were watered by the city landscapers.

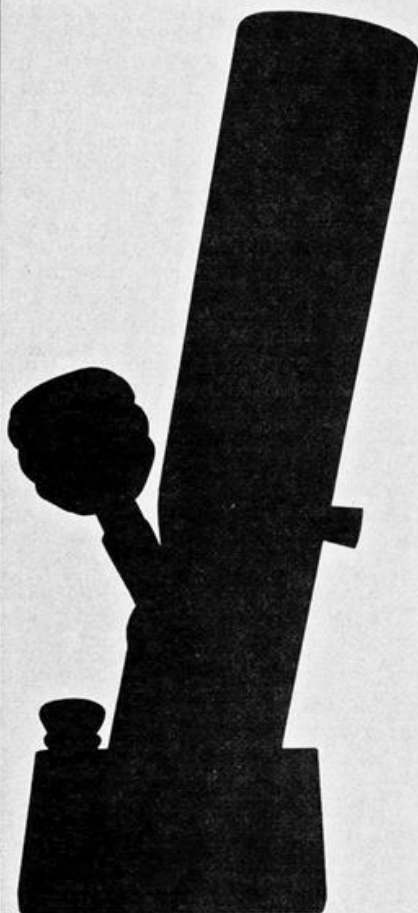
It's been only three months, and see what grew in such a short time. We only



picked a handful apiece, and it was some bad-ass weed. I can't wait for the next picking, but most of all the last. So let it be known: glitter city can still grow some superfine smoke, and the city helps you water your plants. —High Again Hot Dog and Doc, Los Angeles, Ca.

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Animals High Already

I've been pondering Dr. Albert Hofmann's statement in your July "Interview": "The negative results of the test with animals had been due to the comparatively low sensitivity of animals to substances with psychiceffects." Why the low sensitivity of animals to psychedelics? Could it be that they are already very high because their reasoning powers are so much less developed than ours? They may thus have no hardened beliefs and morals to stop their minds from wandering where they will go.

—Chief Whiteleather, Homestead, Fla.

Rooftop Reefer

Here in suburban Houston, we grow wherever we can. Unfortunately, right after this picture was taken, my rooftop



crop had to be moved out to the country to avoid detection by helicopter surveillance. Keep on growin'.

—The "Champions," Houston, Tex.

Golf Oil

Of interest to any high golfers reading this magazine may be a psychedelic round I played recently. About two hours before going to the golf course I ate half a hit of purple microdot acid. I played the first nine holes before taking the other half of the hit.

After shedding my shoes, I was amazed at how loose and coordinated I felt. It was no illusion either—I played better than I had in three years. Everything seemed to fall right into place, with the exception of putting; I had some difficulty reading the break of the greens. My golf game has improved markedly since then, and I recommend LSD to other golfers who need a little insight into their games. Remember, though, too much acid and you will most likely stash your clubs in the woods and just walk around barefooted.

—T. T., Bristol, Va.

Boo from Column A

In your March issue, Yossarian's "Dopetaker's Textbook," mentions (whether in jest or in all seriousness, I know not) the steep price increase in pot if smoking became "culturally desirable"

in mainland China. Well, marijuana and hash have been, and still are, culturally acceptable there.

I was in mainland China in 1974 and got stoned quite legally and openly twice. I bought an exquisite hash pipe in Tien Tsien in the official *hokl* gift shop and saw many old people smoking hash in the parks.



The Chinese are down on opium, but cannabis is part of the herbal medicine which is widely used and often preferred to chemical (Western culture) pharmaceuticals. The traditional remedies (their words, not mine) are more "culturally desirable" as far as the government is concerned. Thousands of years of dope-smoking experience say it's good for what ails you.

—Helen Lovekin, Thunder Bay, Canada

As You Reap...

Hey, we have an idea you may be interested in: How about a "Sow your seeds" movement? Every day millions of future highs are cleaned and thrown away by American heads. Keep those seeds and fling 'em out your car window or anywhere where they might grow. Imagine if all serious smokers did just that. In a few years... well, I smile just thinking about it. As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

—T. J. and D. A., Toledo, Ohio

Honolulu Lulu

Just like to show people a little bit of *Pakalolo* ("marijuana" in Hawaiian). This Kona Gold plant sure glistens with resin under our hot Hawaiian sun.



Quality is expensive, but this dynamite weed is well worth the price. The photo was taken last January on the Big Island, Kona, Hawaii. —A friend, Oahu, Hawaii

Collector Covers

How about making available some sturdy magazine covers for those like myself whose tattered copies have made trips all over town. I don't mind lending them out; it's just that I've become a collector and want them to look sharp.

—Melissa E. Loven, San Antonio, Tex.

The Trans-High Corporation is now preparing sturdy issue binders for High Times hoarders. They should be ready in time for Christmas.—Ed.

Roach Clip Record

Here is a picture of what must be the largest roach clip in existence. This and the picture of the Javan opium den are



from *The Secret Museum of Mankind*.

My copy has no title page or date, but I would guess it is from the first quarter of this century.

—G.E. Drake, Pekin, Ill.

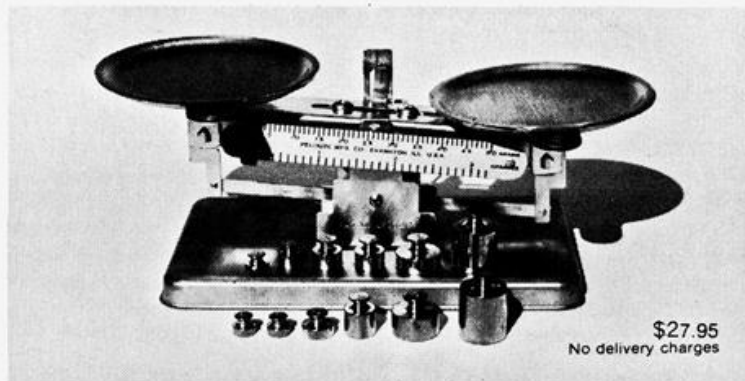
NORML Nabob

In the editing of my interview, which appeared in June '76, *High Times*, one very dedicated and able NORML staff member, Mark Heutlinger, our business manager, was inadvertently omitted. I wanted to note for the record his significant contribution to our overall program, over the years, first with Amorphia and more recently with NORML.

Otherwise, I appreciate the continuing generous support which *High Times* is providing NORML, in donated ad space and in direct financial contributions. With your help, we anticipate an early end to the senseless and tragic waste of human potential which results from treating marijuana smokers as criminals.

—R. Keith Stroup, Director,
NORML, Washington, D. C. ■

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Growing with Tap Water

Q: I'd like to know whether chlorinated tap water might be harmful to my pot plants. If so, can the effects be counteracted by treating it with the pet-shop preparations sold for dechlorinating water for fish tanks?

—Rooter Boosters, Eugene, Ore.

A: Chlorinated water does not seem to harm marijuana, and many fine crops have been raised straight from the tap. The chlorine may undergo many reactions in water, making the solution slightly acid. Repeated use of heavily chlorinated water could destroy necessary soil microorganisms or make the soil too acid for healthy growth. The anti-chlorine formula is probably sodium thiosulfate. It reacts with chlorinated water to form common salt. Excessive amounts would make the soil too saline and too alkaline. It's probably best simply to let the water sit in an open container for a few days. Some of the chlorine will dissipate into the air, and the water temperature will reach a comfortable level for your plants.

Afrodisiac?

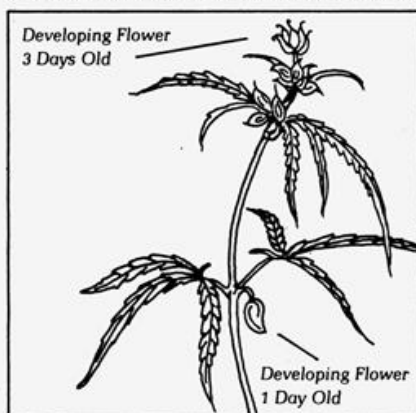
Q: On the campaign trail back in 1972, author Hunter Thompson claimed that Senator Ed Muskie was dosed with a bizarre, mind-altering drug called ibogaine. Now, I've never encountered it in all my years of dosing myself. What is it, and what kind of trip does it cause?

—Fred Williams, Palo Alto, Ca.

A: Ibogaine is most commonly obtained from the West African shrub *Tabernanthe iboga*, the roots of which have been used by Africans for centuries both as an upper and as a divinatory agent. It belongs to a class of substances known as indole alkaloids and thus is related to such notable indoles as LSD, psilocybin and yohimbine. In low doses, ibogaine has central stimulant properties that enable native hunters to remain motionless for as long as two days while retaining mental alertness. At higher doses (around 300 mg.), ibogaine is a psychedelic whose effects are quite different from the popular psychedelics like LSD and mescaline. The ibogaine state has been described as dreaming without loss of consciousness. This quality makes ibogaine a drug of tremendous potential for use in psychotherapy. Unfortunately, the feds have classified it as a drug with no known medical use and as having a high potential for abuse.

Separating the Boys from the Girls

Q: The sinsemilla article in your July issue had some beautiful photos of the stars of the show, the virgin female plants. At least one shot of a male with flowers would have been a good idea, like the author described in the text. It would



David Warren

help your readers recognize the pollen producers in time to uproot them.

—Audrey Hepplewhite, Shenandoah, Pa.

A: The male flowers can be recognized in the early stages of development by the tiny flowerlets dangling from the opened calyx (see above). When the flowerlets open, pollen is dispersed by the wind from protruding yellow stamens.

Fugitive from Injustice

Q: I'm facing five years for coke possession, and I'm looking for a safe haven from America's backward, stringent dope laws. Can you give me any info on countries that have no dope extradition agreement with the United States?

—Name and address withheld

A: The first thing you should do before you make a move is consult at least one lawyer with expertise in international law. The simplest way to be sure you're out from under any extradition treaty is to live wherever Robert Vesco lives. Most Iron Curtain countries and African countries have no extradition treaties whatsoever with the United States. Many others have agreements only for specific crimes, such as murder. Here is a selected list of governments having no extradition treaties at all with Washington: Afghanistan, Algeria, Bangladesh, Belize, Bhutan, Cape Verde Islands, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Iran, Jordan, Lebanon, Libya, Morocco, Nepal, Saudi Arabia and Syria. A lawyer can locate others with no dope-related extradition

clauses. Some of these may still have severer drug penalties than America. Be sure to check. If you are currently under indictment in the United States, especially for a drug-related crime, you may have difficulty getting a passport. It may be easier to enter the land of your choice via Canada or Mexico.

High C

Q: I've heard megadoses of vitamin C before taking mescaline or acid will give you a brighter, more vivid trip. Is there really anything psychedelics remove from the body that one could take to boost the trip, or is this all bullshit?

—Doug B., Erie, Pa.

A: To our knowledge, no research has been done on this question. It seems unlikely that any vitamin would directly augment a hallucinogen's effects. On the other hand, any ecstatic experience produces some wear and tear on the body. Stress vitamin supplements or vitamin C may help keep you from being so wiped out after you come down.

Dry Ice Controversy

Q: A "Forum" letter in your May issue inquired about the use of dry ice to increase the potency of pot. You answered that anyone who started that rumor flunked chemistry and added that heat will increase the weed's strength by converting tetrahydrocannabinolic acid to THC. But everything I've read about pot says that heat and moisture are causes of decreased potency. In *How to Grow Marijuana Indoors Under Lights*, Murphy Stevens says that THC acid absorbs carbon atoms from dry ice and is thus changed to psychoactive THC. Stevens recommends putting the grass on a ten-pound chunk of dry ice, wrapping them together in newspaper and placing them in an ice chest. He says the pot should be left there until all the ice is gone—two to eight days.

—Marcus Maxwell, Paradise, Ca.

A: Gentle heat over a short period of time will change cannabidiol to psychoactive THC. Unfortunately, heat also speeds up the process of oxidation, which gradually destroys THC as marijuana ages. Experts are divided as to whether this process would work or not. It shouldn't harm the pot, though, so our advice is to try it and let us know the results. If carbon is absorbed from the dry ice, there will be free oxygen present when you open the chest, so you might

try testing for that as a sign the experiment worked. Light a match, then blow it out and thrust it into the ice chest immediately after you open it. If a lot of oxygen has been produced, the match will light up again.

DMT Diet

Q: I just scored an ounce of 5-MeO-DMT, and I want to make a personal stash of thriller weed. What ratio of the stuff to an ounce of pot will make a well-rounded mixture to get me and mine very, very high, i.e., how many grams of DMT per ounce of dope?

—D. D., Universal City, Tex.

A: Your mixture should give you the usual dose of DMT (3.5 to 5 mg. when smoked) in one joint or less if you plan to share it. For example, if you roll 50 reefer from an ounce of clean grass, about a half-gram each, then 100 to 140 mg. of DMT to the ounce will give you about one trip per joint. Doubling or tripling this amount will increase the number of people who can get off on each one. Do not add more than this, however: large doses may cause some rupturing of capillaries in the brain due to a local increase in blood pressure.

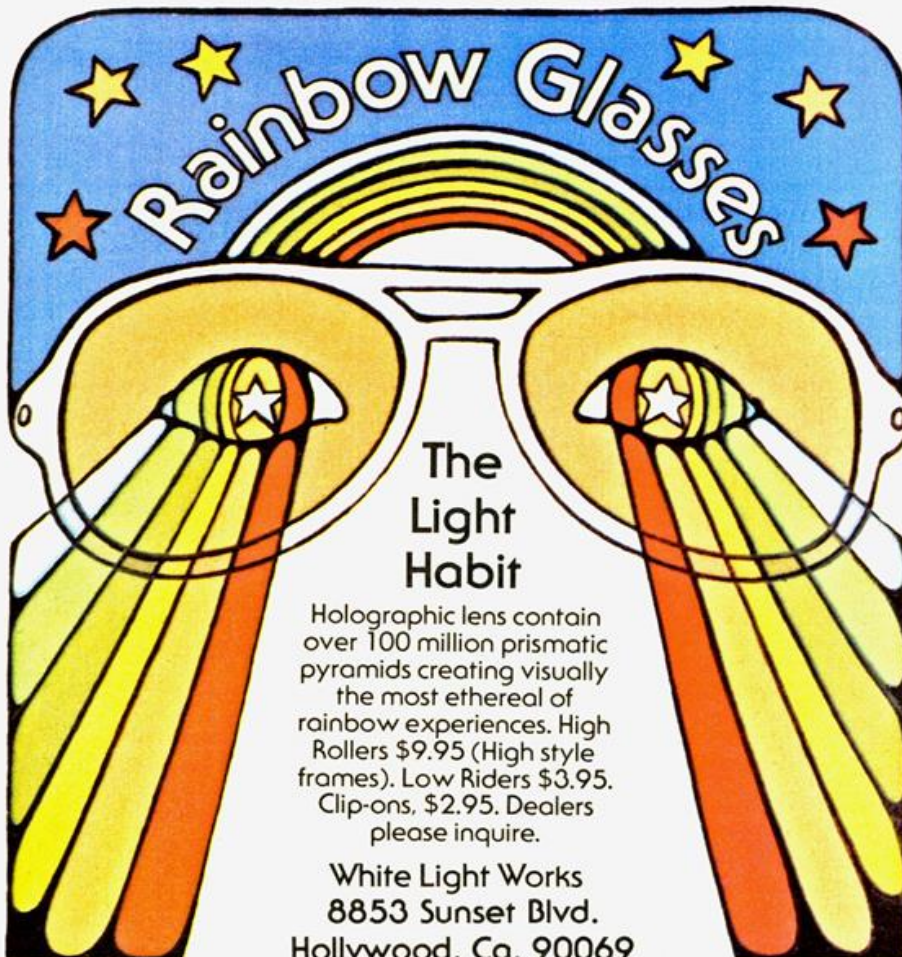
To prevent nausea, avoid smoking DMT on a full stomach. In addition, DMT is what's called an MAO inhibitor; in combination with organic substances called pressor amines, which are present in certain foods, it can cause dangerous changes in blood pressure. When taking any MAO inhibitor, avoid other drugs, beer, wine, cocoa, aged cheese, bananas, plantains, pineapples and sauerkraut.

Sappy Stuff

Q: I have a 4½-foot pot plant growing inside my porch and have been pruning it for the past four months. Lately I've noticed that when I remove the large five-leaflet clusters, red sap oozes from the stem. I'd like to know what this is and what it means. —M. J., Staten Island, N.Y.

A: Marijuana sap is usually colorless and consists mainly of the products of photosynthesis (the process by which a plant produces food from carbon dioxide and water), which are transported from the leaves to the stem, roots and growing tips. A bright red color is not uncommon, due to anthocyanin pigments in certain varieties. These pigments also accumulate if there is a deficiency of phosphorus or potassium. Don't be alarmed by the color unless your plant begins to drop its leaves, in which case feed it with a well-balanced fertilizer.

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐



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Fertility Drops in Rats with Pot-Smoking Grandmothers

Canadian research has shown a sharp drop in fertility and sexual drive among second-generation descendants of rats exposed to marijuana smoke during pregnancy. The pregnant females themselves and their first-generation offspring were unaffected, according to Peter Fried of Carleton University in Ottawa.

Fried, an associate professor of psychology, explained that none of the young rats affected was actually exposed to any dope. The pregnant rats were exposed to smoke from one joint per day, equivalent to human use of five per day. The study was prompted, he said, by the knowledge that THC crosses the placental barrier in humans and may be absorbed in large quantities proportionate to the weight of the fetus. It is not known if the fetal liver can detoxify cannabis as the adult liver can. Fried plans additional research to determine whether the male can also transmit this effect to his grandchildren and whether grass smoking is more dangerous in one stage of pregnancy than in others.

At Harvard Medical School, pot-smoking rat research indicates that a substance in the water-soluble portion of pot smoke acts as a poison that (in rats) decreases the body's ability to kill invading bacteria. If these findings hold true for humans, the germicidal properties of THC would be nullified when marijuana is smoked. The researchers did not indicate whether this component is effectively removed when the smoke is passed through a water pipe.

Legalizing Pot Sales May Reduce Heroin Addiction

The "Potsville to Mainline" myth has resurfaced in a three-year study of marijuana use conducted by sociologists at the University of Kentucky and the University of California at Berkeley. Interviews of 2,500 men 20 to 30 years old showed that 55 percent had used marijuana and 11 percent had subsequently "graduated to heroin." Dr. John A. O'Donnell claimed most of these heroin users initially tried the drug because it was sold by the same dealers who provided their smoke. O'Donnell stated that pot sales, as well as use, would have to be legalized before this aspect of the addiction problem could be solved.

Ounce-Plus Smokers Risk Sperm Loss

Scientists at Columbia University feel they have come up with evidence that marijuana has a direct and adverse effect on the germinal epithelium, the tissue that produces sperm cells. Eleven men, regular users of hemp, were tested for hormone levels and sperm production over a three-month period during which they also consumed large, specified amounts of marijuana. Hormone secretion was unaffected, but sperm production decreased by an average of 57 percent during the experiment, and there was an increase in immature and abnormal sperm cell formation.

These results are suspect, however, because of the unrealistic quantities of pot the men were required to inhale. Each subject had to smoke over a pound of high-quality National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA) weed in two weeks, or more than an ounce per day. All aspects of reproductive functions had registered normal during an earlier period of moderate smoking. Sperm counts decreased during and after the reefer blitz. The researchers also failed to determine which chemical component of pot smoke caused the results and neglected to find out whether the effects were temporary or permanent.

Propanolol Effective for Coke OD

Two California doctors have reported dramatic results in experimental use of propanolol to save the lives of victims of cocaine overdose. Propanolol is widely used in hospital emergency rooms to lower the blood pressure of cardiac patients. Excessive amounts of coke often raise the blood pressure sufficiently to cause a fatal heart attack or cerebral aneurysm (rupture of an artery in the brain). Dr. Richard T. Rappolt, editor of the periodical *Clinical Toxicology*, and Dr. George R. Gay, former director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, have successfully treated over 50 emergency cocaine cases with propanolol.

Marijuana Serves as Insect Repellent

Police in Winnipeg, Canada, believe they have uncovered a new use for marijuana: as an insect repellent. One elderly couple

whose garden boasted seven-foot plants said they didn't know what the weed was but they let it grow because it kept the bugs away. A local farmer reported the same effect. He noticed that whenever his cattle went to pasture during the mosquito season, they would head for one specific clump of bushes. A closer look revealed hemp in the vicinity. The area was remarkably free of flies and 'skeeeters,' the farmer said.

Smokers Add Tons to Pollution Problem

In trying to assess the pollution problem posed by tobacco in our society, Harvard Medical School researcher Dr. Thomas Mulvaney has compiled some interesting statistics. He says American smokers exhale 80,000 pounds of solid air pollutants every day. The cigarettes themselves—80 million packs daily—create 1,750 tons of trash, not including cartons and shipping containers.

Feminism Seen as Heart Disease Cause

A California cardiologist cites the passing of hippie lifestyles and development of the women's liberation movement as factors in the increasing rate of heart ailments. Heart specialists have divided the populace into two personality categories: Type A individuals are prone to heart attacks because of their relatively aggressive, high-pressure way of dealing with reality; people with a more relaxed, easy-going personality, classified as Type B, are resistant to cardiac ills. They tend to "run the world with creative energy and ideas, not hurry and hostility," explained Dr. Meyer Friedman, director of the Harold Brunn Institute of Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco.

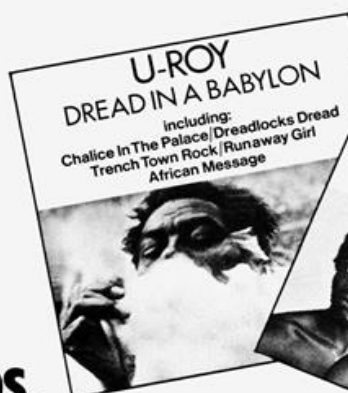
Unfortunately, Type A people are becoming more common; they now constitute about 70 percent of the population, as compared with about 50 percent 15 years ago, Dr. Friedman estimated. He maintains that the hippie movement of the late Sixties represented an encouraging increase in Type B behavior. Since then, however, youths have settled down to college and jobs again. Dr. Friedman also expressed disappointment that the women's movement has produced competition with men in the Type A pattern, rather than a new approach. ■

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Supreme Court OKs Narc Frame-Ups

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled five to three that it is constitutional to convict a person for selling drugs even when undercover agents or government informers initially supplied the seller with the drugs and other undercover agents acted as the purchasers. This ruling substantially strengthens the power of the DEA, which employs the use of undercover narcs as a major enforcement tool. In effect, this ruling broadens the extent to which the DEA and local drug-enforcement units may participate in planning an illegal crime to make arrests.

Entrapment was initially developed as a legal defense under which a defendant could be acquitted if the government was shown to have instigated the crime. This decision, the latest in a long line of related cases, comes three years after a major court ruling limiting the circumstances in which a defendant may claim entrapment as a defense.

Until this decision, there had been various contradictory rulings by lower courts on the extent of government involvement necessary in setting up a crime to allow a defendant to claim entrapment. Then several lower courts began to rule that even if a defendant was not entitled to claim entrapment, because he was not an unwary innocent, government involvement in planning a crime could sometimes be so extensive that it would be fundamentally unfair to convict the defendant. Now the court has drawn a clear line between "the trap for the unwary innocent and the trap for the unwary criminal."

High Court Rejects Religious Pot Use

For the second time in four years, the United States Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal of a marijuana conviction based on a "free exercise of religion" defense. Both appeals were on behalf of the 1,000-member Church of Plenty, a self-sufficient communal farm and spiritual village near Summertown, Tennessee, as reported in "Law," *High Times*, July '76.

Four members of the community were arrested in 1971 for growing marijuana and were convicted and sentenced two years later. At that time, they made their first appeal to the Supreme Court.

After their release from prison, the four initiated a second petition to the court, raising the issue of cruel and unusual punishment as well as that of religious freedom. Both appeals were de-

nied "for want of a substantial federal question"—that is, for failure to present strong evidence that the convictions had violated any federally guaranteed rights.

Although these decisions set legal precedent, it is impossible to foresee how they will be interpreted, since the justices rejected both petitions without accepting legal briefs or oral argument and without explaining their reasoning in a written opinion. They may preclude any use of the religious defense, or they may be held to apply only to the Church of Plenty. It is possible these rulings may even affect sacramental use of peyote by native Americans, which was protected by a 1964 decision of the California Supreme Court.

Customs May Search All Boats Entering U.S.

The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco has upheld the right of the Customs Service to search any boat arriving at a U.S. port or shore, as long as there is a "reasonable certainty" that it has come from foreign waters. In this case, the defendants had been observed making several trips in and out of the San Diego Bay area in an ocean-going motorboat of a type commonly used for overnight smuggling runs to Mexico.

Agents later searched the craft on its trailer in a nearby parking lot and found 880 pounds of marijuana. The appeals court ruled that Customs officials did not need reason to believe the vessel contained pot, but only reasonable certainty that it had been in foreign waters.

GI Court Splits on K-9 Corps

A general search of an army barracks by dope-detecting dogs turned up marijuana in a certain soldier's locker. His conviction was later reversed on grounds of an improperly issued warrant. In considering this case, however, the three-judge U.S. Court of Military Appeals gave three conflicting opinions on canine searches in the armed forces.

Judge Cook reasoned that a general inspection in which the canine narcs sniff only in public areas is not really a search and that the Fourth Amendment guarantees against invasion of privacy do not, therefore, apply. Judge Ferguson held the opposite view. Chief Judge Fletcher, who wrote the lead opinion, declared that base commanders have the right to conduct such inspections to find out if drugs are being used. Fletcher maintained, however, that the potential for abuse of

this power is so great that any drugs discovered may not be used as trial evidence or as the basis for a search warrant.

No Warrant Required for Toilet Search

The Maryland Court of Special Appeals has ruled that no warrant need be obtained to search a suspect's feces. In the case of *Venner v. Maryland*, police learned from hospital X-rays that Venner had probably swallowed several balloons. They waited until the evidence was passed and recovered balloons filled with marijuana extract.

After he was convicted, Venner appealed on the grounds that the evidence had been obtained by illegal search and seizure and thus in violation of the Fourth Amendment. The appeals court, however, held that his bowel movement was abandoned property and that his person and property were not violated by the warrantless search.

DEA to Control Pharmaceuticals

The federal Court of Appeals in Boston has granted the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) the authority to control prescription drug manufacture under the Controlled Substances Act of 1970. The agency had ordered manufacturers to reduce by 616 kilograms the amount of phenmerazine (Preludin), a widely used diet pill. In ruling against the manufacturer, Ciba-Geigy Corp., the court gave the DEA the power to set manufacturing quotas for drugs it feels are being extensively diverted to the illicit market.

Baton Rouge Bar Endorses Decrim

In a ballot by mail in which less than half of the membership voted, the Bar Association of Baton Rouge, La., has endorsed decriminalization of marijuana. The resolution favors substituting a civil fine of up to \$100 for the present criminal penalties applied to possession of up to an ounce. Louisiana NORML had planned to submit the proposal to the meeting of the Louisiana State Bar Association in May, but decided to wait "for a more opportune time."

Two bills with similar provisions have been introduced in the Louisiana House and Senate. Both have been in committee since mid-June. If passed as written, pot misdemeanors would be punishable only by a summons, and offenders would not have to spend the night in jail. ■

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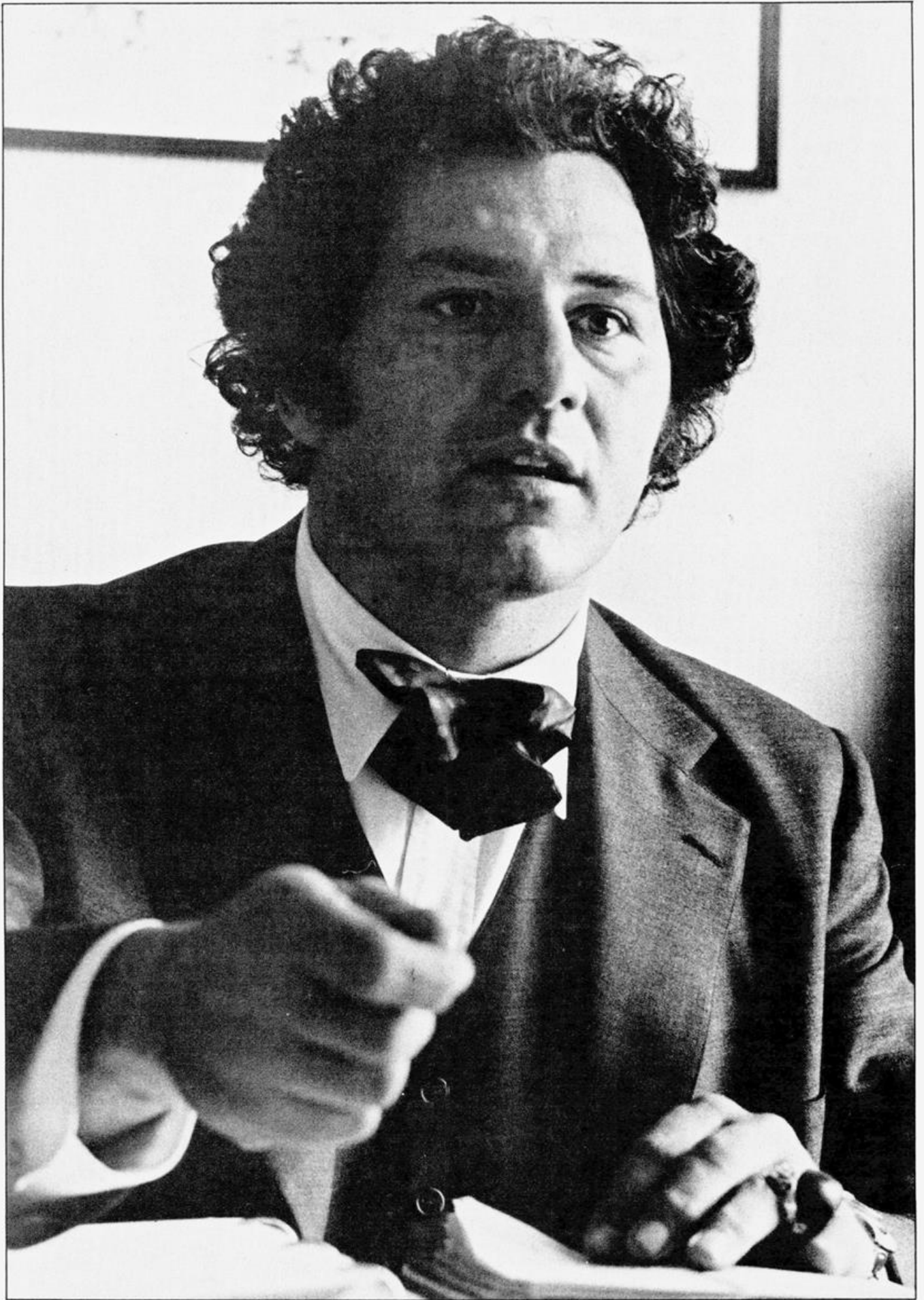
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Michael Stepanian

Michael Stepanian is one of America's foremost dope lawyers. A graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan University and Boston University Law School, Stepanian began practicing law in 1966 in the house where the Grateful Dead lived in the heart of San Francisco's emerging hippie community, the Haight-Ashbury district. When police began wholesale arrests of hippie grass smokers, Stepanian soon found that most of his legal practice was dope busts. His clients have included many of the heavies of the counterculture: the Dead, Janis Joplin, R. Crumb and others. In 1973, Stepanian wrote *Pot Shots*, a layperson's guide to the dope

laws. Despite many changes in marijuana legislation since then, *Pot Shots*, still in print, remains a clearly written classic on busts and how to avoid them.

Stepanian's presence dominates a room. His booming voice, thick neck and actor's gestures remind one of Richard Burton. Words tumble out in a fast staccato, and he often leaves a polysyllabic word uncompleted in his rush to the next thought. His message is that the civil rights and civil liberties of millions of pot smokers and drug users are threatened by the civil wrongs of countless overzealous authorities.

Stepanian lives with his wife, Tania, in

a renovated San Francisco Victorian house. There are lots of plants and paintings in the three-room living area (most of the walls have been removed for more space); in the adjoining hallway one finds more paintings—many of them gifts from grateful artist-clients—original comic strip panels by Crumb, old and rare books and buttons and framed photographs of Stepanian's Armenian parents. There are also newspaper clippings on the wall attesting to Stepanian's prowess as a rugby player. He wears a black bat button on his lapel for his current national champion rugby team, the Bay Area Touring Side, or BATS.

High Times: How did you get started as a dope lawyer?

Stepanian: I became a lawyer in 1965 in San Francisco and started out working with Vincent Hallinan. He's an expert, he knows everything and he's the toughest guy who ever lived. So I started working to become a criminal and personal injury lawyer. Then around 1967 I started noticing what was happening in Haight-Ashbury. At that stage, I was a very hard-nosed, hard-drinking, athletic, sort of heavy-handed kind of a guy. I wanted to succeed, to be a great criminal lawyer.

Brian Rohan was there, and he was representing Bill Graham and Ken Kesey at the time. Rohan showed me there was a whole trip coming down with music and dope and the law and said that there were going to be millions of kids getting jacked around. I kept hearing about kids getting busted and going to jail, and there was no lawyer who was really representing those cases. Older lawyers said, "Dope, ugh, hippies, ugh"—assholes, you know.

So Bill Graham threw a concert for two or three days, with Quicksilver Messenger Service, Janis Joplin, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Charlatans and all those great people. Then they made an announcement at this concert: "We've got a couple of lawyers here who'll represent anybody who's got a legal problem this summer—draft evasion, overdose, big busts, little busts, whatever it is."

So I would go be a regular criminal lawyer during the day, and then at nighttime, I would go to our office in Haight-Ashbury and there'd be a line of kids waiting. Everyday there'd be 20 busts, 10 kids would be busted in one house, 15 or 20 in another house. 3 guys for selling pills, guys getting doors knocked down,

all kinds of stuff. We must have represented 400 or 500 that summer. Not one went to state prison all that time, and the kids started to relate to us, realizing that all lawyers aren't creeps and bums and assholes. Ultimately I think the storefront scene stopped when the Grateful Dead got busted. HALO [Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization] got busted. You know, there was marijuana all over the damn place. We ultimately worked it out. I continued doing that kind of case, and the kids grew up, and I've been working along the last ten years.

High Times: The cases you defended in those days—the Dead and so forth—how were they different from the cases you defend today?

Stepanian: I think at that stage they were lifestyle busts more than dope busts. If you had long hair or drove a funky car or acted a bit outrageous, you would be just stopped. They would use any excuse to search a car and seize evidence. Then more and more lawyers got involved in these cases, and they couldn't just stop a car and go into it, because more lawyers hit them for illegal search and seizure. Lawyers have to attack the probable cause in arrest and search; narcs create their own.

Now the problem is the Supreme Court, the legacy of Richard Nixon and Assistant Attorney General William Rehnquist, Nixon's wiretap crony. That's the malady that's gonna be lingering on even though the bums are out of office. This very conservative Supreme Court is undoing all the civil liberty progress made by the Warren Court.

There aren't nearly as many wholesale big busts as there used to be. They're not grabbing kids just because they have long hair and searching them indiscriminately. I think the police in California, anyway, have gone through such an

unbelievable amount of search and seizure motions, clogging up the courts—I think they're refining their activities, arresting fewer people and trying to make better busts. And the money isn't there for marijuana prosecution like it used to be. They're concentrating more on heroin and cocaine, and concentrating on border searches, basically, and on planes landing.

High Times: Back in the early days, too, there was a lot of antiwar activity along with all of the dope.

Stepanian: It was the kids against the cops, you know what I mean? Or the cops against the kids, rather. The police attempted again and again to break up the whole scene, but fortunately we had that case right after the Be-In where they arrested 50 people. We made a deal with the D.A. We said, "Listen, you pick out ten people, and we'll try the cases. If we get more acquittals than convictions, you'll dismiss the other 40, okay? If it's convictions more than dismissals, we'll try to dispose of it, and maybe the kids will make a deal, okay?"

Well, they picked one kid who was playing his saxophone, banging on top of a car. They picked the most outrageous people. So the jury was listening to a kid who went to Juilliard, who quit, who wanted to get free. They listened to a girl who was in school and decided to go out on her own. And they said—hey, some of these people are just not guilty; this is bullshit. The jury dismissed or got acquittals on more than half, I think it was seven out of ten. So the D.A. just dismissed all of them. That began to break down the mass arrests. I think the judges and D.A.'s began to get hip.

High Times: Whom do you work with?

Stepanian: Brian Rohan is my partner, along with Kayo Hallinan and Alexander Poeter. There are also two strong wom-

en lawyers, Nancy Roscoe and Sandra Musser. Steffan Imhoff, who's my main man, did Steve Soliah's case up in Sacramento with another great liberal lawyer, Sheldon Otis. It went smooth as silk, and they got Steve acquitted. Michael Krassner does a lot of the important federal pleadings. Brian and Nick Clainos head up the music law business in the office, which frankly is the best I've seen. Brian and Nick represent Bill Graham, Santana, Herbie Hancock, the Pointer Sisters, Jessie Colin Young, Elvin Bishop, War and many others. I like jazz; Sandy Poeter and I own a jazz club in the city named Keystone Korner. The legal brains of the whole trip are Kayo and Vincent Hallinan, who keep the office, and the country, honest.

High Times: Who are your clients now? Do you defend mostly dealers?

Stepanian: Not entirely. I just finished a case involving 157 tons in San Diego. But now I might do a diversion for a kid who gets popped for a couple of lids. I have never forgotten the little cases. It's a legacy I got from the kids ten years ago who changed my life.

Some of these lawyers ask me—hey, how many seizures did you have last week? But no matter how big the case is, the client's heart beats the same. Whether it's a gram of cocaine or 500 pounds of marijuana, the kid is still scared shitless. So, 20 or 30 percent of my practice is always going to be small amounts. Plus, the office has expanded. Instead of me telling somebody the case is too small or I don't have the time, at least I've got somebody here who'll take it and give it a little tender loving care. Even if he only has \$75 or \$100, someone in this office will do that guy's case. Because every case to the little person, man, is the biggest thing that's happening to him.

High Times: Why do people get caught? What are some of the stupid things people do?

Stepanian: They talk too much. When the police officer comes up to you and asks you a question, you tell them to go to hell. You know what I'm talking about? I've always got to explain to people that they have a right to keep quiet, they have a right not to let a guy in the house. You must understand that the police officer is trying to put you in a spot where you're not gonna get out. Ninety percent of the time they're fishing, just using an investigation as an excuse to hit all the people's houses, and trying to put something together.

Look, if you have nothing to hide, nothing will happen to you, okay? But if they're coming up to you and asking you a question, they obviously suspect the answer, okay? And they're basically trying to get information from you. It's not illegal to stand on your constitutional rights and just say, "Look, give me your card, I'll check it out, I'll call my attorney."

"Ahh, what are attorneys for? They'll get you in trouble." "Excuse me, officer, I'm being courteous, just give me your card." "Come on, card, whaddaya mean? Here's my badge number." "Excuse me, officer, keep your head, don't panic; just give me your card and either I'll call you or I'll have an attorney call you. Good afternoon." You understand? People would be in a lot less trouble if they would just remember that they got rights.

High Times: Are the courts making entrapment more difficult?

Stepanian: Just the opposite. They're making it easier for the prosecution and impossible for the clients. The District Court of Appeals in California has ruled that you can be busted for receiving stolen property if a cop sells it to you. How about that! And as one recent case shows, they can have an informant give heroin to a defendant. Then the informant tells the cop that this guy will sell it. And the cop goes up to the guy and says to him, "You got any smack?" And he says, "Yeah," and sells it to the cop, and they bust him. That's good, because the guy had a predisposition to sell. How

**I hate these lawyers who
just take money from these
kids and then jam 'em or
bullshit 'em or screw 'em up.
If you're gonna take
money, you better work
your ass for it.**

about that? That's where our Supreme Court's going, my friend.

High Times: Does taking the Fifth damage your case with the judge?

Stepanian: Listen, when your client walks into the place, he's gotta have a piece of paper, like that, which is gonna say, "I refuse to testify on the following grounds." Then at least the U.S. Attorney knows they can't trick him, and he's got somebody standing there, right there with him.

They say, "Oh, if I take the Fifth, they'll think I'm guilty." Hey, if they didn't think you were guilty, you wouldn't be there. I know a lot of lawyers who say, "Ah, tell 'em you weren't there." [Laughter] I know this happens, okay? I mean, I've seen the guy after he goes. And there's this statement. I ask, "Why did you make these statements? It doesn't have to be perjury." What happens is they answer a few questions, then they've waived their Fifth Amendment rights—they got no Fifth Amendment rights left.

The idea is to work hard, give them support right from the beginning, and know your law—read your damned advance sheets, read the Criminal Law Reporter. Vincent Hallinan drove into

my mind that charisma has no place unless you know these goddamn advance sheets. In there are all the moves. You see the mistakes of a lot of these assholes, and you're on top of it.

High Times: Do you think that your nationwide reputation as a drug lawyer adversely affects your clients?

Stepanian: This comes up in your relationship with clients, and, frankly, I find that judges and D.A.'s and cops would prefer someone versed in the subject to deal with rather than someone who basically doesn't know what's happening. It might be interesting to note that when John Connelly got busted, he went to E. B. Williams, one of the best in the business, and no one criticized him. It's client paranoia to think that when you go to a professional who does these kinds of cases, you'll be tarnished. The reverse is true in that your rights will be protected, losing arguments won't be belabored and, basically, you'll be a lot better off dealing with a person who has a feel for the job, has been there before, has a rapport with the system. I have done all kinds of criminal cases, from homicide to petty theft. I chose the field I'm in because I like it and I'm good at it, and my clients know and appreciate that.

High Times: How are the dope cases lost, though? Is there any good excuse for a good dope lawyer's losing his case?

Stepanian: Well, remember one thing, let me tell you something right now, just for a giggle. You have to learn what winning is, you know. I had a client the other day, a two-pound coke case. Judge gives him two years. He looks over at me and says, "Thanks, Mike, you really won that one." But I feel good because his buddies are in for seven or "a nickel."

So what's winning? If I get a guy with a thousand pounds of marijuana, and he ends up getting a split sentence, six months, is that losing? Is that winning? What makes a good lawyer? Ultimately it's his word. When the judge looks down at me and sees me with my little baby on my left here, he's making a judgment, he's saying, "Can I believe this client? Can I believe this situation?"

And probation officers. I know all the probation officers and I've had rapport with them back and forth. If my guy is heavily involved and this is the story, I say, look, he's heavily involved and this is what came down, and I lay it out, and these probation officers have faith in me. I'm not gonna say he's here, and he ain't there. And I'm making it easier for the guy and I'm showing them his background—I'm an Armenian and the past means a lot to me. I'm putting the package together, and I got a kind of a reputation where people have a sense that I have a duty, a duty to my client, to the court and to the system. They don't mind me fighting; they don't mind me yelling and screaming. But I try and comport myself not as a liar, sneak, shyster, punk, you

Would you like to know more about Lettuce "Opium"?

1. What is Lettuce "Opium"? Lettuce "Opium" is a pure extract from a combination of various strains of lettuce (*lactuca sativa*). Lettuce "Opium" contains no other chemicals or additives. Instead, it contains the natural active ingredient, lactucarium, which has such a wonderful effect on body and mind. According to Dorland's *Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, 25th edition, the juice of lettuce (*lactucarium*) "was formerly used as a sedative and hypnotic." Many other reference books refer to *lactucarium* as an opium substitute, hence the name, Lettuce "Opium."

2. Is Lettuce "Opium" really opium? No. Our product has no connection whatsoever with real poppy opium which is both harmful and illegal.

3. How do you use Lettuce "Opium"? We manufacture our unique product expressly for smoking purposes. It can be smoked alone or blended with your favorite herb. It has a pleasant taste and a sweet mystical aroma which makes smoking it a pleasure rather than a chore. It should be smoked in a pipe, but it can be crushed, mixed with any herb and rolled into joints for added pleasure. We recommend that you smoke it alone to enjoy its fullest effects.

4. Is Lettuce "Opium" harmful? Our cat accidentally ate a few grams of our Lettuce "Opium," crashed, and woke up five hours later with no visible side effects. In fact, he likes it as much as we do. Besides, have you ever heard of a lettuce addict?

5. Is it really legal? Of course it's legal. In order for this product to become illegal, all salads in America containing lettuce would have to be banned (not to mention the fact that all those involved in lettuce production would be out of jobs). By smoking our product, you will be doing your small part to bolster the economic status of those involved in lettuce production.

6. What are the effects and how much should you smoke? We believe that any substance is habit forming in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure associated with its use. Be sensible and know your own limits.

Below are excerpts from an article by Bob Rosen, a writer for "The Villager" of New York City. Mr. Rosen was, in effect, conducting a consumer fraud investigation aimed at objectively testing the various claims made by manufacturers of legal highs. Mr. Rosen received no special treatment from the companies he contacted, as he did not disclose the fact that he was a writer. Please read what he has to say because it will have a considerable impact on you, the consumer. We regret that we cannot print Mr. Rosen's article in its entirety, however, should you want a copy of his most informative article, send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will gladly forward a copy to you.



In celebration of the Bicentennial, I swindled my editor out of \$15 under the pretense of doing a "consumer fraud" story and mailed away for "legal drugs."

For the past eight weeks I have been smoking, drinking, chewing, swallowing and gagging on my legal stash. I have injected one ounce of Kava Kava Root, three-quarters of an ounce of Yohimbe Bark, one tablespoon of Gotu Kola, one tablespoon of Chia Seeds, one-quarter teaspoon of Lila Nut Powder, three bols of "Special Smoking Blend," uncountable joints of American Indian Smoking Herbs, several joints of "Aphrodisia Smoking Blend," and one gram of Lettuce Opium. The Lettuce Opium is the only substance that had any noticeable effect on me.

On the morning of January 19, a plain white envelope appeared in my mailbox. It contained one gram of Lettuce Opium. Bill Olmsted of

Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Maryland manufactures and sells the stuff for \$4 per gram.

To prepare for my first opium experience, I read Thomas DeQuincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. I wanted to know what was in store for me.

I was ready.

January 20, 1 A.M.: I put a small chunk of the sticky black stuff into my pipe.

I want to push this to the limit.

It takes two matches just to dry out the opium. On the third, it catches and gives off a pleasantly sweet odor. I consume the chunk, then smoke two more.

Nothing.

The phone rings. It's a friend. "Opium?" she says.

"That's right."

"It should be just like heroin."

"I can dig it," I say and begin to laugh.

"You're laughing too much," she tells me. "I can't communicate with you."

She has a point. I hang up the phone and look at the clock. I expect it to be about 1:45 a.m. It is 1:10. Something is happening. I flip on the television and smoke more opium. I can't stop laughing and smoke opium straight through to two o'clock.

I have consumed one-half gram and cannot go on. My tongue feels as though it is vibrating.

I get the urge to walk my dog but can't get the beast on its leash. All my coordination has vanished. I whistle, and he follows. It's very cold out. I can feel the opium coming on strong. My mind drifts. I think of thermonuclear warfare, old age and death. It soon passes.

Have I unearthed something new? Am I in the vanguard of a drug craze that will soon sweep the country, corrupt youth and like LSD finally be outlawed by the government? Possibly. But looking at this objectively, the Lettuce Opium is not "real" opium. I'm sure it was not "like heroin." I did not have the hallucinations of DeQuincey.

Then things take a turn for the worst. I brace myself, and for the next four days quaff the vile potions and smoke myself blind with the Special Blend. Nothing happens. The Chia Seeds bring me closer to vomiting than anything else.

It is over. I have reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

Still, there is a positive side to my ordeal. The Lettuce Opium *did* work, and I am pleased to report the constant abuse of these "extremely dangerous drugs" has not rendered me dead, diseased or impotent.

by Bob Rosen

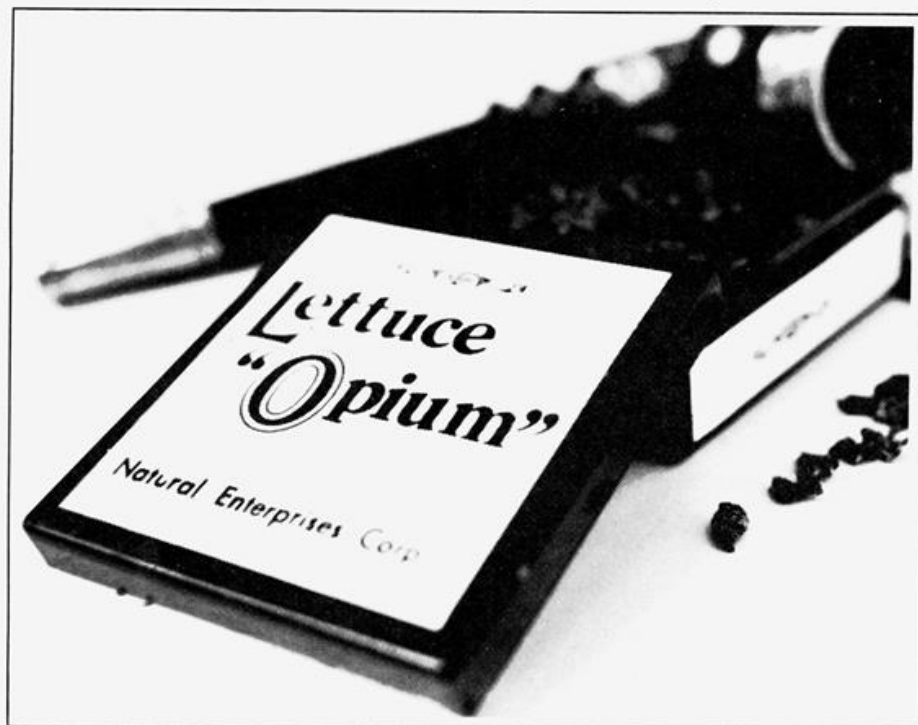
The Villager (March 11, 1976)



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know. You're dealing with the judicial system. If you act like an asshole, they're gonna treat you like an asshole.

I've learned a long lesson. I'm not gonna embarrass myself just so my client won't ask, "Mike, how come you're not talking?" I wait until I got something to say. When I say, "This is an unreasonable search," or something, they might say, "We don't agree with you on this one," or something, but they know when I make that motion, it ain't bullshit. My theory is: exploit the points that are strong. Keep the record clean, keep your cool and don't get too personal with the prosecution, because you just got one idea in mind—get him off the best way you can under the circumstances. People ask me how I got all those guys off. I don't know. I have this little handkerchief. There might be a lot of marijuana or cocaine on the table. I take this handkerchief and put it on top of the table, and I go poof, and it's all gone. [Laughter] It's hard work, man, it's having a good reputation, it's hanging in there. It's not selling your clients out. Other lawyers think twice about doing my guys in. I try and keep a rapport with lawyers.

High Times: Have they tried to get you to abandon your clients?

Stepanian: Hey, man, every single case I get pressured: "Turn 'em over, Mike, c'mon, they'll go free." Man, there are a lot of punk lawyers who don't know what to do. But I have never had a client testify against anybody else in a trial or in a dope case just to get off the hook. I have never had a guy go out and make deals with the narcs to turn over other guys to get free. I have never had these guys. No snitchers, no informants, no operators. San Francisco, I think, has the highest caliber of lawyers because we police ourselves.

When I find a lawyer has a kid start turning over on everybody, I tell everybody. In the old days it was a bitch because the narcs would say, "Don't go to Stepanian, man, he's not gonna work with us, and you're gonna get in trouble." But that's not happening now. I tell the judges simply this: "Look, Judge, my man won't testify against anybody else because he's not an informer or a liar."

Once the communication breaks down between a lawyer and a client and the kid gets scared, he's vulnerable. With me, when we're losing, at least the guy knows that we tried. He's read the brief. He knows the cases. He knows Mike's trying. Once the rapport is broken, the defendant is isolated. That's when they can get him.

In the federal courts, one man can testify against everybody else and they don't need dope, contraband or anything; all they need is the testimony of one co-conspirator against the others to get a conviction. Their theory is: arrest a bunch of people, find out who the weak lawyers are, who the weak link is, put tremendous pressure on this person and have him testify against everybody else. Promise him the moon.

High Times: Does it work very often?

Stepanian: There are a lot of cases. Some places, when I walk in and I'm doing my case, it's like a race of the other lawyers to the U.S. Attorney's office. I won't do that. If a guy comes to me and he says, "Look, Mike, I'm uptight, I want to cooperate," I'm not gonna say, "You're a punk, you're a creep." I'll just give him a list of lawyers and say, "See ya later." When someone who's scared wants to cooperate, that's his choice. I'm not God.

Another thing, I'll say to a judge, "We're not gonna cooperate, but we're not gonna run away either." If I can help it, no one I represent runs away, goes underground. My feeling is, when a kid runs away, the government wins. Because then they're after his friends, they got an excuse to bug his parents, to bug him, whatever the case may be. I tell 'em, "You played, you pay. I'm gonna be there, and my reputation is gonna get the lumps, too, baby." Guys come in to me with a lot of money and they say to me, "What's the guarantee? What guarantees do I have?" I don't need clients that I gotta lie to and

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say there are bribes coming down, say I'm gonna get them off. I tell 'em, "You're getting a guy who tries his best. I'll go in there, we'll do it together and work hard. You'll do your bit, Mike will do his. I'll keep you informed."

Because 75 percent of these cases aren't disposed of by great trials, by dismissals. It's sitting there and jamming them, doing your motions, explaining the weaknesses of their case. Look, U.S. attorneys are bright guys—most aren't punks, they're smart guys. I went to law school with them. I see them all the time.

One thing I don't do is trade off, which is the big problem with a guy with a big practice. If I take a guy's case, I'm putting me on the line. I mean, I'm putting in my work. And if it's an ounce, a pound or a ton, the search and seizure motions are the same. If it's an ounce, I mean, what are ya gonna do? Write less of a motion?

And let's face it, you have strict moral responsibilities, when you're my client.

High Times: What do you mean?

Stepanian: Well, sometimes I get a guy who says, "Look, here's the money on the fuckin' table. I don't want to hear from you, you just get me out. See ya later." I'm gonna go, "Look, maybe you ought to talk to Steffan. Come on down the hall here." I love criminal law, and I love the defendant. I try to get a person who's consistent, who wants to be helped, who'll keep

it together. I'm no mouthpiece for anybody. A long time ago the mob came and saw me—young, bright Mike Stepanian, isn't he groovy. They said to me one time on the phone, "Represent this guy. Get him out on bail." I get him out on bail and say, "Okay, let's go up to the office." So I'm walking out of the courtroom. This guy walks to the right, I'm walking to the left; I never saw him again. I'm not gonna get paid just to do bail motions, get guys out so they can split. What happens when I go up to the judge again and he asks, "Hey, Mike, where was that guy who you got bailed out?"

High Times: Does the mob exist in that form?

Stepanian: Well, when I say a mob, I mean guys who want lawyers to do what they want. It's not money. Sometimes a guy comes in with a lotta money, but maybe I just won't feel right doing it. Then somebody else will come in ain't got a pot to piss in, but I think he or she got jacked around. And maybe I'll just do that case. Every single case is so different and so outrageous, I'll do it probably for the rest of my life. It's tremendous action. I never look upon dope dealers with contempt. I know how hard it is to smuggle dope.

High Times: That's how you achieve this rapport with your clients—through trust?

Stepanian: Rapport? They get mad at me and I yell at them and say things I don't mean. I say things that I do mean that they don't want to hear. If you're under the influence or fucked up or too loose, I'll say it: "Straighten up your goddamn act or I ain't gonna represent you." I suppose I'm not as movement-oriented as a lot of other guys, but then, I think the legalization of drugs is as radical as any other program to change the government.

High Times: Do you think people can still be rallied behind dope busts, as they were in the Sixties?

Stepanian: Absolutely, and it's happening all the time. Amorphia started here in 1966, a wonderful, outrageous, ragtag, grass-roots group of kids running around streetcorners saying pot should be legalized, let it grow. I made an oath to those people in 1968, that if anybody came into this marijuana movement to legalize it, that organization must fight for cultivation under any and all circumstances.

And the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana laws has already made some progress. That's the only way that there's ever gonna be any marijuana legalization in this country, if you get behind marijuana, get behind NORML. It's the movement which coalesces sort of antipolitical people, you know, who would ordinarily say, "Politicians, ugh, they're assholes." Even they can rally around the idea. Let me tell you something: ordinarily kids would not get involved in such an organization—funded

by Playboy, the Drug Abuse Council, *High Times*.

High Times: Do you think NORML's more effective now than it used to be?

Stepanian: Absolutely. It has now gained a tremendous reputation. There are outlying chapters all over the country.

High Times: Have you ever been to Mexico to try any cases there?

Stepanian: You don't try cases in Mexico. You do a lot of bleeding.

High Times: Do you think there will come a time when American dope lawyers will be able to go to Mexico and try cases there?

Stepanian: Look, man, here's what happens. A girl gets busted coming into the Mexico City airport. Next morning her picture is in the newspaper. Whammo! The least she can get is six years. The only point where you can make any kind of a move is before her picture gets in the paper. If you're not there on time, forget it. I'll tell you something right now—I want to meet a lawyer who can get a guy out of Mexico nowadays. You tell him to call me, because I got a lot of clients who wanna see him. [Laughter]

You guys know about the cattle prods. You know about those jails. A beautiful girl comes in with a bodypack of coke, you know, never been busted in her life. They throw her in a room with heavies like me and they start tossing her around, grabbing her, just banging her around, throwing her up against a wall. You know it goes on, they're punks. And, too, the U.S. government works with them ... ahhh, the corruption that goes on, you know. "We'll keep that cool, okay? We'll keep that cool. You can keep the plane, commander."

High Times: Do you think the DEA is committing more crimes in Mexico, such as the use of defoliants?

Stepanian: They're experts on the whole Mexican trip. As a matter of fact, I'm going to this conference on 1732 Incorporated—justice for Americans in Mexico—a great organization that talks about illegal arrest, false arrest of innocent persons, torture, forced signings of unexplained legal documents, failure to comply with Mexican laws, improper seizure of property. Trying to rally support on the basis of our current treaty responsibilities.

Michael Metzger and Ivan Fisher [two attorneys from the Bay Area and New York City, respectively] are publicizing this case where they tortured a guy, used cattle prods, beat him up, smashed him, tied him up, you know the case. Maybe when it so shocks the conscience of the court ... of course, it takes a lot to do that.

High Times: How often do lawyers get paid off in dope or other services?

Stepanian: I make a policy never to accept any drugs in cases I'm defending. It creates a big problem for a criminal lawyer to remain objective and defend the client properly. A lot of lawyers are

insecure and want to make the clients feel they're one of the boys. Some feel insecure about getting clients, getting a reputation that they're with it.

You can get sort of sucked in by a client who wants the lawyer to be part of his peer group, get real close, smoke dope together. But you're doing a real disservice to the client. You lose the rapport that you have to have when you're in a tight situation and you have to make a decision and the client has to follow your instructions.

You tend to cloud your reason and your objectivity. You get into a position where you can't really communicate right, you can't remain objective, you can't talk tough sometimes and you can't make a decision based on what you as a lawyer feel is the correct move. If you're snorting coke or getting dope, you're part of the situation and too close to it.

Now, there are a lot of clients I've known for ten years: I hang out with them, party with them and have a great time with them. But when I'm on a case, I gotta remain as objective as I can. Just like in prostitution cases, you don't want to get paid off with a piece of ass. Then you

In the courtroom, you should never ask a cop a question that you don't already know the answer to.

got no control over the client. You lack the certain aloofness you must have when you're negotiating.

A lot of lawyers nowadays are getting directly involved in their clients' activities, and they end up being construed by the court as co-conspirators. They're giving the DEA and those people an opportunity to indict them along with everybody else. You've got to remain aloof to a certain degree.

That doesn't mean you're not gonna kill yourself for him. It also doesn't necessarily mean you can't have fun and turn on and have a good time. But when you're on a big federal case or on a state case with a lot riding on it, you'd best wait till the case is over before you turn on or enjoy yourself with the guy.

It's a dangerous situation to be in. The DEA and FBI may try to set you up, turn the guy over on you. I know of some clients who've turned over on their lawyers. Basically you gotta remain very, very strong. It's so easy to get sucked into a situation where you're giving advice on borders, where you should come in, what you should do and how you should pack it. Plus there's a reputation you get in the community of being a little bit too loose. You lose your reputation as a lawyer.

The world knows Mike Stepanian—

don't ask him questions about how to smuggle dope, don't ask him for introductions to this guy or that guy, don't ask him stuff like that, because he's gonna get pissed off. When you're in trouble or when you gotta go before a grand jury, ask him when to shut up. When you get busted, let him do the motions, let him do the brief, let him negotiate, let him try the case—that's one thing. But don't go around asking Mike Stepanian about helping you out to smuggle dope in this country, period.

And, basically, don't sleep with your clients. At least wait until you get 'em off—they're more appreciative, anyway.

High Times: Who is the guiltiest person you ever got off the hook? Or what's the hardest case you ever tried?

Stepanian: There's a big difference between the hardest case and a guilty case. What is guilt? I think the marijuana prohibition is all bullshit, anyway. As far as I'm concerned, someone who uses marijuana is just a little bit too farsighted for the legislators. Guilt or innocence doesn't make any difference to me. Sending someone to prison for selling or using heroin is crazy. A few decades from now we're gonna think all these laws were in the Dark Ages.

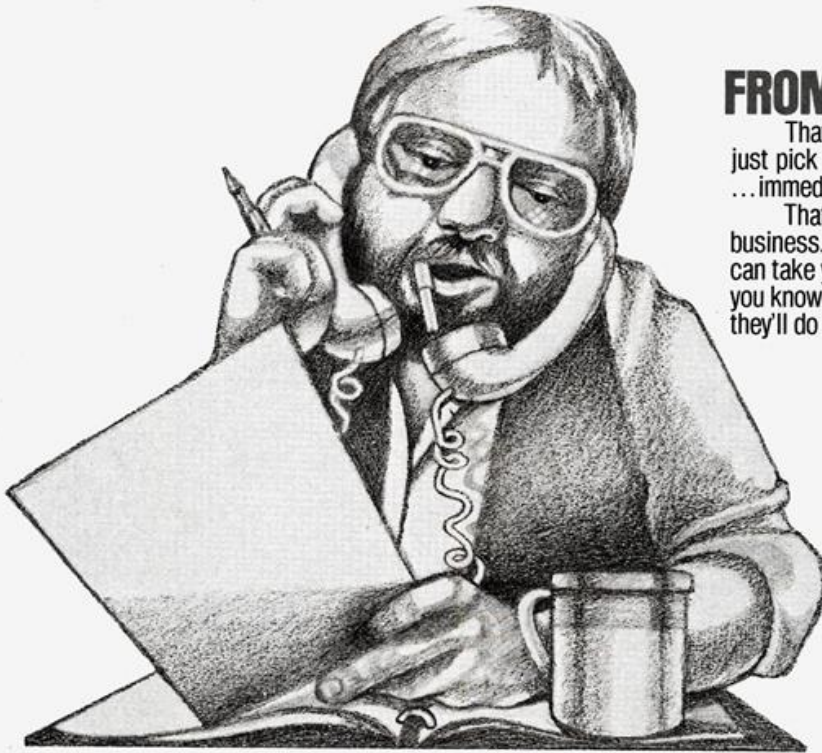
The biggest problem is when a guy's got a prior conviction. Then, if you try the subsequent offense and he gets convicted, he might end up doing ten to life in prison. The hardest problem that happens in these cases is not necessarily trying the case. For example, say you're in the office, three cats come in: "Hey, Mike, we were in a dry lake in Utah, our plane comes in, it lands, we load the truck, and suddenly we see a Customs plane overhead. We all split—we left the plane, the van, the truck, the walkie-talkies, everything. What should we do? Should we go and get the plane? Should we try to rip off the van? Should we just take off? Should we split? Shall we go to the rental car agency and try to get our receipt back? What shall we do?"

At that point you've gotta make some decisions. It's a complicated situation. You don't tell them to run. They want some answers.

Sometimes they might get a notice—there's a forfeiture notice that comes prior to any indictment. Do you answer the forfeiture notice? Have them say the van was stolen? Bullshit! Ultimately you get jammed right in the face with that statement later on. Half the time, the best thing to do is sit tight. You're under no obligation to report a crime. If there's an investigation and they're looking for the guy, keep him where he is or have him go back to his home and sit there. He should not look like he's guilty and run away.

Tell your client to contact friends and relatives who'll be approached if a warrant is issued. Tell them not to say anything. Just tell 'em to get a little card from the investigating agency, whether it's

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Customs or DEA or whatever. Ultimately, then, you could just tell 'em, "Don't say anything, don't communicate, don't have parents or friends making up some excuse. None of that stuff. Just say, 'I refuse to say anything.' Just get the card of the investigating agency. Give it to the lawyer and have him make the first overtures to the investigating agencies." At that point the lawyer can find out what the case is all about.

If they get a warrant out for the guy, offer to surrender him. Then you can work out a negotiated bail. Then if bail is negotiated, you'll be able to bring him in and surrender him. I surrender ten people a year.

High Times: What's the single hardest case you've ever had?

Stepanian: Hand-to-hand sales cases. They're rough-and-tumble. What're ya gonna do with a hand-to-hand sale? The courts say an informant can give narcotics to a person and then that person can sell the dope to the agents and can get arrested. If you have predisposition to sell, your entrapment defense is out. Judges Rehnquist, Berger, Powell and all those Nixon boys have opened the way for any kind of governmental oppression in the narcotics business. They can use whores, they can use sex and extortion, they can say they got dope and when you try and give 'em some money for it, they can nail you for an attempted conspiracy to deal.

The Supreme Court has basically said that if you get predisposition, you haven't got entrapment. So as far as I'm concerned, the toughest cases are when a kid turns over, introduces an agent to one of my clients, my client gets an ounce of cocaine, hands it to the agent, the agent goes away, gives a signal, they arrest him. And whaddya got? You defend on grounds of entrapment, you're looking at five to life or 15 years.

In federal court, all you can do is hope there's some electronic surveillance, or that the informant on the case in California might have a motive to lie as to probable cause. You make motions to get the informant, get his name find out who he is, find out any motivation.

In California under the *Theodore* case, you may have an out if the informant was arrested illegally—then their original lead is tainted. Hand-to-hand sales are tough. I got a lot of them and, boy, it's heartbreak when you're trying to get a deal and they're jacking you around. The best thing to do is hang in there. Your client isn't killin' anybody. Explain to the judges and the D.A. that you'll try him if you have to but you hope to get the charge reduced to possession, get probation, get him on a work furlough, some sort of a program. Every dope lawyer worth his salt knows every single program in the city, every single sociologist, psychologist, probation officer; he knows all those D.A.'s and judges.

High Times: How would you have won the biggest case you've lost?

Stepanian: The hardest thing is not necessarily how you could've won the biggest case you lost. Sometimes you get in a dilemma when they offer you a deal you can't refuse, then later you kick yourself in the ass and say, "Jeez, I should have tried that one; jeez, I should have gone to the jury on that one."

The major thing as far as I'm concerned is that you should never ask a cop a question that you don't know the answer to. And that takes preparation: going to the scene, talking to the witnesses, talking to your client. You've got to get close to your client. Every time you ask your client more questions, you're gonna get more information out.

If the client has a story he wants to tell, my obligation is to "cross-examine" him, show him the weaknesses in the story and try the case—my way. The basic way to do it, I think, is to learn all about the case. I explain the police report to the kid. I tell him what the law is on the case and

**I wouldn't have put
Patty Hearst on the stand—
and my partner, Kayo
Hallinan, who defended
her, would have won. I mean,
she hung herself.**

what the rules are as far as possession and entrapment are concerned. I give him all this information. I tell him what the cops are gonna say, and then I ask him what happened.

Many, many times a guy might want to get on the stand and tell a story, and I tell him, "Forget it, baby, because you don't want to get up there and look like a total asshole, then find out the judge is gonna send you to the joint for lying."

High Times: What about copping a plea?

Stepanian: You know what I think about copping out on other people. But copping out—namely, to plead—is not as onerous a thing as many people think. Sometimes pleading guilty is the only realistic thing to do under the circumstances. An intelligently negotiated plea sometimes isn't as dramatic as winning a jury trial, but, nevertheless, after all motions have been denied, or threatened to be made in some cases, guilt is what a lawyer is playing with every day, and you're not going to make the dope go away. This concept must be made clear from the beginning of an attorney-client relationship. I get upset with people who plead guilty and bitch and moan about their lawyer, or who come to me and say they didn't

really know what was going on. If there was good communication and a discussion as to all possibilities and probabilities, this shouldn't happen. Boy, but when you win a jury trial, it sure feels good.

High Times: What new defenses of legal strategies are being used now?

Stepanian: Well, with the Supreme Court ruling on Hampton, the entrapment defense is in big trouble. And with new infrared techniques [FLIR] and more integrated use of Navy and Air Force personnel and equipment, they're really jamming us on search and seizure.

Don't be afraid to put your client on the stand in search and seizure motions. This will give the judge an opportunity to get the "feel" of your client and give a human tone to the proceedings, and it puts in issue the testimony of the narcotics officers. Many judges get an education after clients testify, which will help later on if you fall.

Gettin' after those informants is important—informants are liars, they're trying to work off a bust. Also, talking to the client and trying to keep the guy from talking and educating the guy to keep his mouth shut.

Another big thing is the original strategy. Make sure you talk to the client immediately. Find out who his codefendants are. Communicate with their lawyers. Find out who the witnesses are and have them consult attorneys. Get the whole thing organized, because what the government is lookin' for is the weakest link, trying to break down one of the co-conspirators to testify against the others. So basically, a lot of these big conspiracy cases are large management problems—trying to keep everybody cool.

And for crying out loud, get those motions to suppress filed. Use experts! Look over those precedent cases. Try and suppress every bit of evidence, all confessions. Look for all of those informants. Look at what happens concerning venue and jurisdictional problems.

We got a case now, they first brought it in the Central District in L.A. We end up getting a fair judge there. Boom, the U.S. Attorney's trying to indict him down in San Diego because they didn't like the judge in L.A. The fact that the plane flew over San Diego gave attempted nexus of jurisdiction. You could roll over and say, "Well, I guess they can do that." But you gotta fight 'em. We're fightin' 'em right now on two fronts. We're going along with motions to suppress in the L.A. case just like nothing happened, and meanwhile we're not allowing the clients to be arraigned in San Diego until they can determine whether or not the U.S. Attorney was forum-shopping. We won.

"Don't be afraid" is all I'm sayin' to a lot of the lawyers. Don't feel insecure. Get close to the client. And if you have to plead him, you're gonna have to plead him. But don't bullshit him.

Another mind-blowing concept is that the government can convict you of a conspiracy to import drugs even though the seizure of the drugs, the agreement on the conspiracy and the arrest of the defendants never took place in the United States. And a statement can be admissible in U.S. courts no matter what foreign cops do to get it.

And the biggest thing is sometimes in these cases once the guy's convicted or he pleads, the lawyer washes his hands of the whole thing. But half the time your job is just starting. Talk to the probation officer. Talk to some social services. Find out if he's close to his parents. Find out if he really doesn't want his parents to know, or is he just sort of afraid to tell them. Try to get the parents involved, get the people from his job involved. Get everybody involved, get them to come to court with him.

I talk to fathers like this on the phone—I say, "Look, it happened and that's the end of it. Now do you want to abandon him or do you want to come in?" Ninety percent of the time the parents are right on the stick. "All right," they say, "he smokes a little marijuana. All right, he sold a little cocaine. Big deal. Let's go get him out."

I'm wanting to talk to a colonel whose son got popped for smuggling pot into Texas. The father was really an unbelievable amount of help to me in organizing strategy, finding about how the government operates, etc. Often the family has never been closer until they're all fighting a case.

High Times: Do you ever use a defense based on the multiple varieties of marijuana?

Stepanian: Well, in California in the federal courts, forget it! The *Rothenberg* case and the federal courts have sort of put a lid on it. I don't do it much. It's great on small amounts, it educates the judge and it may win in federal court in the near future. I'm working with NORML, we got a suit goin' as far as marijuana is concerned, on bad classification.

I push right of privacy more than that. As far as I'm concerned, anybody who grows marijuana or has marijuana or cocaine in his possession has a damn good right of privacy argument. In fact, NORML is compiling information all over the state to help me out. We have a suit goin' in San Francisco to enjoin enforcement of marijuana laws based on the right of privacy, among other grounds. I like that right of privacy just like *White v. Davis Court* in L.A. where they kicked out all the cop informants because of the right of privacy in having them go into the UCLA classrooms and reporting back subversive information.

Sometimes an expert can really help, though—like if they do a botched-up test of small amounts of cocaine or marijuana, you can really jam 'em with a chemist and they'll just pass. But with

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large amounts and large cases, you're gonna have some trouble, especially in cowtowns where they'll throw the book at you if they think you're jackin' 'em around.

Like I said before, find your strongest issue and really brief the hell out of it. Do all the issues, but there are certain main issues in a case which you really concentrate on instead of using a shotgun approach.

Mainly, I use the species argument in my briefs in search and seizure as an education for the judge as to what marijuana is. A lot of judges really don't understand marijuana, so as a result, you know, the species defense can be used to bring in all the NORML information, all the president's reports, the commission reports, the polls in California. All that information is great for just setting the case into a different context.

I'm saying, "Judge, if it's a pound or a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds, it's a marijuana case—and here's the information that will prove it's virtually harmless."

High Times: How fast are the drug laws changing? For example, is there any possibility of legal cocaine in the near future?

Stepanian: I frankly feel you're gonna have legal heroin before you have legal cocaine. Dr. David Smith told me he went to a very straight conference concerning drug rehabilitation, almost unanimously they were saying, "Let's make this stuff legal."

As far as I'm concerned, heroin should be legal, no question about it. Basically, it's a cultural thing, used a lot in the ghettos. I feel that they're pushing to keep it illegal because this is an opportunity for the government to suppress black and brown people. Get rid of the black market. As far as I'm concerned, the English system is the only way to go. Methadone is nowhere. Delancey Street and Walden House, as far as I'm concerned, are the only drug programs that are really gonna get the guy out of it.

CRC, NARA and state criminal programs don't work; they got more dope in prison than they got on the outside, virtually. The only way they're gonna alleviate the problem is to put it into a clinical setting, and maybe one out of four men or women will stop the habit; slowly but surely, they'll find the futility of their ways and hope that they can be a lot more productive.

An example: when I was in Haight-Ashbury I got down on speed. Speed was just killing my beautiful people, drivin' 'em crazy. We pushed and we basically drove speed out of the Haight-Ashbury in '69. So I think that the kids themselves, if you gave dope to 'em will stop—"Hey Jimmie, hey Jack, where ya goin'?" "Well I gotta get my shot." Okay, awright—what a bummer—you know?

(continued on page 82)

Mexico to Kissinger:

SWAP

607 Yanks for 1,100 Mexicans in U.S. Jails

— story on next page



Smuggler Burnstine Dead in Mystery Crash

Ken Burnstine's death in a Mojave Desert plane crash has forced federal and state prosecutors throughout the country to drop 59 marijuana and cocaine smuggling trials at which Burnstine was to have been the chief witness. Burnstine's death may have been no accident. *— details on page 35*

INDEX

Methadone Critics Speak Out	35
High Crimes	36
Missouri— 12 Years for 11 Grams	40
New President in Mexico	73
Kissinger-Bolivia Cocaine Talks	74
Birch Society Smuggling Roundup	76
New Dope Laws in Brazil	77
Cocaine Confidential	79

Mexico Offers U.S. Prisoner Swap

MEXICO CITY—The Mexican government recently proposed a swap agreement with the U.S. whereby American and Mexican prisoners incarcerated in the foreign country would be released to serve the remainder of their sentences in their homelands. There are approximately 607 U.S. prisoners in Mexico and 1,100 Mexicans in the U.S.

While the exchange-program idea is not new, the recent meeting between U.S. Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and Mexican Foreign Minister Alfonso Garcia Robles marked the first time the idea was formally discussed between the two nations.

Kissinger and Mexican Foreign Minister Robles issued a communiqué concerning the incarcerated Americans, which stated that "no concrete resolutions were taken in the meeting, but the similar views of both parties on various aspects of these questions give rise

to the hope that in the near future positive steps will be taken."

In Washington, spokesperson Sue Kling of the State Department's public affairs department told *High Times*, "We're happy the Mexicans made the proposal." However, there may be constitutional barriers to the swap, and an unidentified official in the Kissinger party said, "We would not dream of having a general exchange of prisoners."

Mexican jails are now crowded to more than twice their intended capacity, and Mexican officials have expressed concern over

where they will put new prisoners. New jails are currently being built.

According to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, there are 1,100 Mexican prisoners in American federal jails. However, the federal penal system accounts for only about ten percent of the approximately 350,000 inmates in American jails on any given day.

During the meeting, Mexico also answered charges of torture of U.S. prisoners being held on dope-related charges by pointing out that conditions in U.S. jails "can be worse" than those in Mexican prisons.



Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger is presented with a charcoal drawing by a young Mexican artist of himself and President Luis Echeverria Alvarez of Mexico. The two men discussed swapping Americans being held in Mexican prisons for Mexican nationals now in U.S. jails. No details of the meeting were disclosed.



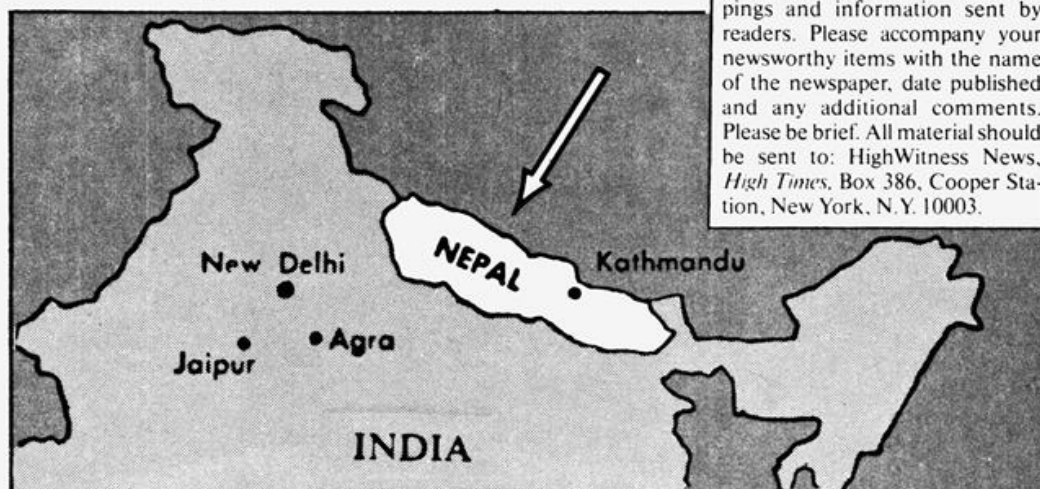
Mexican Foreign Minister Alfonso Garcia Robles, who proposed the Mexican-American prisoner swap to President Luis Echeverria Alvarez.

Landslide Destroys Hash Fields

KATMANDU—A killer landslide swept down on the sleeping mountain village of Pahire Phedi in central Nepal, destroying an undetermined amount of hashish acreage in its wake.

Reported to be one of the worst in the history of the Himalayan kingdom, the landslide occurred before dawn in this small Nepalese hamlet 90 miles west of the capital city of Katmandu, right in the heart of Nepal's hash belt.

Army and police rescuers sent to the damaged site from Katmandu found 150 dead and at least eight homes buried or swept away by the landslide. Those injured were taken to a hospital in the nearby resort town of Pokhara.



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Smuggler Burnstine Dead

Doomed Pilot's Last Words: "My God, It's Jammed!" 59 Indictments Dropped

LOS ANGELES—"My God, it's jammed!" were the last words of Kenneth Gordon Burnstine, 43, internationally renowned air race pilot, marijuana smuggler and chief witness in 59 marijuana and cocaine smuggling conspiracy cases throughout the U.S., before he was killed.

Mailer Roasts Canadian Dope Laws

Norman Mailer, Pulitzer Prize-winning author, left court in Barrie, Ontario, expressing surprise at the Canadian judicial system. Mailer was attending the hearing of Robert Wilson Rowbotham, who was arrested for allegedly selling hashish to a Canadian undercover agent. Rowbotham, arrested in November 1975, was denied bail in Barrie.

Mailer, who was researching the preface to a book on the dope case by author Richard Stratton, said he was amazed that there was so little Canadian public reaction. "In the United States," he said, "if a man was denied bail on a mere cannabis charge, it would arouse a huge public outcry."



Black Star

A shocked Norman Mailer told Canadian officials that their treatment of a hashish seller "would arouse a huge public outcry" in America.

Burnstine's souped-up P-51 Mustang racer plummeted to the ground from 3,000 feet after hitting a pylon during a test run for the Mojave National Air Race in the Mojave Desert. Burnstine, a former Marine Corp pilot, was considered an expert aviator and had been flying the same plane for years.

According to Dan Savocich, the general manager of the airport in Mojave, when Burnstine put his plane into a maneuver known as a split S, where the plane turns over on its back, the P-51 fighter hit a pylon, dove straight down and exploded into the ground at 400 miles an hour. One witness said that the plane was scattered over an area of 300 square yards.

Although the body was charred beyond recognition, the radio operator at the airport told investigators that he was sure Burnstine was at the controls. Officials are investigating theories that Burnstine's death was no accident. One theory behind the crash is that the aileron cable, which controls the plane's roll, might have been sawed in half prior to takeoff. An-

other is that a time-release acid capsule could have been fastened to the cable. According to the control tower radio operator, Burnstine's last words were, "My God, it's jammed!"

Burnstine's death has forced federal and state prosecutors to drop 64 marijuana and cocaine smuggling cases in which Burnstine was to have been the chief witness. "I'm sick to my stomach," said Florida State Prosecutor David Parmore. "Thousands of man-hours went into these cases. Now we will have to *null prosequere*."

Arms merchant and ex-CIA agent Mitchell WerBell, III, told *High Times*, "I used to consider Ken one of my very best friends, but in a way, the son of a bitch turned on everybody. As they say in China, 'It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.'" WerBell had been implicated by Burnstine in a plot to smuggle cocaine into the U.S. and was one of the 64 people awaiting trial.

Full details of Ken Burnstine's career appeared in "The Rise and Fall of the Florida Luftwaffe," *High Times*, August 1976.

Methadone Pioneers Criticize Present Programs

By Bob Woods

In 1966, two New York City doctors, Vincent Dole and Marie Nyswander, reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* their use of methadone hydrochloride in treating small groups of heroin addicts. Their results were positive and led to the implementation of federally sponsored methadone maintenance programs.

Now, ten years later, Drs. Dole and Nyswander consider that methadone programs are a failure. Writing again in the *AMA* journal, the doctors said methadone's failure was not due to its use as a heroin substitute, but to the government's bureaucracy that is responsible for administering methadone clinics.

The use of methadone has received sharp criticism over its ten year history. There are some who believe it is a mistake to substitute addiction to one drug for addiction to another. Yet Drs. Dole and

Nyswander insist that methadone, while physically addictive, releases addicts from the illegality of heroin and allows them to live normally.

According to Drs. Dole and Nyswander, there are more addicts using illegal methadone than there are patients in treatment facilities, yet blackmarket sales of methadone have not created many new addicts. This has not caused the agencies to lower their stringent rules, however. In fact, they have tightened the regulations.

Which leads to the real problem of methadone maintenance. Dr. Dole guesses that if clinics adhered to all the time-consuming, arbitrary controls designed by the bureaucrats, there would be no time to treat patients. If run by the rules, not a single unit would be without agency violations, in Dr. Dole's opinion.

The red tape has proved frustrating to drug-treatment staff members as well, many of whom

are sympathetic and genuinely concerned with helping addicts. Even so, the reason most addicts give for rejecting treatment is the apathetic attitudes of staff, the



Wide World

Dr. Vincent Dole, one of the originators of the federal methadone treatment program ten years ago, now urges its abolition. Dr. Dole feels that the methadone problem lies in the government's administration of treatment and rehabilitation programs.

rigidity of the rules and the lack of personal respect.

The Methadone Data Center in New York City conducted a poll and found that of 206 methadone patients studied, 138 had gone back to using opiates, and only 36 of these returned to treatment centers. The programs have lost their original potential for attracting and rehabilitating addicts. Dr. Dole estimated that the program may be wiped out soon, which will secure the addict's low position in society and keep the medical treatment of drug addiction in the hands of politicians.

The most Drs. Dole and Nyswander hoped for ten years ago was that methadone would lead to the rehabilitation of thousands of heroin addicts. They saw, instead, a certain amount of progress during the first five years and then a gradual deterioration as the bureaucratic miasma overcame the program's original intentions.

High Crimes

• Capetown police have seized over 1,000 kilos of marijuana in what was described as the biggest haul in the history of South Africa. Two Africans were busted in the raid after two police on their way to testify in court spotted a covered truck about 40 kilometers from Ceres. Something about the truck's odd registration number aroused the suspicion of the police, and they stopped it. When the tarpaulin was pulled off the truck, 65 bales of marijuana were reportedly uncovered.

• U.S. Customs patrol officers seized 5,200 pounds of marijuana on a highway near Laredo, Texas. Dionisio Martinez, 20, of Laredo, was arrested by the Customs agents and turned over to the DEA.

• In Panola County, Mississippi, sheriff's deputies and State Bureau of Narcotics officials have destroyed what they believe was the first cultivated opium poppy field in the continental U.S.

Law enforcement officials report that they pulled up and burned more than 300 of the opium poppy plants at the field in rural Panola County and that they are continuing their investigation.

The field, which was discovered last May, was put under surveillance, but law enforcement officials were compelled to move in because so many of the local residents, not knowing that the flowers were opium poppies, were picking them. Sheriff David M. Bryan estimates that 80 of the plants were recovered from county residents. No arrests have been made in connection with the field.

• A DC-3 aircraft allegedly loaded with 4,000 pounds of marijuana was seized at Williston Airport in Gainesville, Florida. Six men were arrested when they attempted to pick up the load from the parked plane. A U.S. Customs patrol

aircraft landed in front of the old World War II transport to prevent a takeoff as officers on the ground drove patrol cars onto the runway behind the plane. Arrested were Robert Edwin Parks, 36, of Atlanta; Robert A. Moore, 26, and

Johnny Young, 26, both of Bowling Green, Kentucky; Michael David Warner, 37, of Smyrna, Georgia; and James Eldon Kieffer, 28, of Miami. The two who allegedly flew the plane from Colombia were identified as Stephen L. Hefner, 28, of Daytona Beach, Florida, and Robert Wilkins, 25, of Clearwater, Florida.

• Three people were arrested and 1,100 pounds of marijuana were confiscated in Hollywood, Florida, by the Broward County Organized Crime Unit. A small arsenal of weapons was discovered in the raid along with \$27,000 in cash and a delivery van. Arrested were William Reed Elswick, 28, John Randolph Barton, 27, and Magda S. Alvar, 17. All were charged with violation of federal narcotics laws.

• Michigan State Police flagged down a small truck for a traffic violation in Flint and allegedly found 230 pounds of marijuana. John Williams, 25, and Danny L. Jackson, 25, were charged with possession with intent to deliver a controlled substance.

• Four persons have been charged with attempting to smuggle 66 pounds of peyote into the South Carolina midlands via the Columbia Metropolitan airport. Robert Andrew Burlson, 21, Charles Weley Reese, 21, Patricia

Ann Myers, 21, and Louis Pace Brown, 23, all from Columbia, were charged with possession of peyote with intent to distribute. The peyote was found in two suitcases at the airport by sheriff's deputies, who claim that the hallucinogenic cactus was flown in from Texas on a commercial airliner. According to reports, the two suitcases were being loaded into a car when the arrests were made.

• In a graveyard outside Minneapolis, Minnesota, three men were arrested for possession and sale of 15 pounds of marijuana by undercover narcs posing as a mortician, a priest and several mourners. The mortician was Sheriff Orville Muck, who rode in a borrowed hearse "trying like hell to look pious." The priest was an undercover agent for the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension, as were three of the mourners. In order to get close to the scene of the sale, Muck borrowed a hearse from an undertaker and with another agent who was dressed as a priest, set up the funeral procession that netted the dope. Arrested were Stephen Carey, 20, and Dan Gregg, 23, both of Windom, Minnesota. A third suspect, identified as William Gerhard, 23, was arrested later.

• U.S. Customs patrol officers in Hebronville, Texas, allegedly con-



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fiscated 2,884 pounds of marijuana from truckdriver Cosme Escamilla, 20, from San Antonio, and his father, Valentine Escamilla, 54, of Runge, Texas. The marijuana was reportedly discovered concealed in a load of baled hay on a truck driven by the son. The father was traveling with him but driving another vehicle. The case was turned over to the DEA, and the suspects were charged with conspiracy and possession with intent to distribute the marijuana.

- Five persons in an eight-county, southwestern Ohio area may be involved in financing the Mississippi marijuana ring that has allegedly smuggled many tons of marijuana into the Cincinnati area. The latest seizure was of 215 pounds of weed in Blue Ash last February. Sources in Cincinnati declined to identify the individuals, explaining that disclosures might interfere with execution of federal grand jury indictments.

- Former pro-footballer Sherman Glass has been arrested and booked for possession of marijuana for sale after allegedly making a deal to sell two kilos to an undercover narc in Los Angeles. Glass, who played for the Southern California Sun, of the now defunct World Football League, was arrested in Pasadena. Agents claim Glass also possessed nine grams of the hallucinogen phencyclidine.

- James Glendon Hull, 20, and William Rozuk, 26, both from the Gainesville, Florida, area, were arrested and charged with importing and possessing 3,000 pounds of marijuana. The pair had been stopped in their boat near the mouth of the Pitalachascotee River. Another boat, supposedly containing the marijuana wrapped in plastic and burlap, was seized about a mile offshore Hudson, Florida. Pasco County Sheriff Basil Gaines believes the marijuana was air-dropped into Filmond's Bayou, near Hudson, by an old World War II military bomber.

- About 1,000 pounds of grass were confiscated at the Draughton-Miller Municipal Airport in Temple, Texas, in what appears to be the largest marijuana haul in Bell County in ten years. Charged with possession of the grass were Don Allan Wilkes, 38, a real estate man; Thomas Gardner Waldon, 31, an unemployed salesman; and Robert Michael Gaffney, 30, a lab technician for Core Laboratories in Dallas. The marijuana was reportedly discovered in a twin-engine plane after thunderstorms forced it to land in Temple. The men unloaded the suspected marijuana from the plane into two trucks and were arrested as they started to drive away.



Almost three pounds of methaqualone powder and a loaded revolver were confiscated from Jerry Wayne Jenkins, 31, of Windsor, Vermont, and Michael Shane King, 20, of Pasadena, California. Narcs in Pasadena set up the bust after one of them received a tip. Methaqualone powder is used to make Quaalude tablets.

Davis Ticer

- Two Tucson men were arrested and 1,000 pounds of marijuana were confiscated after sheriff's deputies stopped a van on U.S. 89 north of Sahuarita, Arizona. In a separate incident nearby, deputies seized two pickup trucks loaded with marijuana totaling about 3,000 pounds, but the two men they surprised escaped on foot into the desert. Arrested on suspicion of transporting and possessing marijuana for sale and suspicion of carrying concealed weapons were William A. Galbreath, 29, and Charles F. Hadd, Jr., 29, both from Tucson.

A pellet pistol and a small, semi-automatic weapon were recovered from the van by a sheriff's deputy who stopped the van because one of the headlights was not working. As for the two pickup trucks, they were found in front of a vacant house in Catalina. Several Citizens Band radios and an aircraft radio were found in the trucks. Several bricks of marijuana were found broken near the two trucks, and officials suggested that they may have been dropped from a plane.

- Six persons were charged with attempting to smuggle 460 pounds of marijuana from Victoria, British Columbia, to Vancouver Island. Canadian narcs said that the arrests culminated six months of investigations, which began in the Nanooose Bay area just north of Nanaimo, Canada. Although no names were given, at least two of the arrested are reported to be U.S. citizens.

- Narcs in Smyrna, Tennessee, found 1,200 pounds of marijuana stored in a 40-foot tractor-trailer rig in a secluded area outside the city. Albert Samuel Hill, 47, has been charged with possession of the marijuana for resale. The haul is reportedly the largest in the history of Tennessee. Hill was arrested after authorities found in his possession receipts for 101 gal-

lons of diesel fuel purchased in West Memphis, Arkansas, and in the Mexican border town of Edinburg, Texas. The grass allegedly was stored in twelve 100-pound, cardboard barrels in the back of the truck.

- When local police in Phoenix, Arizona, routinely stopped a van for a traffic violation, they discovered that it was stolen, opened the back door and came upon 1,600 pounds of marijuana. Arrested for possession of marijuana

were Antonio Sanchez Rayos, 22, of Sonora, Mexico, and Juan Haro-Murillo, 26, of San Luis, Sonora. DEA narc Philip Jordan said that the van had been stolen from the Los Angeles area last March. He added that the two suspects were believed to be couriers and that investigators were unable to discover where the haul was to be delivered.

- During a bust in Downsview, Ontario, that allegedly netted ten pounds of methamphetamine, police were attacked by a man swinging a three-foot, antique pirate's sword. Charges of conspiracy to traffic and possession of meth were laid against three unidentified men. A charge of possessing a weapon dangerous to the public peace was also leveled against the sword-fighter.

- Almost 580 pounds of Thai sticks were seized by narcs in Stockton, California. The pot, stashed in five crates, was confiscated in a local truck terminal after narcs learned that Stockton had been allegedly designated as a major northern California supply point for Thai sticks. Sought on a warrant charging him with possession of marijuana in a quantity sufficient for sale is Robert Saunders, 29, who reportedly heads Noble Imports, a firm to which the marijuana was allegedly sent.

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High Crimes

• Turkish narcs in Istanbul seized 293 pounds of hashish in a raid on a deserted farmhouse in the Eastern Turkish town of Killis after a telephone tip-off. The hash was reportedly imported from Lebanon and was hidden in nylon bags in the kitchen of the farmhouse. No arrests were reported.

• Three Americans were detained by French police in Marseilles after more than a half-ton of hashish was allegedly found in the trailer

that they had brought by ferry from Casablanca. *Le Flick* magazine identified the three as Mrs. Siddell Dean, 53, of Oregon; Mrs. Carol Foley, 46, of Boston; and Mrs. Foley's son, Steven Batiell, 22, of Reno, Nevada.

• After the discovery of hashish inside pumpkins at London's Heathrow Airport, a court in Middlesex remanded two unidentified persons in the local jail. The couple had arrived in London from



Nevada State Journal

Reno, Nevada, Police Sergeant Les Downing throws evidence from over 200 drug-related cases into a blazing fire, as Officer Gene Dreelan sorts through the remaining accumulated evidence from over five years of Reno dope cases. That which went up in smoke included marijuana, an assortment of unspecified hard drugs, grinders, pipes and other paraphernalia.

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• Ten men, including six Air Canada employees working at Dorval Airport, were arrested in connection with an alleged marijuana smuggling ring that brought over 500 pounds of marijuana into Canada over the past two years. The arrests were sparked when 50 pounds of hash were seized at the airport. Narcs said that the other seizures over the last two years "were made to look like surprise discoveries so that the ring would keep operating until our investigation was complete." Three of the

six Air Canada employees arrested were cargo supervisors.

• Capetown police have seized over 1,000 kilos of marijuana in what was described as the biggest haul in the history of South Africa. Two Africans were busted in the raid after two police on their way to testify in court spotted a covered truck about 40 kilometers from Ceres. Something about the truck's odd registration number aroused the suspicion of the police, and they stopped it. When the tarpaulin was pulled off the truck, 65 bales of marijuana were reportedly uncovered.

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• A Mesa, Arizona, undercover narc jumped into the bed of a pickup truck for a ride along railroad tracks before shooting out the rear window to capture the driver and almost 20 pounds of alleged marijuana. Michael L. Call, 20, of Mesa, was charged with possession of marijuana for sale and assault with a deadly weapon—the pickup truck.

According to reports, Call stepped down from his truck, spoke to an undercover man posing as a customer and then climbed back into his pickup when told he was under arrest. Buttoning down both door locks to prevent the narc from pulling him out, Call started the truck and attempted to run over another narc. But one of the narcs jumped into the bed of the truck for a ride up to speeds of 65 miles an hour as Call headed along a dirt embankment parallel to the railroad tracks.

Twice, the narc said, the truck almost flipped over on the rough terrain. Call was able to keep his four-wheel-drive vehicle moving, but the pursuing police undercover car got pinned on its undercarriage. After being tossed and turned, the unidentified narc finally got back on his feet, took out his revolver and shot out the truck's rear window. Then he grabbed Call by the hair and commanded him to stop before he "blew his head

off." Call surrendered.

• A former Memphis physician, Howard Ellzey, has been tried and convicted of illegal distribution of amphetamines. According to DEA agents, he wrote 29,000 prescriptions for diet pills in a 22-month period; three suitcases of prescription orders were introduced as evidence. According to the trial record, Dr. Ellzey maintained two offices with separate records so he could prescribe for the same patient twice in one day. Speed distributors allegedly solicited overweight men from the unemployment office, driving them to one office in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The visits cost \$15 and reportedly took from 30 seconds to 5 minutes.

• Two tons of marijuana were seized from a 51-foot ketch near Santa Cruz Island, California, by U.S. Coast Guard and Customs Agency officials who said they were making a routine patrol of the area. Two of the four men arrested, John Louis Ribando, 25, of Encinitas, and George Malcolm Challman, 28, of Downey, had been indicted earlier this year in connection with the seizure of nine tons of marijuana. The other two men arrested were Steve Odneal, 30, of Long Beach, and Harold Louis Bennett, 31, of Costa Mesa.

Ribando and Challman had pre-

viously been arrested with 11 others for the alleged smuggling of nine tons of marijuana—the largest haul in West Coast history. But charges were dropped because U.S. District Court Judge Manuel Real ruled that law enforcement officials did not have the grounds to search for and seize the contraband. The Ventura County Sheriff's Department is investigating the alleged smugglings to determine if they are the actions of a large smuggling ring.

• A 27-foot sloop was stopped and searched for over half an hour in the middle of a Key West, Florida, race while Coast Guard officials from the cutter *Courageous*

searched the vessel for narcotics. Nothing was found, but by then the *Shalom*, belonging to Chester Davis, had lost the race. According to later reports, the Coast Guard didn't realize the sloop was part of the race and when informed, became embarrassed and apologetic. According to Rear Admiral Austin C. ("Red") Wagner, the search was part of the Coast Guard's "aggressive drive against narcotics smuggling." "The searches are made at random," he said. "We figure a great deal of narcotics are being unloaded from foreign vessels well offshore to smaller ships that come in from any direction."

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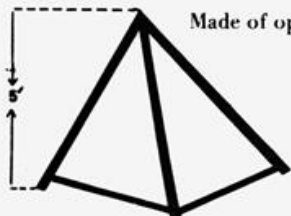
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Missouri—12 Years for 11 Grams

Jerry Mitchell, 19, of West Plains, Missouri, was sentenced to 12 years in prison by Circuit Judge Winston Buford after entering a plea of guilty to selling 11 grams of marijuana to Missouri Highway Patrol agent D. W. Lipp on October 30, 1975.

"You have pleaded guilty to a serious charge, and it makes it clear to this court that you are a pusher. I hope that the sentence fits the crime and will serve as a warning to others who are thinking of becoming a pusher," said Buford before passing sentence.

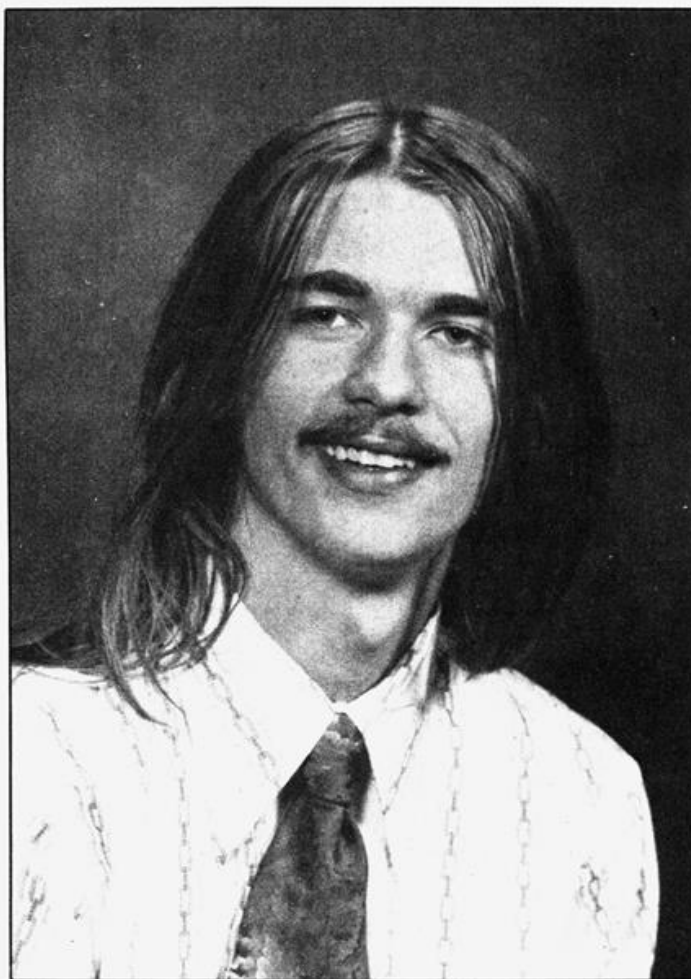
Mitchell told the court that his parents, who are both blind and dependent on him for financial and physical support, would not be able to stand the pain of his sentence and asked that the judge consider parole. Openly sobbing in the courtroom, Mitchell pleaded, "Do it for my parents, God, for my parents." Judge Buford denied his motion for parole, saying, "A pusher has the means to poison the whole community, and that is why the court has sentenced the

harsh punishment."

Mitchell's parents told *High Times* that their son's case was one of the few marijuana cases in the history of Howell County, Missouri. "My son pleaded guilty," said Mitchell's father, "we never thought this would happen."

According to sources close to the case, the entire town of West Plains was outraged by Judge Buford's decision. "Everybody from the court clerk to the janitor was shocked," said one West Plains citizen.

"This is an outrage," said NORML Director Keith Stroup. "I do not intend to take this sitting down." Stroup will head up the Mitchell defense team along with Michael Stepanian, one of the country's leading dope lawyers.



Jerry Mitchell, 19, at his high school graduation. He'll be 31 when he graduates from jail for selling 11 grams of marijuana in Missouri.

New Psychedelics to Come, Predicts Creator of STP

Within the next decade, chemists will be able to profitably synthesize thousands of new drugs. "The potential for illicit mischief here is enormous," writes Dr. Alexander T. Shulgin, developer of STP, in the August 1975 issue of *Clinical Toxicology*. The narcotic antagonists Cyprenorphine and Cyclazocine, for example, are hallucinogenic before addiction sets in. They may end up being sold for both reasons, Shulgin forecasts.

As opium production becomes more stringently controlled, the

manufacture of heroin substitutes will become a major industry. Thebaine, a nonaddictive alkaloid in opium, is the source of one class of such drugs, some of which are 10,000 times more potent than morphine. At least 4,000 other known synthetic narcotics are not derived from opium at all. They are simplifications of the morphine molecule and can be made from legal starting substances.

Dr. Shulgin expects the trade to continue to divert common stimulants from legal to illegal sup-

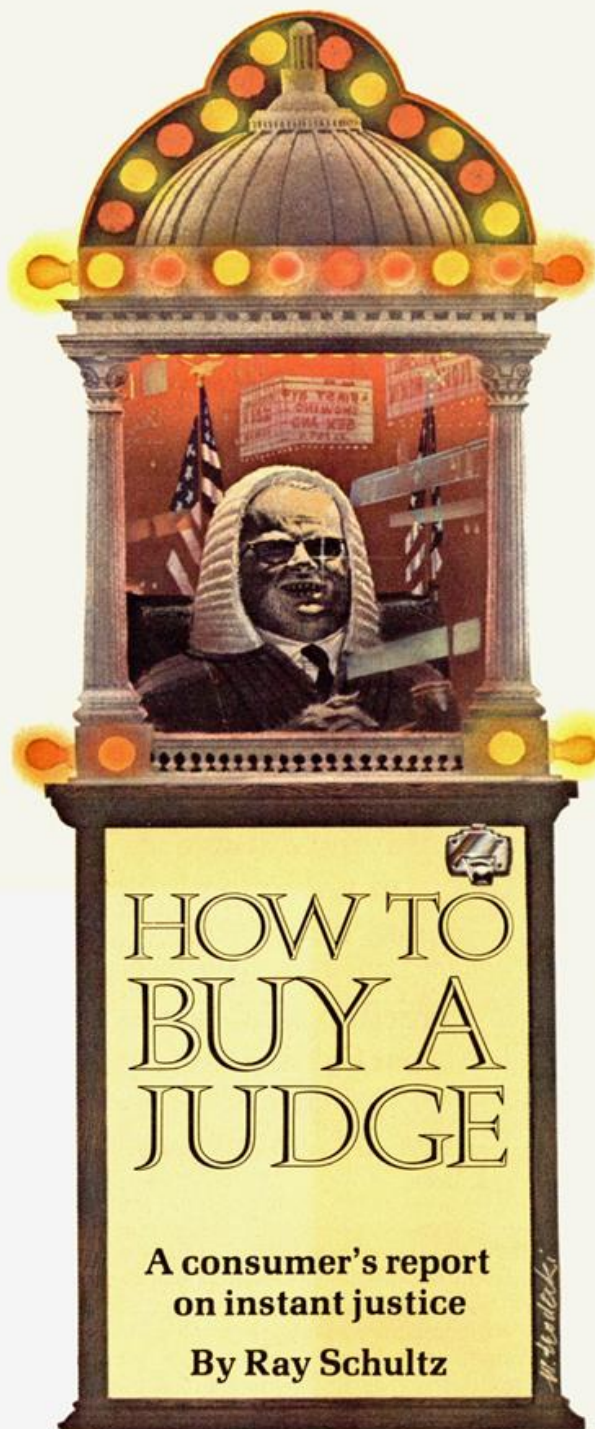
pliers until they are more tightly controlled. Clinical drugs are being replaced in the pharmacy by more esoteric ups.

Certain legal drugs metabolize into illegal psychoactive chemicals in the body. For example, fenethyline, which is sold as a nonprescription stimulant in Europe, produces amphetamine. Dr. Shulgin predicts that some hallucinogens will be sold as legal combinations that become a crime only in the brain.

Slight changes in the molecular

structure of glutethimide (Doriden) can turn it from a sedative into a speed. Theoretically, a whole class of new stimulants can be made from it, says Shulgin, "and it will take only a single devoted, industrious chemist to reveal it to the drug subculture."

In addition, there are three types of new legal hallucinogens waiting to be synthesized: the tryptamine and carboline indoles, the phenethylamines, which include mescaline and STP, and the atropine-related choline analogs.



Consider the case of the Honorable Judge A. Less than a decade ago, he sentenced a hoodlum who was guilty of manslaughter to two and a half years and intervened with the parole board to have him released. In his years on the bench, he earned thousands of dollars for such favors, and when caught, angrily denied it all.

Consider the case of the honorable Judge B; like A, his decisions were also dictated by the dollar. In the early Seventies, he performed a number of sordid transactions, including freeing a woman convicted of shooting her husband, in return for contributions to his reelection campaign. He was so greedy for election money, in fact, that when a local resident contributed only \$25 once, he remarked, "This guy better not have a case before me, because he's lost it!"

Such conduct will never be tolerated in a free society; indeed, both judges were driven from the bench when their dealings became known. On the other hand, if you've ever been involved in a criminal case yourself, you know that having a judge on your side can't hurt you—in fact, it's worth paying for.

The practice of buying judges is as old as the court system itself. Sir Francis Bacon took money from both sides in virtually every case that came before him. In recent times, judges have been corrupted by everyone from prominent Mafiosi to traffic violators, and in most cases, nobody was the wiser.

If so inclined, a judge can suppress evidence, drop charges, suspend the sentence or make errors

deliberately so the case can be won on appeal. Of course, most lawyers claim to take a dim view of such activity, but for our part, we will ignore their scruples.

In the average criminal case, most experts feel you should pay off the lowest possible person on the ladder: the arresting officer. A cop is usually cheaper to buy than a judge, and as you know, can perform legal miracles, such as releasing you on the spot. All you have to say is, "I wish there was another way to square this." If that fails, the next step is to retain an assistant D.A., but both methods are very, very risky. It's actually safer to bribe a judge, for reasons that will presently be enumerated.

Corrupt judges, while not rare, are by no means as common as you might think. In any event, you should never walk right into chambers and try to "see" the judge. Accepted practice is to work through an intermediary

who knows and can attest to the judge's essential dishonesty.

Such fixers can be found in every city or rural area. They are usually political people with open lines to a judge or two, who have no hesitation about using them. You simply give them a sum of money, and they pass it on to the right person, after taking their own expenses off the top, of course.

One reputed power broker was Frank Martin, who, at 71, held enormous influence in Miami. The front for his seedy dealings was a combination fruit market/gas station, where he was courted daily by judges and politicians who sought his favor. In one celebrated episode, he was allegedly asked by the then-mayor of Miami, David Kennedy, to help a friend whose son had been convicted on a marijuana bust. He supposedly referred them to a judge who was only too happy to take care of it. "Martin had a good system," said one Florida jurist. "He would call a judge and tell him the problem. Instead of discussing money, they would use measurements from the fruit market. The judge would tell him it would cost him two bushels or three pecks. In my opinion, that's why the case against them failed."

Another notorious power broker was lawyer Louis J. Fallon. In his day, Fallon corrupted some of the biggest people in New York, but his most cooperative associate was Judge Martin T. Manton of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals; in return for favorable rulings in patent cases, Fallon allegedly diverted thousands of tainted dollars

to the judge in the form of "gifts" and "loans." By the time they were convicted in the early 1940s, both were rich men, and Manton was considered a fit candidate for the U.S. Supreme Court.

The best place to look for such contacts, it is widely agreed, is in a political clubhouse. In most states, judges are appointed to fill a vacancy on the bench only after years of careful glad-handing. When running for re-election, judges need the support of party leaders, whom they must please at all costs, even at the sacrifice of all the rules of law.

This may explain the seeming affection of so many judges for hoodlums in organized crime. In some places, local politics and the rackets are almost indistinguishable, as evidenced by the scandal in Newark a few years back that almost wiped out both the entire New Jersey bench and Newark city hall. Until recently, the situation was much the same in neighboring New York, where a prominent judge was overheard telling the gangster Frank Costello, "I'm eternally grateful to you for my nomination."

If you want to reach such a judge, it certainly is helpful to know what political gang spawned Your Honor and who the district leader was. Unless a judge is ancient and alone—having outlived most friends—and so is honest by default, you can usually find someone who will be willing to approach Your Honor for you, for money or favor. "It's easy for the right people to influence a judge," said a lawyer on Long Island. "The judge is an old buddy of yours who's been sitting on the bench for all these years, and you sit down and have a drink with him, just like you did so many times before. You have a quiet talk, and tell him what's on your mind. I know a lawyer who took a judge aside and whispered in his ear, 'I'd like to help you articulate your thoughts.' The judge said, 'That's mighty decent of you, Joe,' and let him write the opinion."

Needless to say, if you have any power, you already know where to look. As one lawyer put it, "The bad guys know where to find the bad guys." If you're new to the game, there are several other ways of doing a little fixing, one of which is to retain a lawyer whose father or sister is a judge. Such lawyers are not in practice for their health.

If a close relative's client comes up before a judge most will usually disqualify themselves, but that doesn't stop colleagues from making favorable rulings in their stead. In some cases, it's more blatant than that. A few years ago, a woman went to the office of a judge and asked for help in a criminal case. Though direct contacts are usually avoided by judges ("a defendant is by definition untrustworthy"), the judge advised her to see his son, who had a large law firm. The son accepted her case and told her he could help out if she gave him \$2,500 up

front to spread around. Unfortunately for the family duo, the woman was an undercover agent, wired to the teeth with hidden tape recorders. Indictments resulted, but the fact remains that, in most cases, a judge's son is usually good for a little "business."

Another method is to seek out lawyers who may be directly involved in the legal area of your case. For example, if you have a problem before the state liquor authority, it is wise to hire a lawyer who used to work on the authority. In a criminal case, you can look for a lawyer who used to be a judge; there are a few who've been thrown off the bench, and they are usually crooks. The best way to find such people is to go from lawyer to lawyer until one becomes obvious. Most lawyers will not turn you in, but throw you out if they reject your illegitimate offers.

Another excellent source of contacts is the bail-bond people. By the nature of their work, even the honest ones tend to be a bit "shady." In New York, a federal agent posing as a hood made the rounds of lawyers and bailbondsmen, trying to fix a case. Eventually, he was referred to a bailbondsmen who told him he should

**Having a judge
on your side
can't hurt you
—in fact, it's
worth paying for.
Just be thankful
you don't
have to buy the jury.**

have tried to buy off the cop first, then calmly accepted \$15,000 in two payments to put a fix in with the assistant D.A. "Bailbondsmen are good people" said a dope dealer here. "You can use them all the time, because they're right in there, they know all the judges."

When you do find a lawyer or bondsman willing to help, here is how it works. First you should pay a small retainer to show good faith. It will be explained what can be done for you; then the judge will be approached. These meetings should take place in a restaurant or some other public place. When the deal has been completed, the lawyer's commission will usually be 50 percent of what you give the judge, although some may demand more. Don't worry about laundering the money; if the government ever asks for an accounting, the lawyer will simply state that it was the legal fee (which will probably be true). In addition, you may have to pay a finder's fee to anyone who helps you locate a lawyer.

Unfortunately, there is no set fee schedule for buying a judge, but big criminal cases will often cost you from \$50,000 to \$100,000. For lesser charges, you can usually get off with paying a grand or less. One important thing to remember is that you *can* bargain. The judge needs money; otherwise such a risk wouldn't be taken. If the first bid sounds exorbitant, bargain it down. If you are shopping for jurisprudence in the first place, you are after all probably a potential big customer who deserves discounts for repeat business.

Then again, the lawyer may be padding things a bit. If you feel you really must, you can sweeten the pot with a pair of theater tickets or perhaps a bottle of good Scotch. In some rare cases, sexual favor is not even out of the question.

Most often, the judge will give you no idea of how, exactly, you will be helped out in court. You might receive a nice dismissal, or it might go all the way to a suspended sentence. It doesn't hurt to ask up front: you don't want a conviction.

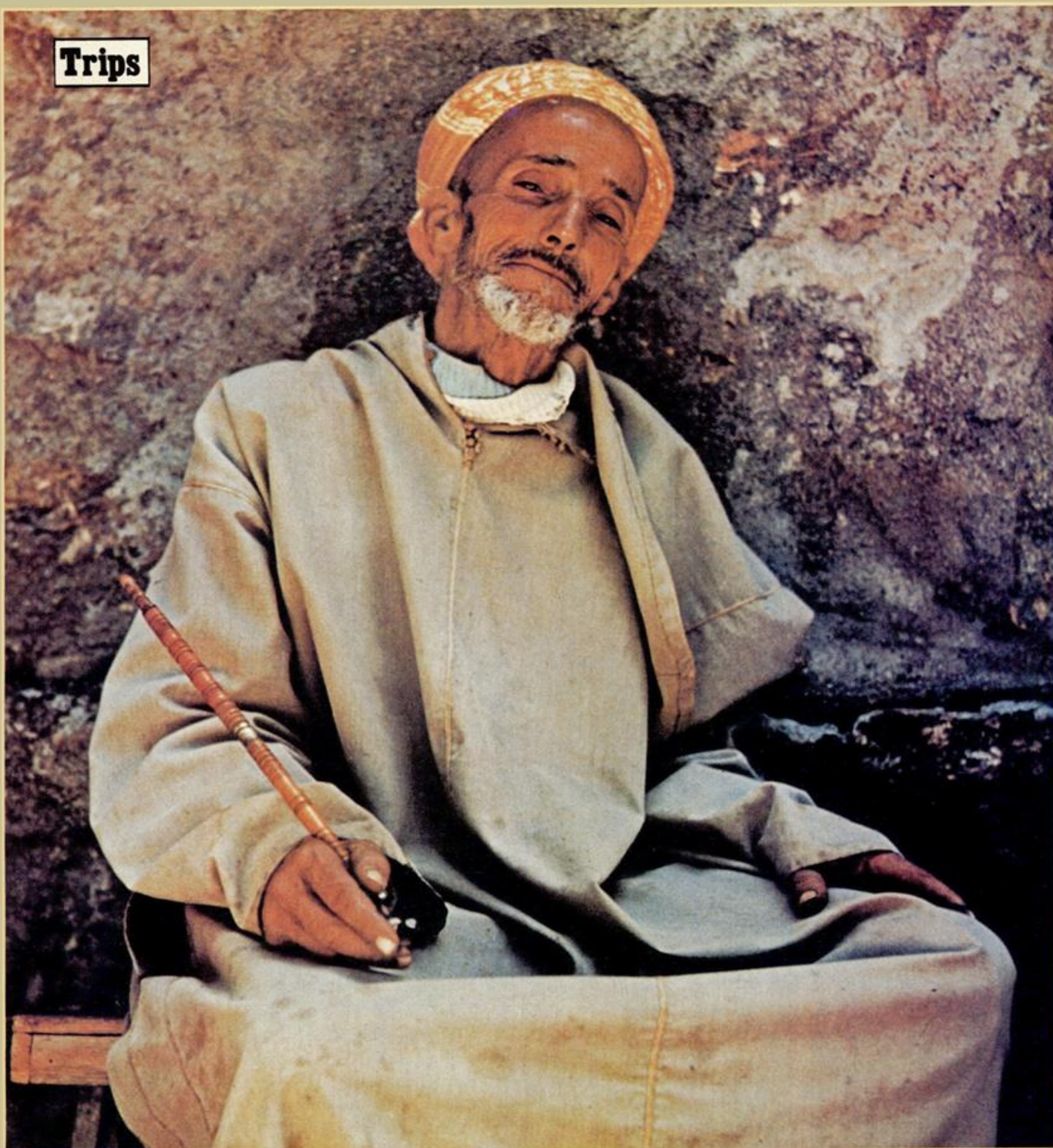
Still another way to get to the judge is through a court officer. Bailiffs are known to be notorious bagmen, and are eminently approachable by the common citizen. Before giving them any money, though, you should try to make sure they can deliver what they promise. A few years ago in New Jersey, a Spanish-speaking court interpreter was found guilty of offering, for \$200 and \$300 a shot, to influence cases a judge was hearing. The judge's only crime, it turns out, was failure to declare wedding fees on his income tax returns; he knew nothing about the interpreter's burgeoning business.

This is a real problem when buying a judge: no matter what the price, you have to beware of the old double cross. Judges will often pull a switch on you—but not as often as the lawyers! A friend of mine was convicted of a felony not long ago, and because of a previous record, was expecting at least a year's sentence. His lawyer let the suspense build until the day before sentencing, then asked \$500 so he could "arrange" for a suspended sentence. My friend came up with the money, but later learned that the lawyer had kept all of it: the suspended sentence was in the bag all along.

This sort of double dealing is all too common, and there is nothing much you can do about it, according to C. Robert Blakey, professor of law at Cornell and former counsel at the Justice Department under Robert Kennedy. "There's a Catch-22 quality to buying a judge," he said. "If you pay a lawyer \$10,000 and then give him \$50,000 to pay the judge for a bribe, you've got no guarantee that the judge has received the \$50,000. We had a case against a union official in Washington, where the defendant was repre-

(continued on page 81)

Trips



Kif Making in Morocco

Dope's only dope, but kif is a smoke
By Paul Bowles

Kif as a way of life is destined to disappear, not because of the official proscriptions against it everywhere in the world, but because it belongs to an age when time was still unmeasured, thus unlimited. If one is going to smoke kif, one must be willing to devote at least two hours a day to its preparation. Kif must be seasoned with tobacco, and there is no way of buying ready-mixed kif. Anything already prepared is by definition *zbil*, garbage. To

Photo by Pato

Kif Cutting

Photo Essay by Pato



Moroccan smokers speak of smoking "only the kif of the kif plant." By this they mean the bract of the female cannabis plant within which the seed develops and ripens. In the last stages of the plant's growth, these seed bracts emit the most powerful portion of the plant's resins, and at harvest time, the seed husks, are covered with the fine dust that is the essence of hashish.

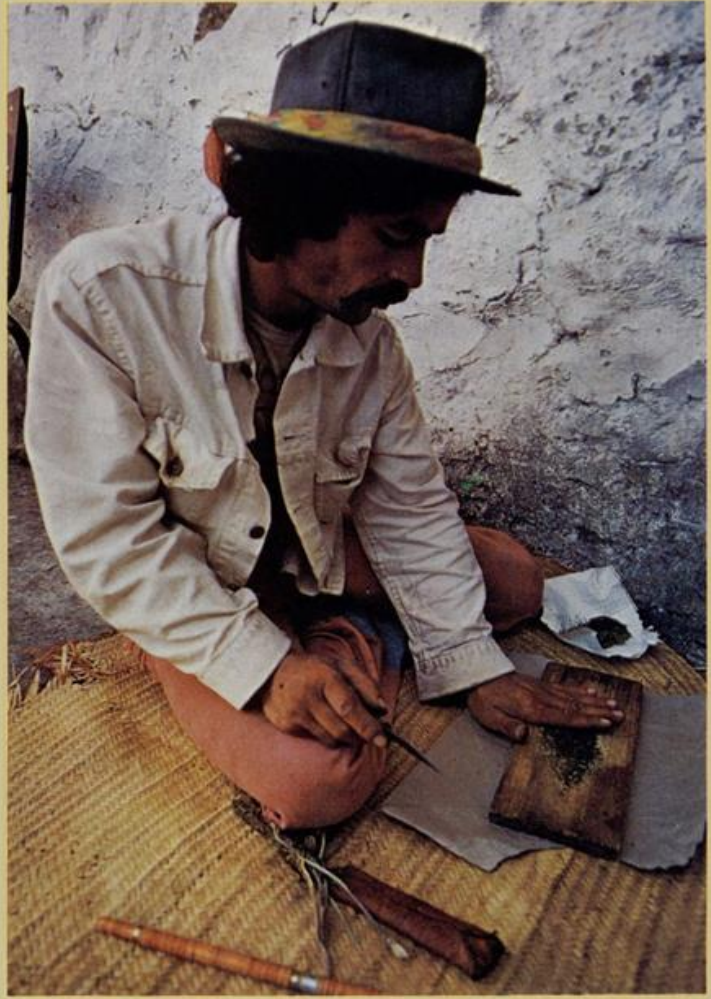
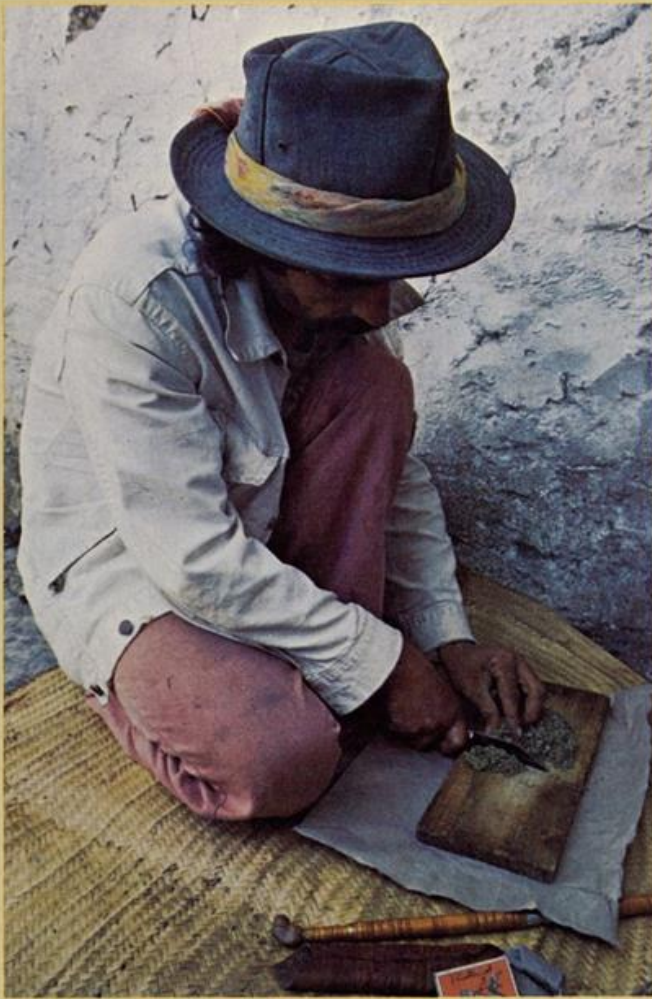
The kif Moroccans smoke is a mixture of these seed bracts and a potent black tobacco especially cultivated to be used with cannabis. The tobacco is in fact a very strong stimulant that has a powerful effect for a short period of time. A small quantity of this raw tobacco produces an intense excitation that combines with the hemp to amplify the active psychedelic state.

To prepare a mixture of kif, several stalks of the cannabis plant are stripped of their leaves, and all the seeds and stems removed. The leaves are removed from the cannabis stalk one at a time. By pinching the top of each leaf and pulling lengthwise (from its tip to its base), one can detach the leaf completely from the stem without breaking it or leaving even a stubble of its own small twig behind. First the larger leaves are picked and

then the smaller ones are stripped so that, as the stalk is defoliated, the cleaning proceeds from being the work of the fingertips to being a careful concern of the fingernails.

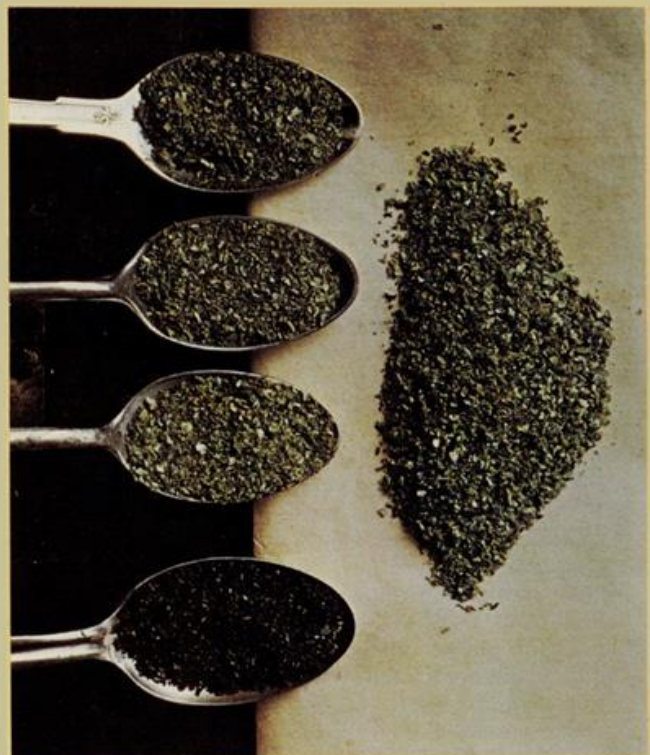
The seed bracts that remain are then chopped in a series of cuttings, each cutting being accompanied by a skillful sifting that separates the cannabis that has been cut to the proper grade from that which is still too coarse and in need of further cutting. Because the wettest and most active resins of the Moroccan cannabis are contained within the plant's seed bracts, the cleaned kif that has been pressed in the palm of one hand throughout the cleaning process begins to sweat. Its resinous content oozes out, and it becomes sticky enough to compact in a dense mass ready to be pressed against the knife blade and cut. The chopping of kif is meant to complete the release of the resins. In much the same way as parsley, mint and other herbs are minced in order to enhance their flavor, so too the smell and potency of kif is multiplied tenfold by its cutting.

After all of the cannabis has been cut, the leaf of tobacco to be used in the mixture is also chopped in exactly the same manner



and to an identical texture of small, sticky flakes. The techniques of chopping kif and tobacco vary from one cutter to the next. Sifting the cut cannabis to insure a uniform consistency will allow the kif to burn properly when it is smoked. If the kif is cut too fine, it will burn quickly and taste hot; if too coarse, it will not smoke evenly or completely. Some cutters use a strainer to produce an even cutting. The more difficult technique of the expert cutter is to use the fingers, the palm or the flat edge of the knife blade to sort out the different textures produced in the cutting. These cutters claim that the strainer dries the kif and thus detracts from its strength.

The proportion of cannabis to tobacco in the kif mixture is a matter left to the taste of the smoker who prepares it. Some say that the correct ratio is one part tobacco to every four parts of cannabis; others say that the ratio should be three to one. Smokers can be found with exceptionally strong tastes who prefer a mixture close to half and half. Ultimately, there is no "correct" ratio; the proper portions depend upon the quality of the tobacco and the cannabis. ■



Kif Making in Morocco

(continued from page 43)

buy it would be equivalent to buying a bottle of champagne with the cork removed or a punctured can of beer. Cut kif is sold only to non-Moroccan tourists, many of whom seem as yet unaware of the extreme volatility of the substance, buying it as if it were sugar, as if it were meant to be stored and used at leisure.

To a Moroccan, day-before-yesterday's kif is like day-before-yesterday's bread, something to be consumed only in an emergency. Never cut more kif than you expect to smoke before the next cutting, they say; in this way nothing is wasted. The concept of wastage applies not so much to the stale kif itself, which must be thrown out, as to the fact that even if it were smoked, its power would have been greatly reduced by the number of hours since its cutting.

The Moroccans go so far as to define smokers as those who cut their own kif daily; anyone who gets somebody else to do it is only a dilettante. In colonial times, when the French operated the Regie des Tabacs in Morocco, "kif" was sold at every tobacco stall: the shelves along the walls of the shops were stacked with the standard paper packets of government-produced kif, all cut and ready to smoke. No one was ever seen buying any. It was a widespread joke, French kif, "cut in the year of Our Lord Noah," they used to say. The same old packets stayed there year after year gathering dust. Apparently the French had never given the matter any attention, had never observed a Moroccan smoker long enough to understand the nature of the product they were hoping to sell. As a consequence, they considered the Moroccans' unanimous refusal to purchase it a politically motivated act of defiance. All nongovernmental kif was illicit, whether grown in a back yard or bought from a dealer. When the colonialists left Morocco, the natives knew better than to perpetuate the absurd French system, and so all kif passed into the realm of the forbidden.

How is it, then, that an illegal substance is at the same time a regularly available commercial product in Morocco? Well, the several thousand farmers in the Ketama area, being wholly dependent for their livelihood upon the kif crop, enjoy a special governmental dispensation allowing them to continue cultivation of the plant until another use for their land has been found. Thus, to grow cannabis there is legal, while to transport it from the area is prohibited. Prohibited—but not impossible. Gun battles occur on the highways leading to the region, but profits can be enormous, so the kif runner takes his chances with the

gendarmes. This equivocal legal situation is temporary and can be expected to end once satisfactory arrangements have been made for the inhabitants to put the land to another use.

For two cogent reasons, serious smokers are not likely to try to grow their own kif. One is that since the only first-rate product is Ketami, it is foolish to bother with what can be grown in regions other than Ketama, whose mountain slopes seem to have exactly the right climate and soil conditions for the plant. The Ketama kif industry is a tightly knit organization with room for only those who run it, so Ketami kif is a strictly commercial product destined to be consumed by those who can afford the price: the city dwellers. The second reason is that it is dangerous to have large quantities of hemp around, and this is inevitable if one is attempting to grow one's own, for it must be aged. Packed between layers of straw, the herb is stored in a warm, dry spot and not touched for two years, after which it will finally be ready

**There is no way
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ready-mixed kif.
Anything
already prepared
is by definition
zbil, garbage.**

for cutting. New kif is to be avoided: it is too greasy and will probably result in a headache for anyone who smokes it.

When buying from a dealer, the Moroccans avoid dark-colored plants, preferring those that will produce, even after the tobacco has been added, a light silvery green mixture. A brilliant green generally indicates improper or insufficient aging. When Ketami is unavailable, Moroccans look for Djibli, also a high-ground plant but relatively poor in flowers. The low-ground plant (sometimes called Gnaoui or Khaldi) is the least desirable, and practically all attempted home-grown falls into this category.

The stalks are sold separately, pressed, dried and cut in uniform lengths to facilitate cleaning. Cleaning a stalk is rather like pulling the pinfeathers off a chicken. Everything is removed from the stalk and discarded—all but the slightly matted clusters of dried but sticky flowers and the tiny leaves around them. This process accounts for about half the working time. If you are preparing 100 grams of kif, you will need about 400 grams of raw material and it will take you approximately an

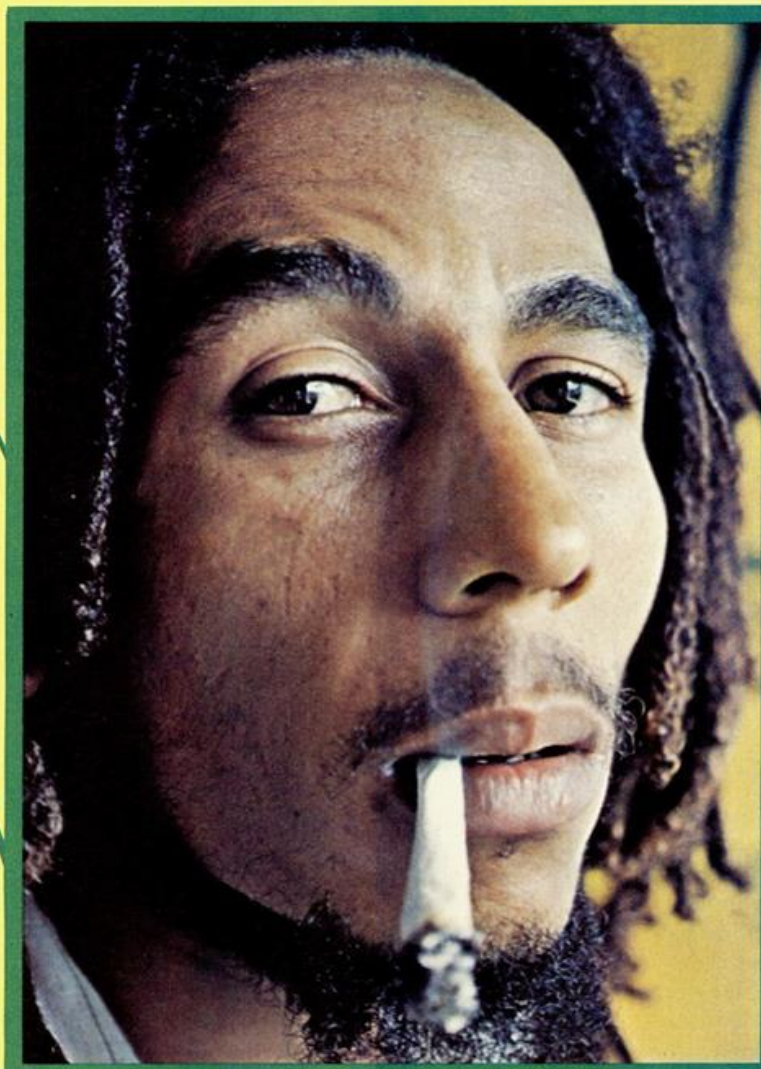
hour to clean and an hour to cut—if you are an expert cutter.

For cutting, the Moroccans need only four tools: board, knife, stone and sifter. The board (*leuha*) should be a smooth slab of hardwood, preferably olive or sandarac, approximately 16" by 10" by 1", always kept polished and smooth. Boards are often considered heirlooms and handed down from father to son. The knife should be steel (but not stainless steel), with a blade eight to ten inches long; however, shorter blades are frequently used, since the legal penalty for carrying a knife is directly proportionate to the length of its blade. The whetstone is necessary because the blade must be repeatedly sharpened during cutting. The sifter is made of a can perforated with nails. There is no quick method of making kif, because no part of the process is mechanical in nature. Only the concentrated coordination of eyes and hands can extract the desired substance.

The usable material is spread out on the board and "opened up" with the fingers to liberate the seeds. The board is slanted at a 45-degree angle, and the point of the knife scrapes the mass lightly upward, letting the seeds roll down the board. Once all the seeds have been removed, as compact a bundle as possible is made of the flowers, one hand exerting constant pressure on the mass to keep it firm. Then, using wrist action, the cutter imparts a seesaw motion to the blade, which never leaves the board. The mass must be hard and the slicing fine, for the razor-sharp blade does its job only a millimeter or two from the fingers. A second of inattention and there is blood on the board, and the cutting is over for that day and probably the next. After the first slicing, the hemp is dumped into the sifter—they call it *rharbal*—and shaken. Sometimes a heavy coin is tossed into the sifter at the same time, to aid the process. Whatever goes through is put aside, to be supplemented after successive siftings. Then a mass is made of what remains in the sifter; the slicing recommences and the sifting is done again. Four or five siftings generally suffice to get all the hemp through.

The identical procedure is then used on tobacco previously aged the same as the hemp and, ideally, grown in the same region. The soft part of the leaf is torn away from the central vein and chopped and sifted. The amount of tobacco to be mixed with the hemp is a matter of personal taste. What is *msouss* (under-flavored) for one smoker is *mdirra* (too heavily seasoned) for another; each has a personal formula. The proportion of tobacco to finished substance ranges from four parts out of 11 to one in five. American visitors are likely to prefer their hemp neat. But unless the material is at least 20 percent freshly cut tobacco, no Moroccan would call it kif. ■

This Man Is Seeing God



David Burnett/Contact

and God says he smokes only the best.
This man is Bob Marley and he smokes with God.

Bob Marley is the fastest-rising, highest-flying star in music today. Like most members of Jamaica's Rastafarian religion, Bob smokes about a pound of marijuana, or "herb," a week. *High Times* visited with Bob on his most recent American tour, and we found a lot of things to talk about.

High Times: Have you seen *High Times* magazine?

Marley: Hard Times? Ooo-eee! Ooo-eee! *High Times!* Dis supposed to 'ave de

bes' high in de worl'. *High Times* only de bes'.

High Times: Some Thai weed?

[Pause]

High Times: Do you think herb will be legalized?

Marley: I don't know if dis government will, but I know Christ's government will.

High Times: What about the Jamaican government? Mr. Manley, the Prime Minister?

Marley: Him? Legalize herb? Boy, I

jus' don't know. It's kinda legalized already. Me don't tink is really him, y'know. The realization of de truth. I don't know if Michael Manley will be de one, or who, but y'know, everyt'ing will reveal right out to de flat truth.

High Times: Now when you go back to Jamaica as a big star, are you able to talk to different people and get some things done that you'd like to happen?

Marley: Down dere? See, Jamaica jus' run outa politics today ... ya can't have

anything happening. But ya have people who will do t'ings for ya, like ya brethren, y'know. But when ya talk about de people in power, ya haffa be a politics-man. Me don't deal wit' no politics—me deal wit' de truth.

High Times: Your audience here is mostly white. What do you think about that?

Marley: Well, I hear dat we not gettin' through to black people. Well, me tell de R & B guy now, he must play dis record because I wan' get to de people. We're not talkin' about no make me no superstar. Don' ever make me no star. Me no wan' be no star. But in de meantime, every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Dat mean, de guy dat make de record, play for de people. Don' put me in no bracket, y'know what I mean? So dat is wit' de D.J. Him mus' realized dis is reggae music. I mean, it's music.

High Times: Do you consider yourself an outlaw?

Marley: Outlaw? No, no outlaw. Right in time.

High Times: You talk about dancing a lot in your songs. Do you see dancing as a form of communion with Jah?

Marley: When ya dance, ya just are Jah. Ya mus' dance.

High Times: When was the first time you got high on herb?

Marley: As a yout'. Was in de Sixties.

High Times: What was the best weed you ever smoked?

Marley: One time I was in Jamaica, was doin' a show, an' a man come up to me, and he gave me a spliff. Now, das de bes' herb I ever smoke. Yeah, man! Neva get an extra herb like dat again! No, no, no. Just like one tree in de earth, y'know?

High Times: Just one tree?

Marley: Jus' one tree. Sometimes ya just find a tree. It lamb's bread.

High Times: What's lamb's bread?

Marley: De ability what de herb 'ave ya call lamb's bread. Some a dem ya call Bethlehem's bread. Dat is when ya really get good herb, y'know what I mean?

High Times: Well, the Jamaican that's coming into the States now is not as good as it was.

Marley: Ya don' get no good herb because too much sell in Jamaica. And ya find alla people who plant herb fertilize it, so nobody really take care of de herb like first time. Ya use fertilizer, it come quick. Dem fertilize it an' cut it before time.

High Times: Do you guys find it hard to get good herb?

Marley: Me fin' it hard to get in England.

High Times: In England they always mix it with tobacco. It's really foul.

Marley: Yeah, man. It's time to let de people get good herbs an' smoke. Government's a joke. All dey wan' is ya smoke cigarettes and cigar. Some cigar wickeder den herb. Yeah, man, ya can't smoke cigar. Smoke herb. Some big cigar me see man wit', God bless! Me tell him must smoke herb. Ya see, de people come together because is not de buildin', is not de buildin' me wanna see, me wanna see a nice level piece of green grass. Don' wanna haffa go in no elevator, gwan upstairs and talk wit' some people in a square place. Me wanna go out in a



Kim Gottlieb

"De ability what de herb 'ave ya call lamb's bread. Dat is when ya really get good herb, y'know what I mean."

earth, man. Righteousness cover de earth like water cover de sea. Where I gwan is, me don' have time to be in building all de while, when de miracles happening all de while outside. For some time miracles happen outta de sky. Is good for ya to see it, y'know. Among some green trees, yes man! I mean, ya 'ave green trees in America.

High Times: Have you ever tried acid?

Marley: Me hear 'bout people who do it. No, me meet people who do it, an' dem tell me. And when dem tell me, I travel to de same place. I mean, when a guy explain it an' ya listen, ya can go all de way up to de same place as him.

High Times: Who told you about it?

Marley: Well, one mustn't call people

names, y'know. What keepeth its mouth, keepeth its life.

High Times: Do you think herb takes you to the same place?

Marley: I feel like ya 'ave thousands of different types of herb. If when ya plant it, if ya meditation not high, it don't come like de right type of herb.

High Times: It's very hard to find the right type of herb.

Marley: Yeah, man.

High Times: One of the reasons we're into this is to try to find it.

Marley: Well, ya see, dat herb, ya can't find dat herb.

High Times: Where is it?

Marley: Y'know what happen to dat herb? I tell ya where dat herb go now. Just like ya 'ave some apple trees, an' dis year something happen to dat apple tree dere, an' dis year dat tree taste better den dat tree. Ya find dat a seed planted de right day, de right minute, den dere's tree, ya find it, nobody plant it. A seed show, an' it grow, an' ya start nurse it, an' it become the best tree. Well, ya can get plenty a dat—de best herb dere. Jus' one tree, sometime a guy have. Ya might pass bye an' get a spliff. Ya say, "Where ya get dis?" Him say, "Dis come from St. Ann." So ya go down to St. Ann's an' ya don't find it again.

High Times: Your new album cover and the promotional sacks are burlap. Why?

Marley: We call dis a crocus bag. It has roots material, sackcloth. Ya associate wit' de poor man. If ya see a man walkin' down de street wit' dis, y'know 'es really poor, 'es a sufferer.

High Times: Like sackcloth and ashes?

Marley: Yeah, but ya see, de t'ing is, de first shall be de las' and de las' first. Is jus' like de Rastaman. Like Christ. Why did de whole worl' crucify? Him find, say in dis time de Rastaman is de only truth. So even de crocus bag stand out!

High Times: So this is how you educate Americans?

Marley: Yeah, man!

High Times: Who in Jamaica wants the American DEA down there?

Marley: What is DEA?

High Times: The Drug Enforcement Administration, the top narcs in the U.S. They're the ones that donate the helicopters and defoliants and things to countries like Jamaica. They try to squash the grass-smuggling trade. They send field agents to Mexico, Colombia,

(continued on page 89)

HERB

By Peter Tosh



David Burnett/Contact



Ask a dreadlock Jamaican about the Wailers, and he'll tell you about Peter Tosh, Bunny Livingstone, the Barrett brothers and Bob Marley. That's because Marley emerged as the leader of the top Rasta band only after the departure of Livingstone and Tosh. Bunny is now recording a solo album for Island Records. And Peter Tosh will be making a lot of noise in America from now on.

Peter's song "Legalize It" is a Rasta anthem that hit number one in Jamaica a few days after Prime Minister Michael Manley overturned the ban on its airplay. Can it happen here? With Columbia Records releasing the album *Legalize It* (PC-4253) we haven't ruled out that possibility. And if "Legalize It" hits number one, can the real thing be far off? We asked Peter what he thinks a record can do.

Man of all description, man and men of all different category, you know? Just go in a studio, an' sit down, turn on a mike an' say, I am a lawyer an' I smoke herb, or anything you wanna call it—marijuana, or pot or anyt'ing, every man would be wit' herb irrespective of how big him t'ink him in society.

A man is not too big in society if herb is degradation of society, because accordin' to de law of herb, only de small man get deprive, or go to prison, or bein' brutalize by police for herb. Only de small man.

Me come to de conclusion that de whole earth—well, let's say 99 percent of de earth—have some form affiliation wit' de herb, because dem call it ganja, an

don't know ganja is a t'ing dat grow. Ganga is a bird in Australia, or ganja is a place in Russia, an' ganja is whole lotta different t'ing, but nothin' pertainin' to what him callin' it, legal t'ing. And the poor man who don't know him constitutional right, just get fucked.

Well, we like herb for free, man. Because it is fuckin' up de whole earth, an' is not fuckin' up de whole earth. *Is* fuckin' up de small man, cause only de small man at all time go to blood-clot jeal for herb, an' de beeg man just pass in him limousine. An' if he can have on him certain identification that society see man, o-so-well-it's-mister-Brown don't touch-it/blood-clot-let-him-go-on. An' oh, *Yess man!* Just right! *Me smoke herb!* Me smoke herb, me pass my herb, me goin' free. You bigger, you smoke herb an' you pass it, an' you goin' free. But because you bigger an' you drive a bigger car dan me, an' you live up a Beverly Hill an' dem bum-clot, then you mus' come, you dominate de whole earth. An now dem jine dat rahs-clot Christopher Columbus, rahs-clot, Pirate Morgan, Francis Drake. All dem same, dem fuckers. Dem kinda work used to work, man, legal laws, dem sit around an' drink dem blood-clot whiskey and say, "Haw, haw, haw, *Let us make a law!*" callin em fucker an' t'ing, *yess mon!* Ya man, an' is just de small man *feel it at all times*. An' de small man, is not only domination of herb him feel... *incrimination* of herb; evryt'ing, every illegal law is put up to fight against the small man. An' is de small man who is buildin' up the resource of the earth.

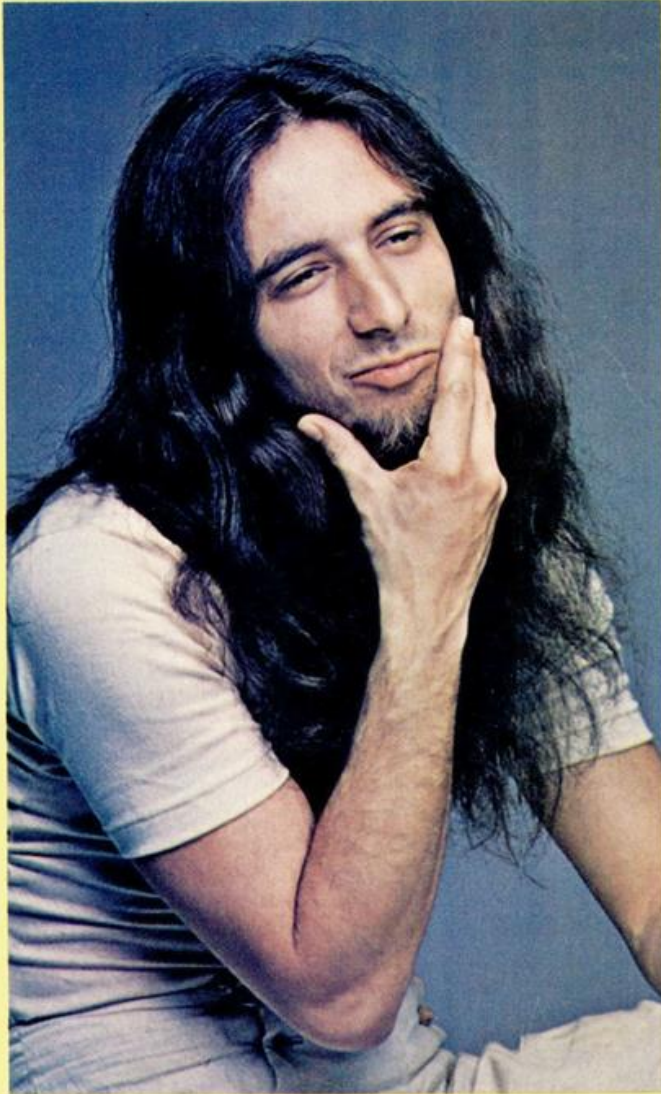
Yess man! Slavery abolish! Dat was from about eighteenth or so sixteenth *blood-clot* century ago, dem say slavery

abolish! Do right an' let every man be satisfied. Earth resource must be distribute right. Herb was made for the use of man, an' not for de use of some blood-clot drunkard. Herb was made for de use of man, an' not *men* in dem likkle blood-clot *chamber!* An' man must get herb cause man keep de earth runnin' till today. Not *men* in him likkle limousine, dem likkle blood-clot luxurious fucker. An dem make de law. *Rahs-clot!* Dem t'ing get me mad. Yeah, man. It's not me alone dat get mad. It's in some kinda madhouse de rahs-clot where some stay consciously mad and have to us just *abide wit'* de situation, until de situation changes, y'know? But man, bum-clot, come to dat now, man.

Economical pressure, dem raise up everyt'ing, an' herb will keep you from t'inkin' about what's going on now. Dem wanna come *dominate*. Dem put out, dem wanna bring out dem drugs. Come spring it up on us, fucker! Dem trip, dem fuck up your head. Wise man use herb. We can do dat. *We have to get out of hell man*, whadaya-mean, *or let hell get out of us*. What you t'ink man? Too heavy for dem? Well, I *know* it is right.

Dem say dat herb is a dangerous drug, and pie-zen, an' every day I pie-zen myself an' nevah die. So why? Fight against I? Pure Babylon. Fertilizer come from oil. An' rubbish. Oil an' herb don't mix. Yes, man. Herb must as plant a come by nature. Jus' grow, an' it *don't care* how it come. If it knot, or if it spread out. It nice same way. But as soon ya fertilize it, man, it pure fucker. Your belly hurt. Ah, ya feel bad like ya wanna vomit, man. Yes, man. But if you smoke some nice herb an' put your mind somewhere where inspiration flows, herb so nice.

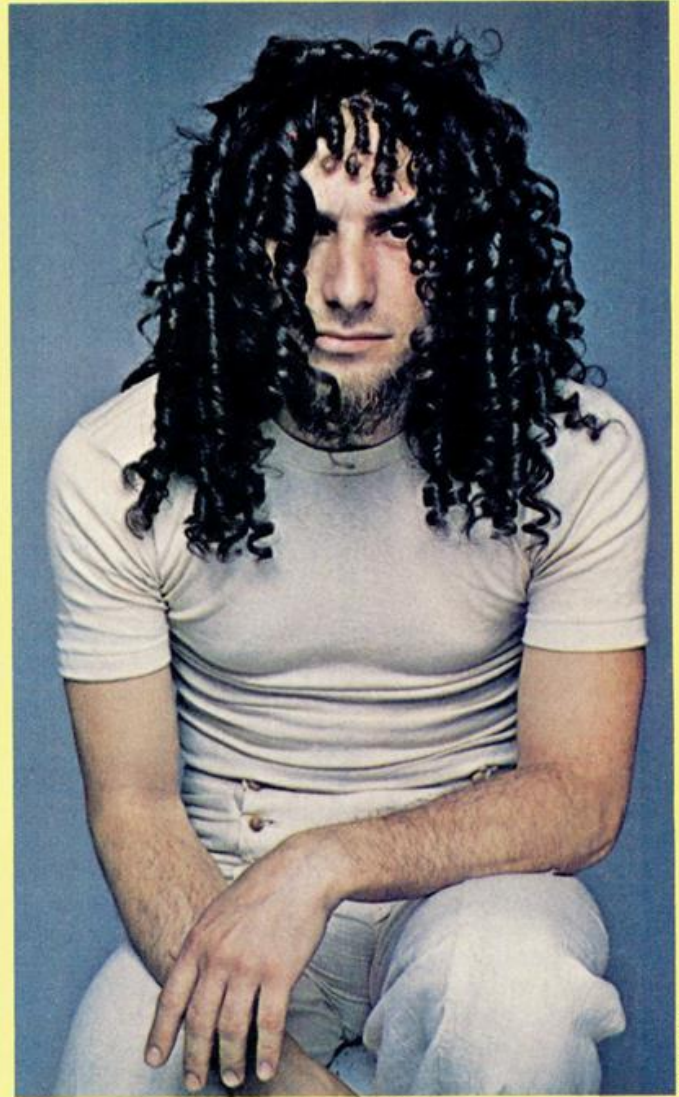
Is Rasta the Way of the Future Like These Guys Say?



BEFORE Jah says: "Dread is a better head."

"All the days of the vow of his separation there shall no razor come upon his head: until the days be fulfilled, in the which he separateth himself unto the Lord, he shall be holy, and shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow." (Num. 6: 5).

Then again, not all Rastas subscribe to this doctrine, and not all locksmen are peace-loving Rastas. In general there are three types of Rastas: locksmen, whose hair is plaited and never cut; beardsmen, who never shave their beards and may or may not cut their locks; and baldheads, who wear no locks, but may wear



AFTER

a wool cap, as many locksmen do, often in the Ethiopian colors.

As for the baldheads, also a term for straight Babylon sympathizers, Bob Marley has a few words for them on his new album: "We gonna chase them crazy baldheads out of town," the most ominous hair lyrics since David Crosby's "Almost cut my hair . . . happened just the other day . . ."

And now even white kids can be locksmen, as Eric of Cinandre demonstrates on our model, Damian. Are dreadlocks for you? Better be able to talk it like you lock it.

Neil Selkirk

Talk Rasta

Forget it. You'll never talk like a Rasta. Not unless you want to live in Trenchtown for a few years. But you can learn to communicate with Rastas well enough to pick up the Rastaman vibration.

But there are several concepts one must grasp before one can begin to speak *lik' did mon*. Most important is the concept of "I." Rastas are obsessed with the word *I*. For them it is an assertion of self, showing that every man is equal in the eyes of Jah, the living God. A Rasta will never say, "You and me"; that shows too much difference. He will say "I and I." He will also say "I and I" when just talking about himself to show that he realizes he is not the only one in the world and that Jah has a hand in everything. Therefore, he will say "I and I will now smoke some ganja," rather than "I'm going to smoke . . ."

Understanding common Rasta usage is pretty tough, but it can be accomplished. Most of their speech is a combination of Jamaican-English patois with quite a few Ethiopian-Amharic words laced through. It helps to know basic expressions with which to get through a normal herb-smoking situation.

When first seeing the Rastas you are going to smoke with, say something like "*Hail, dread, Jrie-ites! Dadawa on you,*" which means "Hey, Rastaman, what's happening? I see you're high! Peace and love to you." Then you sit down with a few *idriins an' sistriins* ("brothers and sisters"), and someone says, "*Selassie I, Ikes de Lion,*" which indicates that we are all followers of Haile Selassie and acknowledges him to be the Lion of Judah. A Rasta will now lay out some herb, which probably will be in a little screwed-up piece of paper

rockers, or reggae tunes with a *roots* ("downhome") feeling will be put on the *Jahbox* ("stereo").

If the Rastas are in the jungle, they'll beat on their drum. Everyone will *eat up dem I-tal*, which means they'll eat some bananas or soursops from a *boat*, or stew-pot. The herb will be passed around if it's a chalice (never pass a spliff—for those, everyone gets their own). Each Rasta will hold the smoke in as long as possible to make sure they are fully "penetrated." As the ganja is passed around, everyone gets to "herbal meditate," or tell of their own spiritual ideas on life. They usually quote from the Bible or from Haile Selassie's speeches as well as give accounts of their own redemption through Rasta. This is called "roots reasoning."

Occasionally there will be chants like "Hands and hearts must be pure and clean, to rally around the red, gold and green." Later, if this is not a particularly holy meeting, speech will be laced with talk about what kind of *pon-pon* the men are getting from the ladies. Women, by the way, do not figure prominently in chalice or spliff sessions. Talk will also center on *Babylon* and its folly. People will put down "de concrete jungle" of Western society as just a bunch of *bloodclots*, *rasclets* and *bumbaclots*, all of which are fairly interchangeable Rasta epithets. Usually Rastas will *sata*, or hang out, for several hours before going home to *dub their daughters*.

There are some other Rasta words and phrases you may find useful in conversation and in understanding language on records:

herb stalk—a bag of grass

seeds—offsprings

jester—bullshit

baldhead—Jamaican without locks; can mean a straight person

duppy—ghost or specter; for Rastas, usually a government illusion

Babylon—anything outside of Zion, which is Ethiopia; also means police

confusion—the general state of the world before it is returned to Zion

no-tal—foods without merit, like junk food; can be used the way *plastic* is

more time—a way of saying goodbye, see you soon

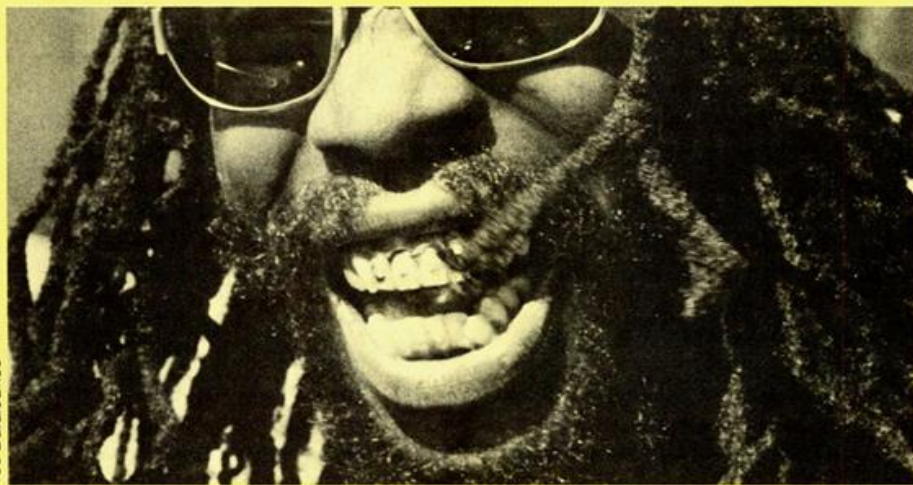
I man a bus—got to go now

check—used to say I like as in I and I check hard for Peter Tosh

chuckie—a Jamaican greaser

screwface—a really bad guy

tribalism—violent and disorganized behavior



Ted Bafaloukos

The concept of "I" goes further than that, almost to a Pig Latin-type construction in which Rastas will remove parts of words and substitute *I*. That is, Rastas say they eat *I-tal* instead of "natur-al" foods. They say *I-tables* for "vegetables," *I-nut* for "coconut."

Another important religious facet of Rasta speech is that one must never use the word *last*: it expresses too backward a look. A Rastaman can only go forward. So they will change the expression "Last night we smoked ganja" to "First night we smoked . . ." They will say "first year" when they mean "last year." They will never say "I got here last," but rather "I come here forward."

called a *stick*. Call it pot, if you like, or ganja. But Rastas smoke *herb*. Never call it dope. Like the Rastaman say, "No plant can ever be a dope." In the stick will be enough ganja for one or two *spliffs*, large Jamaican joints.

At this point people will take off their *crowns*, the woolen hats Rastamen wear. If this is a formal session, a *chalice*, a sort of elongated pipe with a large bowl, will be used instead of the spliffs. Someone will say, "*I and I heat some chalice,*" which means, "Let's get smashed." Before lighting up the chalice, everyone will chant *Ne gusta, negest*, an Ethiopian chant meaning "King of Kings." The lights will be turned off if the Rastas are inside, and some *heavy dub*

Listen to Rasta Music

In Jamaica, music comes in two kinds: uptown and downtown. Uptown is for the dressy middle class, bureaucrats and tourists—in short, Babylon. Downtown is pure dread. Downtown music is Rasta reggae, and listening to it is the best way to pick up the Rastaman positive vibration and escape Babylon. And when the bass is way up and the voices go psychedelic, that's dub, check it. So turn out the lights, light some spliff and listen to de herbal meditation of de heavy dub-man. Here's a listening list for expansion of Rasta consciousness. Most of the records listed can be found in this country—some of them in the import bin; some can be ordered from dread shops in Brooklyn.

THE WAILERS: There's no doubt that the Wailers are the most important band in the history of Rasta, reggae or Jamaica. They've been around, and they've seen it all. An important thing to understand is that Bob Marley and the Wailers is not the same as the Wailers. The original band, for years the most popular group in the ghetto, starred Bob Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone with the fabulous Barrett brothers rhythm section.

After two releases on Island records in the United States, *Catch a Fire* (Island 9241) and *Burnin'* (Island 9256), Tosh and Livingstone left the group, which became Bob Marley and the Wailers who then released two more Island albums: *Natty Dread* (Island 9281) and, recently, *Rastaman Vibration* (Island 9383). Both early Wailers albums are classics, tough, advanced reggae before the wave hit. But *Natty Dread* was right on time, and with Marley definitely in front, the Wailers instantly achieved American star status after 15 years of struggle in Jamaica.

Natty Dread is a great album, different from the original Wailers. But there has been grumbling from some Rastas about Marley deserting his Jamaican roots to follow Babylon, and some call his new BMW car a Babylon chariot. Others have suggested that Marley is preferred by Island Records' aristocratic president, Chris Blackwell, because he's half-white (his father was a British Army officer). At any rate, Bunny Livingstone left the group because his Rasta beliefs tell him not to fly in de iron bird, and is now recording but not touring for Island Records under the name Bunny Wailer.

Peter Tosh, whose split with Marley seems less than fraternal, has Columbia Records behind his first solo album, *Legalize It*, which features a single by the same title that some record insiders predict could be the first black reggae song to hit number one. (Clapton hit it with the Wailers' "I Shot the Sheriff.") Tosh's album is as strong as Marley's—and in Jamaica he's as popular a performer—although he may have trouble beating Bob as a sex symbol. Some say it's tragic the Wailers broke up, but, with Bob, Bunny and Peter recording separately, it's almost like having three Wailers instead of one.

The Wailing Wailers (#1 Studio): Check this for the jacket with Marley in a crew cut and the Wailers wearing Liverpool



threads. Bob Marley sings lead on "What's New Pussycat?" the top Wailers single of the early Sixties. **Soul Rebel** (Trojan): That's Rita, Mrs. Marley, bare-breasted on the cover carrying a machine gun. Late Sixties, militant soul. **The Best of the Wailers** (Trojan): A collection of great early tunes, including the original versions of "Small Axe" and "Bend Down Low." **Catch a Fire:** Amazing American debut album. Now reissued, it once featured a cigarette-lighter jacket. **Burning:** The Wailers at their most militant, featuring "I Shot the Sheriff" and "Burning and Looting." **Natty Dread:** By Bob Marley and the Wailers. Not as dense, but more exhilaratingly danceable, featuring "Lively Up Yourself" and "Revolution." **Rastaman Vibration:** By Bob Marley and the Wailers. Marley continues to build his own sound with girl singers and more Rasta rhetoric. **Legalize It** (Columbia): By Peter Tosh. One of the great song ideas of our time, performed by a great musician who ought to know. A great album.

THE HEPTONES: One of Jamaica's most popular groups, the Heptones feature the smoothest vocals since the Miracles and excellent soulful material. Their American debut, *Night Food* (Island 9381), features several Heptones classics: "The Book of Rules"; "Country Boy," a song done by Toots on *Funky Kingston*, and "Fatty Fatty," which goes, "I need a very, very fat girl, fat girl tonight." More good-time soul than most Rasta groups.

DADAWAH: This group is the Sun Ra of reggae. Their album "Peace and Love" (Wildflower) features four long cuts of mind-expanding Rasta chant and musical experiment. Ras Michael, who sings and wrote the songs, is now a dread favorite with his new group, The Sons of Negus.

THE SKATALITES: Check this out for the great ska sound of days past. Trombonist Don Drummond, a Rastaman, is considered the father of reggae. Driven out of his mind by Babylon, he killed his wife and died in a madhouse. But his records are



coolly brilliant. Look for *Ska Authentic* on Jamaica's Coxsone label, which features such wild instrumental cuts as "Lee Oswald" and "Christine Keeler."

AUGUSTUS PABLO: De Jah Youth of J.A., Pablo is very famous for his melodic playing. Always on the charts, he is, some Rastas say, the closest to Jah of all singers and players. Check *This Is Augustus Pablo* on Kaya, if you can find it. He's also got loads of singles and is on Island's *This Is Reggae Music, Part Two* (9324) with "King Tubby Meets the Rockers Uptown," which sounds like psychedelic reggae. So does *Ital Dub* (Starapple), with cuts like "Hillside Airstrip."

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS: Toots is one of the greatest singers anywhere. His voice has more soul and gospel power than just about anyone on record. Lately Toots has been going around saying he's dreadlock. Maybe he noticed Rasta's been catching on. In fact, Toots's roots are in Pocomania—Holy Roller revival Jamaican-style. Toots looks more R & B than dread, and the Maytals can be seen drinking Colt 45, so it may just be that Toots smokes a lot of ganja and thinks about going Rasta. Any number of Toots's Jamaican records will show you what Toots used to sound like. Try to get *Slatyam Stoot* on Dynamic. Lately Toots has been getting very American soul-oriented, and he's even recording pop stuff like "Country Road." Do Rastas listen to John Denver? *Funky Kingston* (Island 9330H). Toot's first American album on Island, is not his greatest material, but it shows off an enormous talent.

BIG YOUTH: "Dub" is a style of music totally generic to Rastas. Many groups too poor to tour used to record a song, and the B side would be a "version," that is, the same instrumental track without the vocals. Country DJ's could play "de version" and dub in their own voice, some attracting followings as big as major groups. Big Youth is dub's greatest star. His latest album, *Dread Locks Dread* (TR International 368), is a mighty rocker, with

Dance Rasta Dance



Ted Bafaloukos

Can reggae save us from disco? Well, some don't want to be saved from disco, but hope remains for many. Locksmen don't bump. They don't do the Hustle. Rastas do not check for the latest trends in dance-hall sexual persuasion. But Rastas do dance. It's an essential part of their religion. They say it'll solve your problems. Like Bob Marley sings, "Forget your troubles and dance, forget your sorrows and dance."

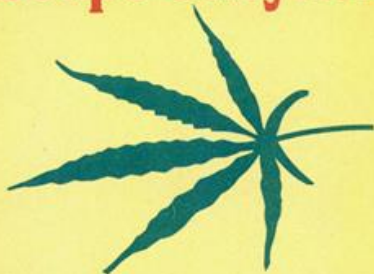
The reason that reggae dancing makes you forget your troubles, whereas disco can remind you of them, is that reggae is sexier than disco. Reggae dancing is basically sexual grinding embellished with little else. Some Jamaicans call it dubbing a daughter, which means you get in a corner with your partner and grind your reproductive organs together. Fancy footwork and clothing are unnecessary. There is no question about who your partner is, and there is no question about your partner being of the opposite sex. Reggae is the religious dance music of stoned hetero love.

It's easy and it works. You probably know how to do it already. Put on a Big Youth or Bob Marley record and listen to the bass. Forget the rest and move your hips forward and back to the bass line. You can lift your feet, but there's no need to move around. If you remember how to do the Twist, you might do a little of that. Move your heels from side to side as if you were crushing a cigarette and then move your arms like you were drying your ass with a towel. It was good in 1961, and it's still good to a reggae beat today.

cuts like "Some Like It Dread." Other top dub men are I-Roy and U-Roy, who are not related, and Scotty, whose patois rap is quite rude. U-Roy has a new album on Virgin (a Columbia subsidiary) called *Dread in a Babylon* (PZ 34234), which shows off the fast-talking Rasta dub style.

FREDLOCKS: A crazy albino Rasta from the country, Fredlocks had a big hit called "Black Star Liners," about the day of prophesy when Rastas return to Zion. (continued on page 93)

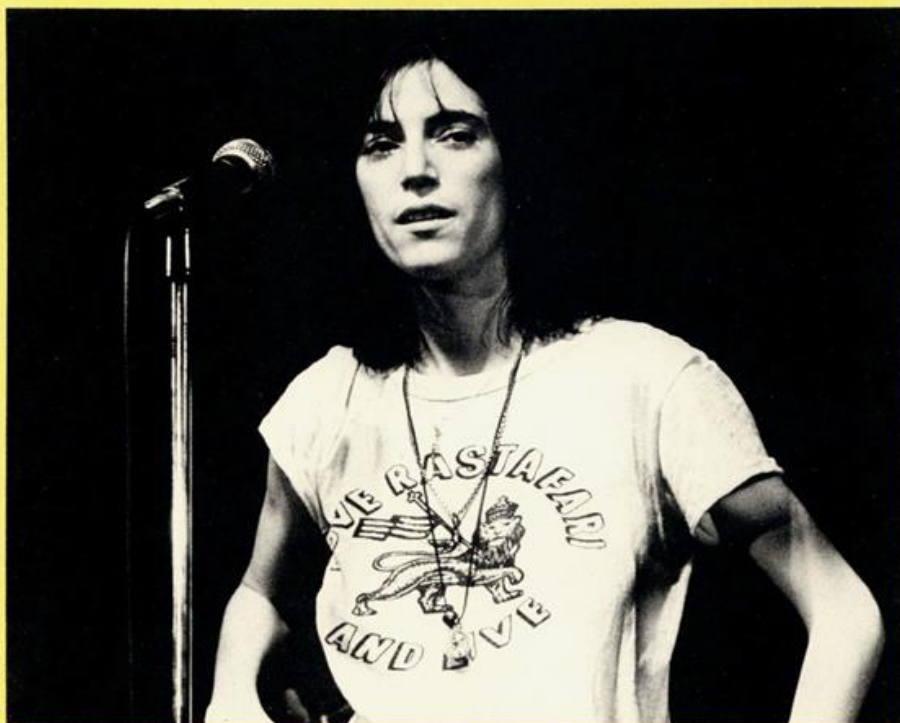
Can Whites Escape Babylon?



Martha Velez does on her new album *Escape from Babylon* (Sire 7515), with a little help from producer Bob Marley. A veteran of Bobby Vinton and British Blues, Martha took her big voice to Jamaica where she discovered reggae and Rastas and fell right into it. Her version of the Wailers' "Get Up, Stand Up" loses none of the power of the original, and her work with the I-Threes is sensational.

But forget most of that white reggae—from McCartney's "Obladiblada" to Clapton's cover of "I Shot the Sheriff," it's usually strictly from Babylon. The Shakers, a California reggae band, has the right idea instrumentally, but their Eagles/Poco/America vocal style seems to clash at every opportunity.

Richard E. Aaron



If white reggae does exist, it's probably "jug band music" that has no idea it's reggae. Mungo Jerry, a great unsuccessful English band of the late Sixties, proved this with their hit "Summertime." Today G. T. Moore, limey veteran, is proving it once again with his album *G. T. Moore* (Mercury SRM1-1065). His band has

got the rhythm down pat, chicka chicka, and they get off some terrific licks. The funniest part of the whole thing is that the band is called The Reggae Guitars, and after an authentic flurry of rimshot drumming, G. T. shouts out, "Tony Braunagel on the reggae drums!" Limey dread, check it!

Eat Rasta

Rasta is the real Kosher: One of the ways Rastas keep high and healthy is by eating I-tal food. I-tal food is like Kosher—no pork, but different. The menu is from Jah. And no cocktails: He says, "He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dried." The strictest Rastas do not eat meat at all, but live on fish, grains and fruit. Meat they call "deders." You get the idea.

I-tal food is natural food, but unlike popularized natural food, there's a cuisine that goes with it. The basic food, as Jah intended, is fruit. Fruits you'd recognize like oranges, bananas, coconuts and pineapples. Fruits you might not recognize, like pomegranate or papaya. And fruits that seem positively Rastafarian,

like sweetsops, soursops, star apple, rose apple, Otaheite apple, jackfruit and stinking toe.

One of the Rastas' favorite dishes is called "a boat," which is simply a large pot, loaded with every available fruit, put on to cook while herb works up an appetite. As for more complex I-tal cooking, there are a few simple rules. Fruits and vegetables should be freshly picked and organically grown. Rastas don't like fertilizer—as Peter Tosh says "Don't fertilize it." They use brown rice, whole grains and unrefined sugar. And strict



Rastas don't take salt. Here's one quick Rasta dinner that you can make, too:

JAMAICAN I-TAL SOUP

- 2 lbs. cabbage or kale
- 1 cup grated fresh coconut
- 12 okra pods, washed and stems removed
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 quart I-tal water (distilled or spring water)
- ½ teaspoon thyme
- 4 bird peppers (from Jamaica; try American), sliced
- 2 scallions, sliced

Wash kale or cabbage. Cut cabbage into wedges or cut kale into large pieces. Place in pot with coconut, okra, onions and I-tal water. Bring to a boil, reduce to low heat, cover and cook for one hour.

Remove vegetables from pot, reserving cooking liquid. Force vegetables through a sieve or purée in a food mill. Return to pot with cooking liquid.

Add peppers, thyme, scallions—also cut-up yams or plantains if you like—and cook for 15 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Serve with a glass of I-tal water and whole wheat bread.

Smoke Rasta

Heavy Jamaican smokers consume approximately 420 mg. of THC per day, compared to 80 mg. for heavy smokers in the U.S. and approximately 200 mg. by such stoned-out groups as Indians, Moroccans and the U.S. Army in Germany. By all indications, Jamaica is the most stoned country in the world.

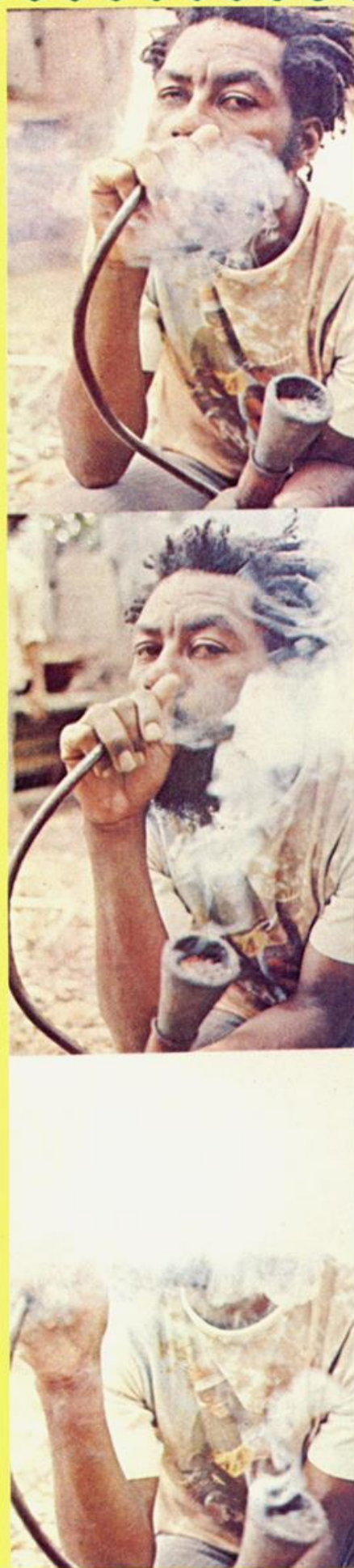
Cannabis may have been indigenous to the island of Jamaica, but it is generally agreed that cannabis use, as well as the most powerful strains of the plant were introduced on the island by East Indian indentured laborers who came to Jamaica to replace emancipated slaves in plantation fields. They brought with them some top quality *ganja*, the Indian name of hemp, or *Cannabis indica*, a species distinct from *Cannabis sativa*: shorter, bushier and supposedly possessed of more powerful psychoactive isomers than its tall cousin, *sativa*. The more powerful strain of herb, *indica* is loaded with THC and known as Kali—after the Hindu goddess in whose honor ganja is smoked on the Ganges. The pipe that Rastas pass ceremonially as a “chalice” is known in other circles as a *chillum*, and that’s an Indian term too.

The East Indians didn’t take much to the West Indies, but their herb did and so did the black population of Jamaica, which had smoked plenty of native *dagga* back in Africa. Ganja became the national pastime of the island’s black population. According to the controversial study sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health, “Effects of Chronic Smoking of Cannabis in Jamaica,” approximately 70 percent of Jamaicans use ganja in one form or another—and an even higher percentage of males—smoking from three to twelve spliffs a day. Since the THC content of Jamaican marijuana is very high, it was assumed that Jamaica would be a perfect laboratory in which to determine the mental and physical effects of heavy marijuana use on individuals, as well as the effect on the culture.

The report came out so favorably to marijuana that it was denounced in a Senate committee as “an utterly worthless study conducted under an NIMH grant, by a few Jamaican scientists of limited credentials,” the implication being that Jamaican scientists would be too stoned to adhere to the scientific method.

In fact the study was carried out under the direction of Vera Rubin, Director of the Research Institute for the Study of Man in New York, and Lambros Comitas, Professor of Anthropology and Education at Columbia University. Their methods were impeccably scientific—and their results were surprising. Far from being unscientific, the team put large groups of stoned and control Jamaicans through incredibly elaborate tests, monitoring brain waves in the banana fields, checked chromosomes, filmed workers and subjected their moves to microanalysis. “Beginning at 8:15, he worked without rest for 60 minutes. He covered 6.55 square feet per minute. At 9:15 he sat down and smoked .91 grams of ganja with a delta-9 THC content of 3.0. He smoked for three minutes and 15 seconds, inhaling 11 times. The average draw was 2.245 seconds long and he held each inhalation an average of 4.23 seconds...” Among other things they found that Poppy Silver, a 50-year-old farmer who has smoked about an ounce, daily, since he was 25, would weed bananas 1.56 times slower and expend 1.56 times more calories after smoking ganja. On the other hand after smoking Poppy thought more about his work, was happy with it and performed his carpentry work more efficiently. They found that although most Caribbean islands report a rate of 25 to 50 percent of mental institution admissions due to alcoholism, Jamaica reports a 1 percent rate because the ganja-smoking population considers rum dangerous. They found no long-term health problems associated with ganja use aside from a slight reduction in lung capacity which may be related to smoking tobacco in conjunction with ganja. They found that Jamaicans used ganja as a universal tonic given in tea to all, including infants—and admitted that in tea it seemed to be an effective remedy for asthma. The report concluded that “there is no evidence of any causal relationship between cannabis use and mental deterioration, insanity, violence or poverty; or that widespread cannabis use in Jamaica produces an apathetic, indolent class of people. In fact, the ganja complex provides an adaptive mechanism by which many Jamaicans cope with limited life choices in a harsh environment.”

The report of the Jamaican study has been incorporated into a book called *Ganja in Jamaica*, published as a part of the “New Babylon,” ahem, series by
(continued on page 102)



U-Roy lights up courtesy of Virgin Records

HI. I'M LEE. I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO ROLL AN I-TAL SPLIFF.

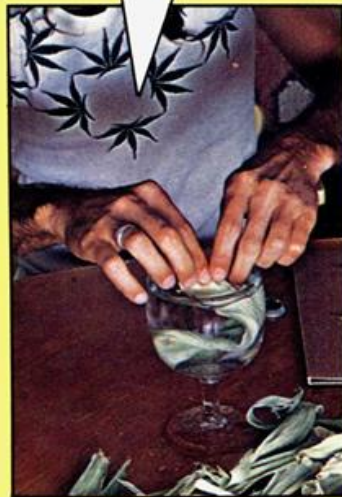
I'M AL. AN I-TAL SPLIFF IS ROLLED IN CORN HUSK. NO ARTIFICIAL INGREDIENTS. SO SAVE YOUR CORN TRASH.



FIRST CLEAN THE HERB. USE AN ALBUM COVER OR A PHOTO OF BIG YOUTH.

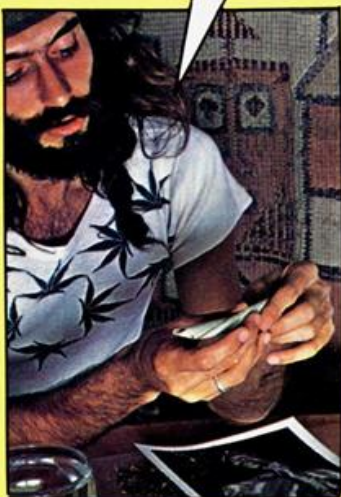


THE CORN HUSKS ARE SUN DRIED. BEFORE YOU USE THEM, DIP THEM IN A GLASS OF WATER.

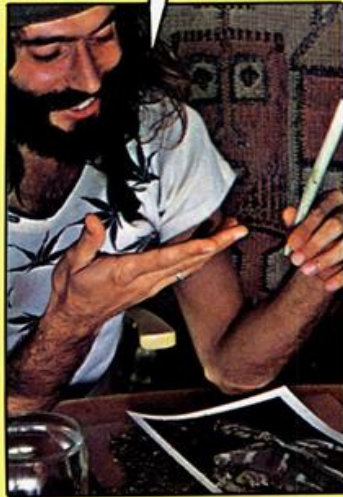


How To Roll

ROLL ONE END TIGHTER, FORMING A SLIGHT CONE.



LIKE THIS!
NICE, HUH?



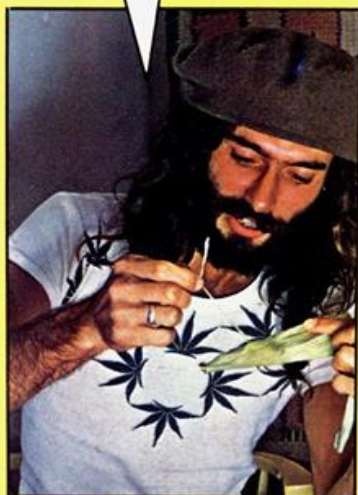
YOU HOLD THE WHOLE THING TOGETHER BY TYING IT.



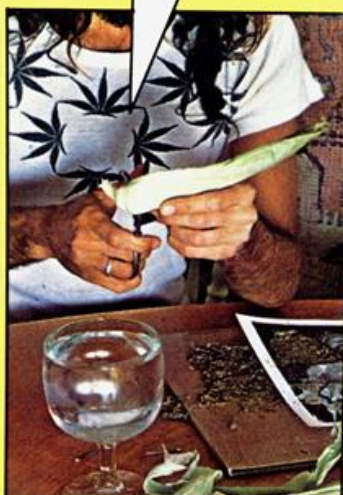
AND SNIP OFF THE EXTRA STRING SO YOU DON'T SET YOURSELF ON FIRE.



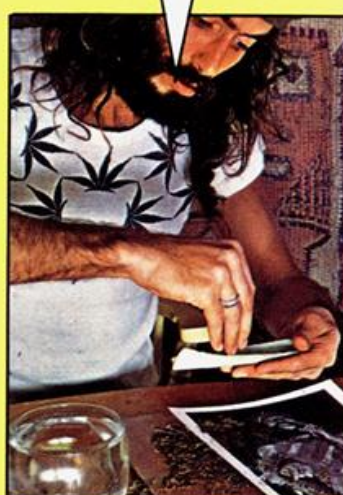
PULL OFF A
FEW STRANDS
OF FIBER AND
SET ASIDE.



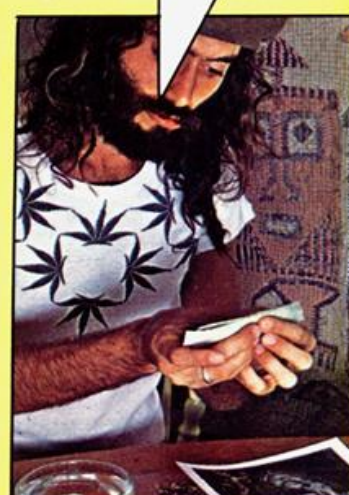
TRIM THE ENDS
OFF THE HUSK.
THIS CORN WAS
REALLY SWEET.



THEN LOAD IT
WITH LOTS OF
YOUR FAVORITE
HERB.



AND GIVE IT
A ROLL... BUT
AS YOU ROLL



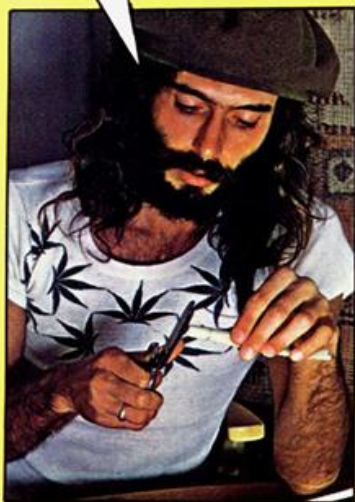
A Spliff

AND YOU'RE
READY TO SMOKE
NATURE'S WAY.

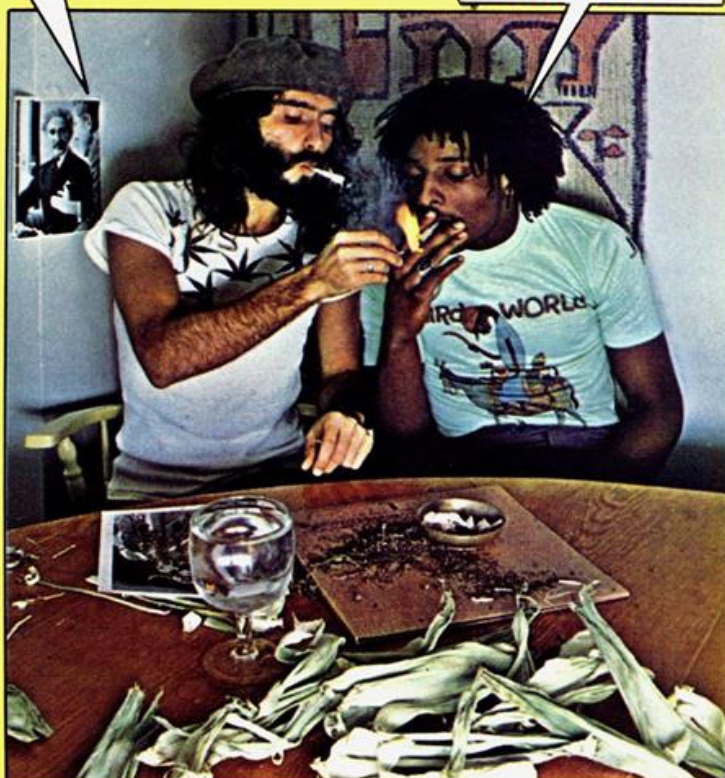
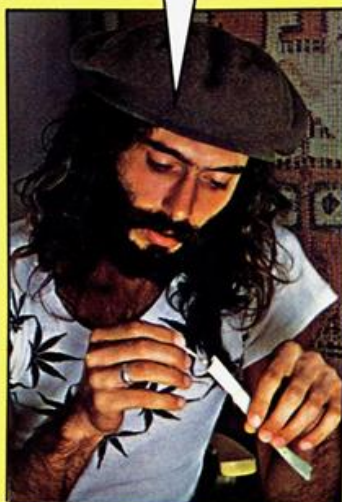
NOTHING
IS WASTED BUT
THE SMOKER...

IR-RE ITES

THEN TRIM THE
ENDS OFF THE
SPLIFF NEATLY.



AND TAMP
IT DOWN ON
BOTH ENDS.
SO YOU DON'T
LOSE ANY HERB.



Neil Selkirk

Would You Believe

Rasta is the latest cult religion—but with a big difference. Sex, drugs and having a good time are considered not only part of the religion, but holy precepts. Beginning to make sense already?

When slave-trading pirates and His Majesty's Navy brought slaves to Jamaica, they encountered problems right from the beginning. Unlike many of the small islands, Jamaica was a big, wild territory with dense forest and inaccessible mountains. Many slaves escaped to the mountains and formed independent communities. These fierce Afrobros, called Maroons, fought off the law well enough to remain safe as long as they remained in the mountains, surviving on fruit and local vegetables. After a few generations, memories of the slave ships were still vivid, but the people began to wonder what spiritual and mystic mechanisms had brought them into this land, which was beautiful but certainly not their home.

African religious beliefs were preserved in magic, or *obeah*, but were more or less assimilated by various forms of Revival Christianity. Intensive Bible study was taken up by many Jamaicans, who began to see parallels between their kidnapped state and that of the ancient Israelites. From the beginning, Revival Christianity in Jamaica assumed that its flock was a part of the wandering tribes of Israel who would someday be returned to Zion.

City-educated blacks who served white masters closely tended toward more orthodox Christianity, but in the ghettos and in the country, Christianity was totally Africanized. Pocomania, as Jamaican revivalism was called, evolved as a major cult, like American revivalist Christianity but with more singing, more dancing, more healing. It even includes magical operations, herbalism, spirit possession and rum and ganja rituals. Prophets preached Zion in the streets.

Marcus Garvey was a Jamaican prophet who achieved an international notoriety. Around the turn of the century, the young printer's apprentice from St. Ann's Bay began to develop a distinctly political perspective toward the Jamaican prophetic movement. Garvey's studies of racial inequity led him to believe that the black man could not reach his natural destiny because he was a misplaced person. Garvey said that blacks should leave the white man's world and return to their home—Africa.

Preaching in Pocomanian style, Garvey spread his message through Jamaica before taking it on to America. In Harlem in the Twenties, he founded the Universal Negro Improvement Association, whose purpose was nothing less than the physical transportation of all blacks in the Americas to Africa.

Garvey's amazing flamboyance did not please the American establishment. He bought a huge ocean liner and planned a great fleet, the Black Star Line. Parading down Seventh Avenue in Harlem dressed as an admiral, Garvey saw himself as no less a figure than Napoleon. He envisioned himself to be the savior of his people, preaching "Africa for the Africans—at home and abroad," and "One God, one aim, one destiny."

But Garvey was a better preacher than businessman, and he encountered endless problems in trying to implement his program. The Black Star Line failed; it received little support from whites and browner, more middle-class blacks. Garvey couldn't understand why the white race wouldn't help him, and he even approached the Ku Klux Klan for help in funding the "Back to Africa

Movement." Liberal blacks and

whites were horrified, and Garvey's radical activities led to his arrest for fraud and deportation to Jamaica in 1927.

Back in Jamaica, the prophet was accorded the honors of the Bible-toting, hill-country people, but the Jamaican establishment had no love for him. Imprisoned in Jamaica in 1929 for contempt of court, he made little further headway with his movement. Finally, Marcus Garvey moved to England in 1935 and in 1940, he died there.

Garvey saw himself as the potential great leader of his people, and he hoped to become the hero of his own prophecies. No doubt many Jamaicans would have accepted him as such, but because of business difficulties—whether by accident or through Jah's will—the mantle of his prophecies fell to Haile Selassie. Upon his return to Jamaica, Garvey had told his followers, "Look to Africa, when a black king shall be crowned, for the day of Deliverance is near."

In November of 1930, Ras Tafari was crowned Emperor Haile Selassie, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah. This was front-page news in Kingston. It looked miraculous to those who considered themselves lost Israelites; so

Marcus



UPI

Rasta Theology?

they consulted their Bibles and found confirmation of Garvey's prophecy: "And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, 'Who is worthy to open the Book, and to loose the seals thereof?' ... And one of the elders saith unto me, 'Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book, and to loose the seven seals thereof ... and the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.'" (Rev. 5: 2,5,6) When Mussolini invaded Ethiopia and was eventually repulsed by the emperor, Jamaicans found more precise apocalyptic references to these events. Apocalypse arrived, Selassie was hailed as Jah, the Living God on Earth, and Garvey became a kind of John the Baptist.

It is doubtful that Garvey ever accepted this role. He seems to have resented the Selassie cult, calling the king "a coward who ran from his people" and accusing him of "being snobbish toward Negroes." Still, interviewed in a documentary film about the Rastafarian movement, Marcus Garvey, Jr., son of the late activist, says: "If Jesus is God born as a Jew, and the Buddha is God born as an Indian, why cannot Jah (God) appear as a Black Man." And the images of a conquering black king gave back-to-Africa revivalists all the evidence they needed to promote the idea that the millenium was at hand and that a new black culture was rising up to inherit the earth.

Oddly, some Rasta beliefs can be traced to Masonic influence. In the Twenties, the black Masons were organizing strongly in Jamaica as well as in the United States. Since basic Masonic philosophy and ritual are based on the House of David and Solomon, many Jamaican Masons saw Selassie as a symbol of the new age, and some early Rasta leaders came from a lodge known as the Ancient Mystic Order of Ethiopia.

It is also significant that *Jah*, the Rastas' name for the living God, is one of the secret words of the Master Mason. And many of the passages chanted by Rastas are the same used in Masonic ritual. (Check Cymande's *Rasta Man Chant, Second Time Around* L.P. Janus Records.)

Rasta preaching became widespread throughout Jamaica in the Thirties, although adherents to the group only numbered in the hundreds. There was no central organization, just various leaders and preachers who established Rasta sects and communities.

The most notorious early Rasta leader was L. P. Howell, who was arrested in 1933 on charges of fraud for selling 5,000 postcard portraits of Haile Selassie as "passports to Ethiopia." Howell was sentenced to two years for sedition.

In 1935, the year Howell was released, Ras Tafari received some bad publicity when the Jamaica Times published accounts of the Niyabinghi Order, allegedly a secret society headed by Selassie that was dedicated to the overthrow of whites by race war. The Niyabinghis' motto was "Death to black and white oppressors," and the group was widely identified with the Rastafarian movement.

After his release from prison in 1940, Howell formed "The Ethiopian Salvation Society," soon purchased an abandoned estate called Pinnacle and moved in with 1,600 followers.

The Pinnacle commune was subject to heavy police persecution, partly because of the Niyabinghi scare, and in 1941 Howell and 70 Rastas were arrested on charges of ganja growing and violence. In 1943 Howell was released and returned to Pinnacle. He formed a squad of guards called "Ethiopian warriors" who wore dreadlocks and patrolled the grounds with dogs. The community lasted until 1954 when it was closed for large-scale ganja growing; Howell and 163 others were arrested. In 1960 he was sent to a mental institution, apparently for claiming he was Haile Selassie—he *had* impassionededly stated he was Haile Selassie. But if, as Bob Marley says, when Rastas dance they *are* Jah, then perhaps Howell's claim was the metaphor used to incarcerate him.

Meanwhile, many other Rasta organizations and communities had been formed. A fraternal organization called the Ethiopian World Federation was founded in New York in 1937, as well as

many similar organizations which were loosely affiliated with this group. Some also had ties with the official Ethiopian Coptic Church and the Ethiopian Masons. Through the intercession of the political image of Haile Selassie, what began with Marcus Garvey's political synthesis of prophetic revivalist religion became a religious cult with enormous political potential.

After approximately 30 years of existence, the Rastas were still a tiny minority of the Jamaican population. The various sects agreed on few points, rejected society, abnegated political

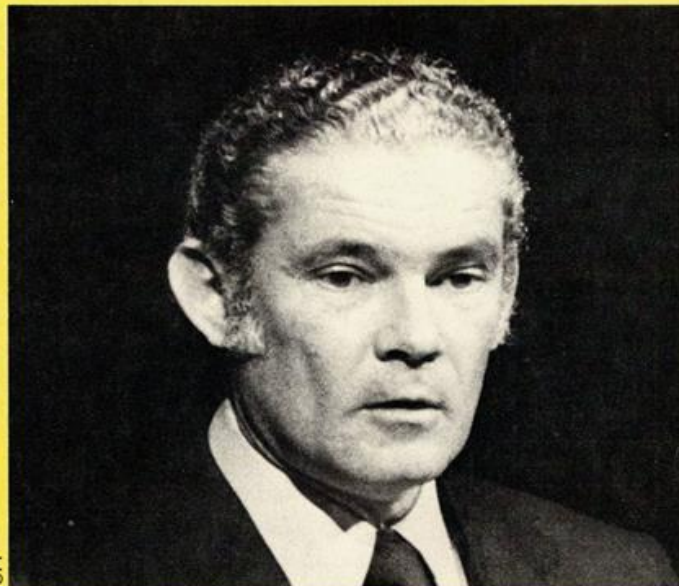
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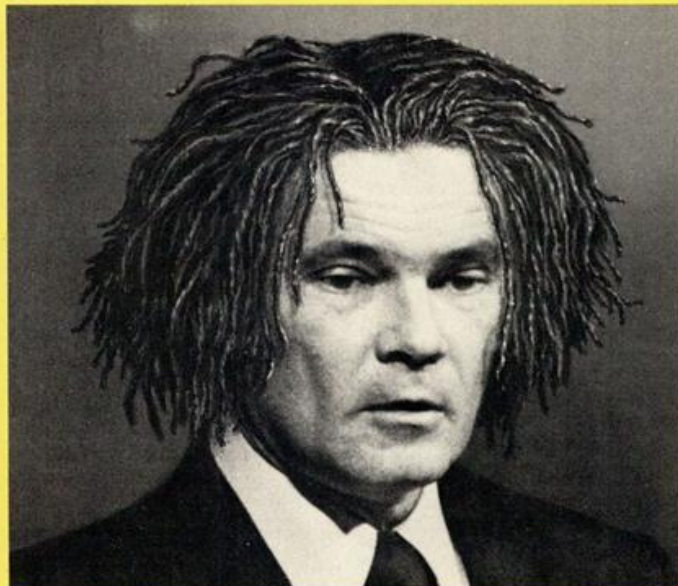
Syoma



Is Michael Manley a Rasta Fidel?



UPI



P rime Minister Michael Manley is a kind of Jamaican Jerry Brown—an undiagnosed anomaly who could be very big, one way or another. The son of Jamaica's first prime minister, Norman Manley, Michael is not white, but looks considerably more like it than George Romney. He is an articulate, earnest socialist—very sympathetic to Fidel, but still anxious to please Uncle Sam and to keep on sending up the aluminum and the reggae.

But Michael Manley says that he is determined to produce social change in Jamaica in our lifetime—whatever that means—and that's a good thing because dreadlock social change is mushrooming out of the ghetto faster than Michael Manley or anyone else could stop it. The laws have eased up on ganja—like Bob says, "It's kinda like legal"—he and most Jamaicans can and do smoke openly, but it'll still land you in jail if Babylon decides to pick on you. And a gun on your person will land you in jail for life or until the revolution, whichever comes first. An estimated 40 percent of Jamaican prisoners are Rastas, although it's hard to tell who's a Rasta because approximately 100 percent of the ghetto youth have adopted

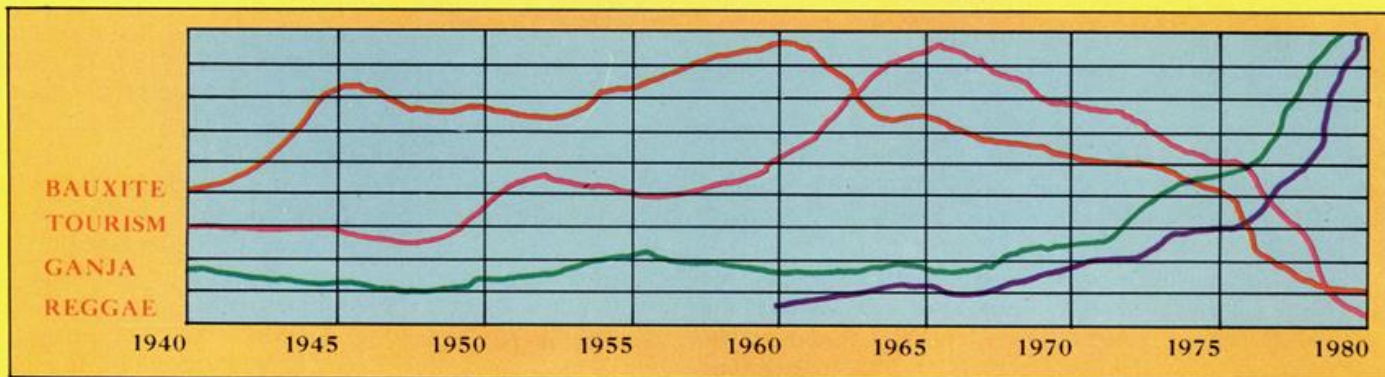
the Rasta's dread style and colors, if not their Peace and Love consciousness.

Manley continues to talk about big changes that are inevitable. He advertises "Socialism is love," marched on foot into the countryside wearing robes and carrying a staff given to him by Haile Selassie and recorded a reggae campaign single called "Better Must Come." It would seem like Manley has the makings of the Rasta Fidel. He's already the prime minister, not some guy in the hills, and Castro's own Cuban Peace Corps are building roads in and out of Kingston.

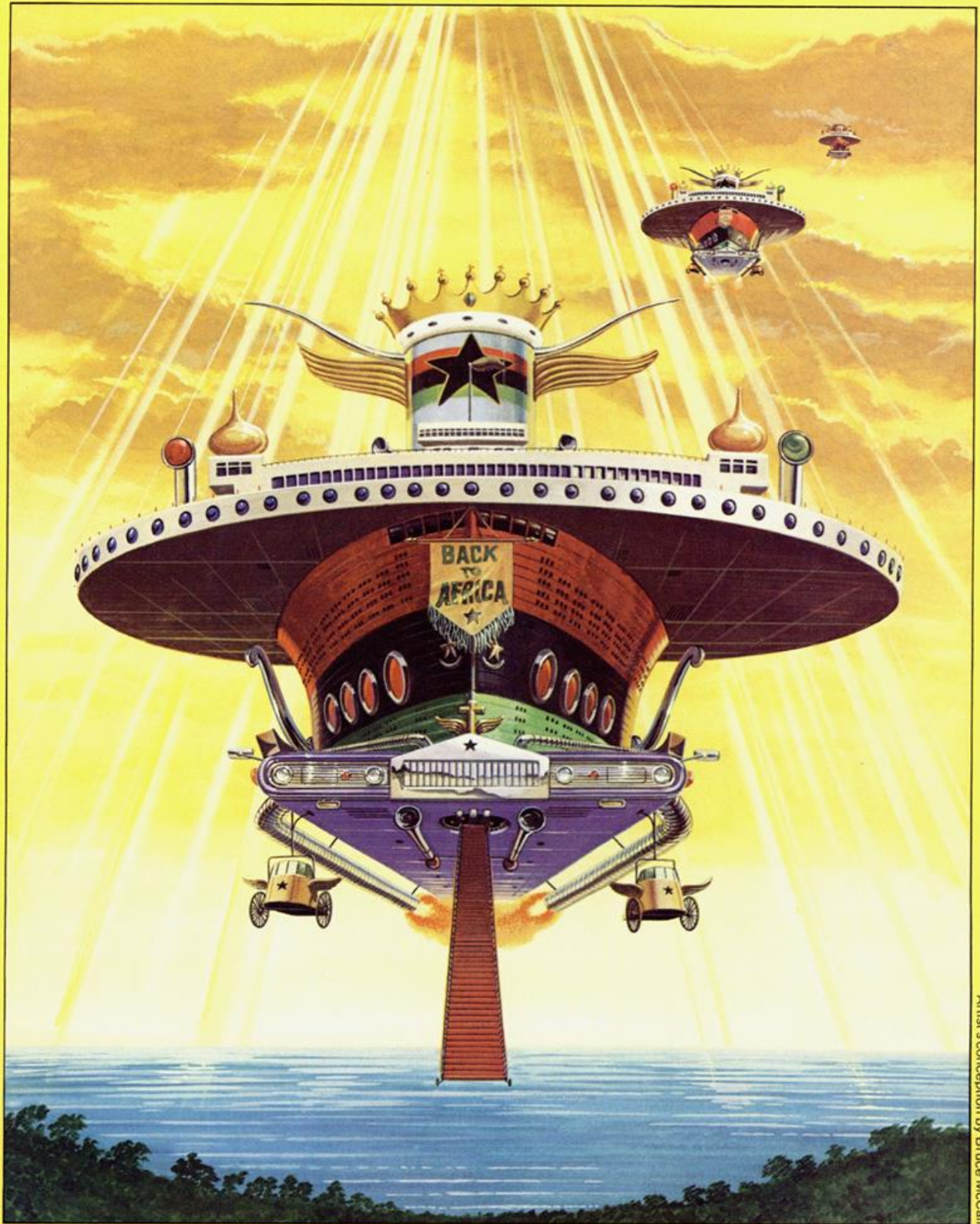
That doesn't mean Jamaica will go the way of Angola. But bauxite is down. As J.A.'s main export, aluminum ore, it could hold out 50 more years, if they dug up the other half of the island. But already the American aluminum companies—sensing the inevitable squeeze of socialist Michael Manley's "nation-building" program on their profiteering—are beginning to look for orange dirt in Brazil, where instability is a little more stable. And despite the stewardesses' stripping in flight on Air Jamaica, tourism is down. The government has been buying up hotels lately. It seems some American tourists find the help a

(continued on page 104)

What If They're Right?



Black Star Liner



Artist's conception by Bruce McCall

Rasta is Apocalypse. Apocalypse is now. It's beginning that is. The culmination of the Apocalypse will be when the scattered tribes of the true Israel are returned to their homeland, the promised land, Africa. When this day comes a fleet of Black

Star liners will appear—some say on the sea, some say the sky. Some say they will be chariots without horses. Whether saucer or symbol, the Black Star Liners keep the Rasta man on ever hopeful watch.

EVEN COWBOYS GIRLS



EVANS



GET THE BLUES

And this is what they do about it

By Tom Robbins

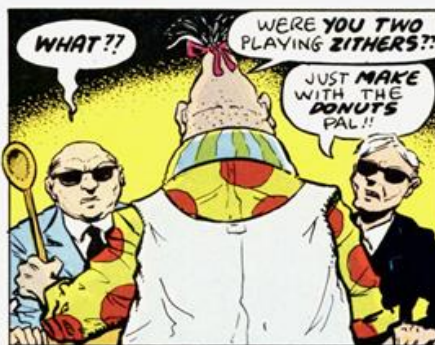
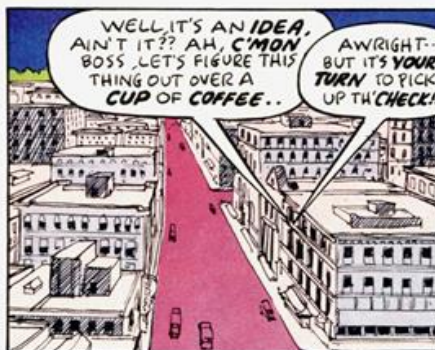
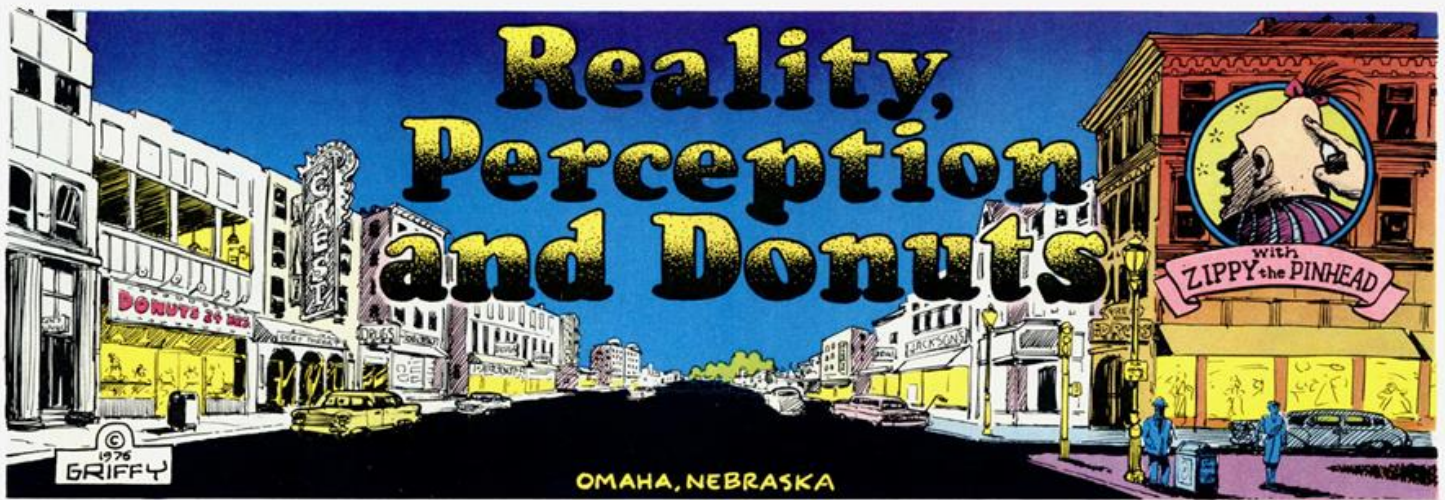
If we may say that the civilized man is clever but not wise, we may say, also, that the prairie is dry but not without water. Upon the prairie there are occasional rivers, streams, lakes, ponds and flooded buffalo wallows. Like the American System itself, most of the prairie ponds and lakes are fly-by-night operations. Although they may thrive temporarily, supporting a teeming food chain that can run from aquatic plants to muskrats to owls; from nymphal insects to sunfish to snapping turtles; or from salamanders to magpies to weasels, in time the ponds and lakes are invaded by vegetation

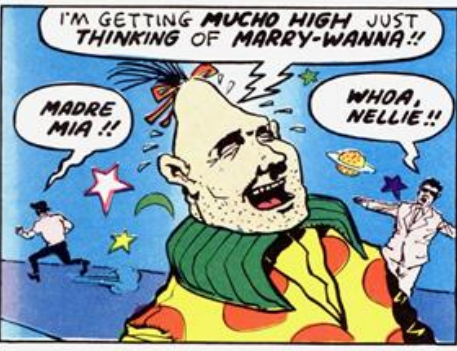
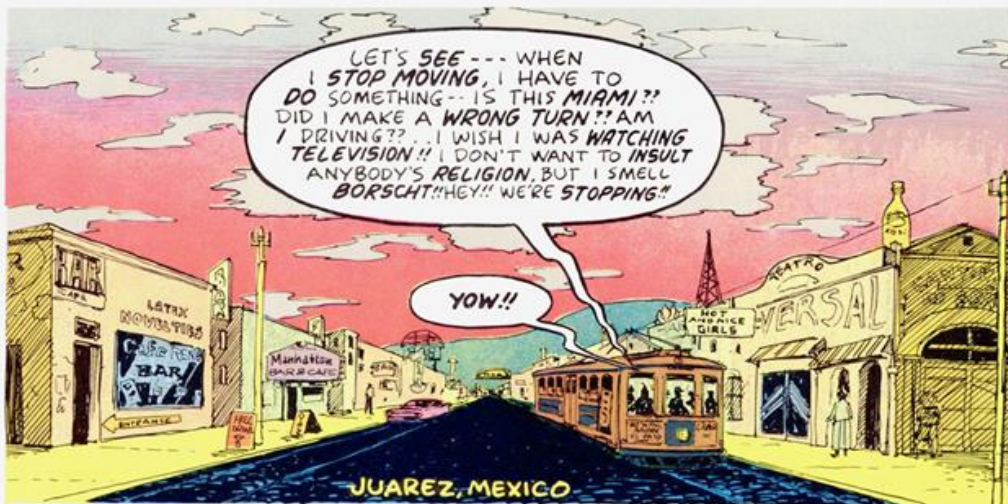
filled with silt and reduced during summer droughts until they gasp (!) and die, changing into marsh and then prairie again. Often a prairie pond is not around long enough to earn a name.

Siwash Lake, since it found a home in a relatively deep depression between the hills of the terminal moraines left by the continental ice sheet, has enjoyed a certain permanence, although as evidenced by its imploding margins of arrowhead, cattail and reed, it, too, is entering the swamp phase of its existence and eventually will be unable to provide enough moisture to freshen a tadpole's highball.

There are a few good years left on the little lake yet, however, and it was shimmering like a blob of invisible ink when Sissy and Jelly caught sight of it from the hill behind the cinematographer's blind. Sissy and Jelly walked over the crest of the hill, having tied their horses at the cherry tree, and there was the lake, laking. Knee-deep in wheatgrass and asters, Sissy and Jelly walked over the crest of the hill naked, having left their clothing at the cherry tree, and the lake was below them, shimmering. Sissy and Jelly walked over the crest of the hill naked, for the sunning that was in it, and it was truly difficult to believe, as they gazed at Siwash Lake, that they, too, Sissy and Jelly, were

(continued on page 84)





..SOON..

THANKS FOR LETTING ME WEAR YOUR SUNGLASSES, ALBERT!! THEY ARE FABULOUS!!

YEH, SURE...
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TO SEE ACAPULCO!!

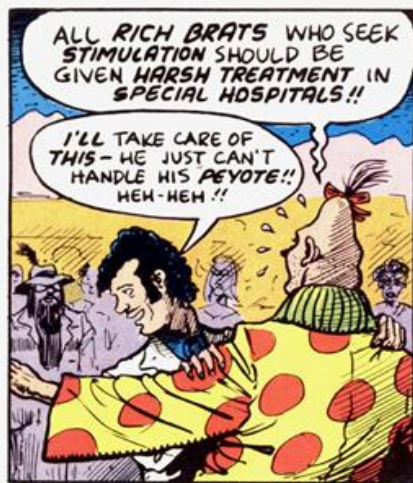
WE'LL DRIVE STRAIGHT TO GREGORIO'S-
I'M JUST ACHING FOR
SOME ACTION!! AND
HE'S SUCH A PARTY-BOY!!

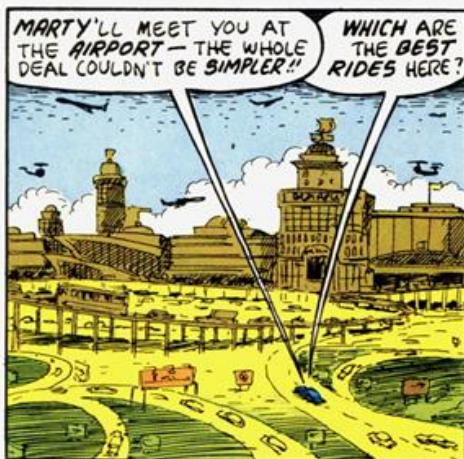
I FEEL SHARP AS
A TACK AND I AM
RARING TO GO!!

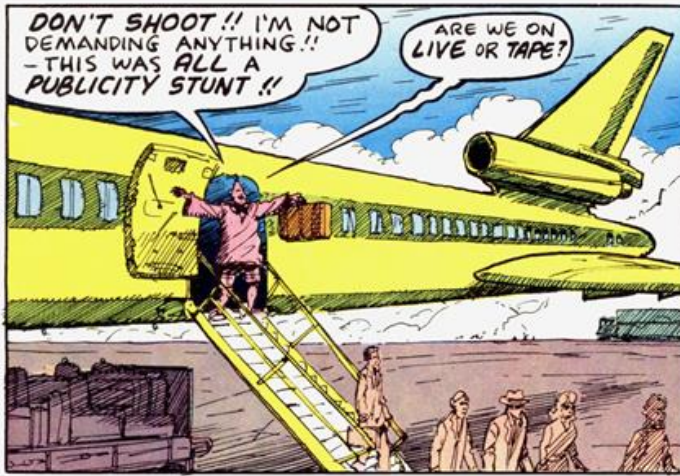
DAMNIT, ALBERT, YOU
CAN BE A LITTLE SISSY!!
HE'LL BE A HIT-
WAIT AND SEE!!

THIS IS YOUR
TRIP MARGAUX-
I WASH MY HANDS
OF IT--

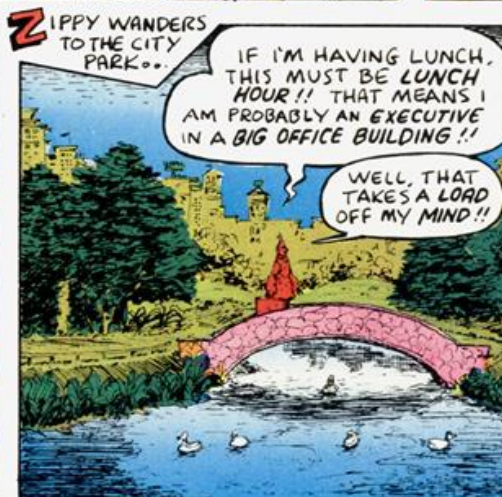
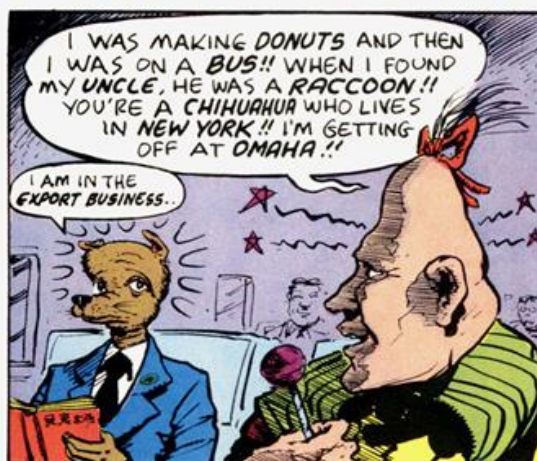


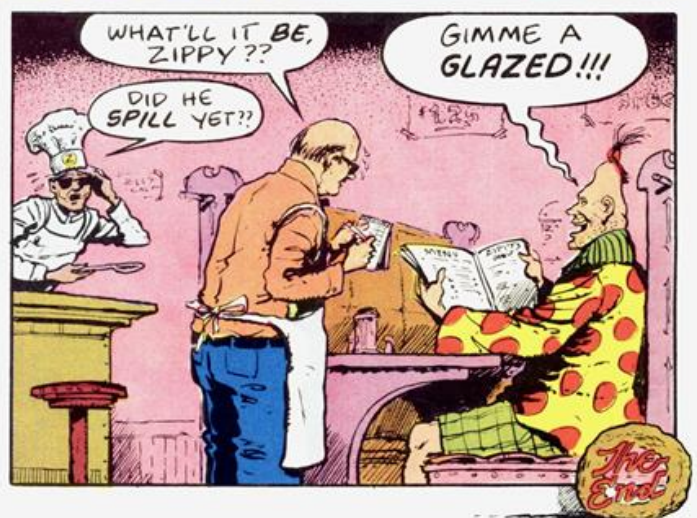
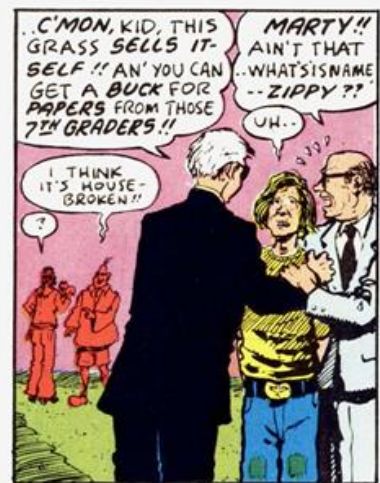






IN A BACK ALLEY
OF NORTH KOWLOON...



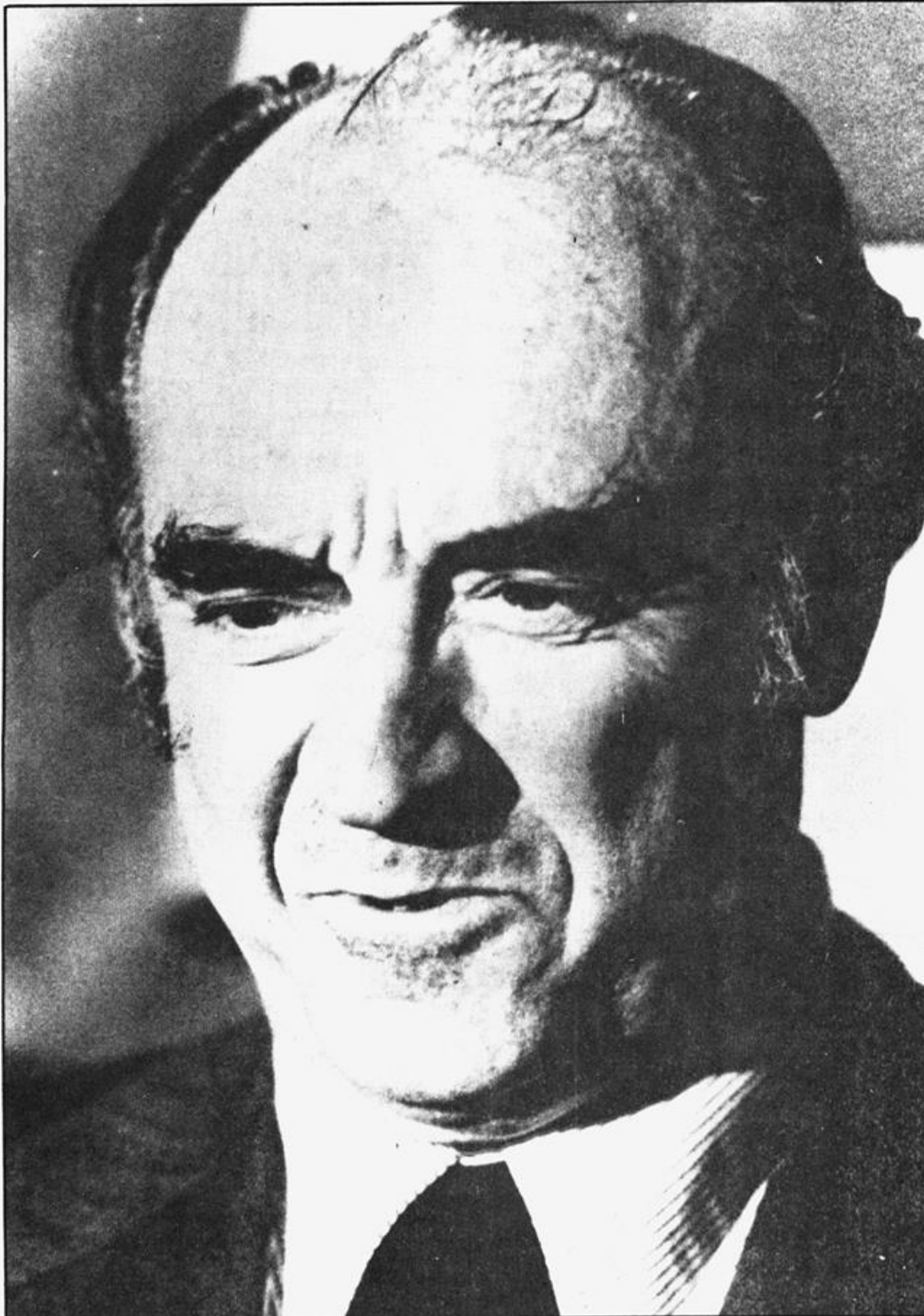


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Former Mexican Finance Minister to Control DEA Millions



José Lopez Portillo

MEXICO CITY— Former Mexican Finance Minister José Lopez Portillo stood unchallenged in Mexico's July 4 presidential elections and will succeed Luis Echeverría Álvarez as Mexico's fiftieth president on Dec 1.

Echeverría leaves office charged with supporting wealthy landowners at the expense of Mexico's peasant farmers, who often grow marijuana as a subsidiary crop. Within the past year Echeverría has received \$6 million from the American Drug Enforcement Administration, which according to DEA Director Peter G. Bensinger, went toward "well-briefed intelligence, well-supplied technical assistance, helicopters, herbicides and incentive."

Mexico's DEA-financed heroin eradication program has also come under fire both within and outside of Mexico. Dr. Alejandro Gertz-Manero, Mexico's representative to the DEA-sponsored Franco-American-Canadian Drug Conference in San Francisco, charged that the DEA is interfering in Mexican politics by blaming Mexico for [its] own drug problem."

Portillo, whose campaign slogan reads "We Are the Solution," has adopted no new stance on present heroin eradication programs. Mexico's prospective president has received a great deal of support from the powerful Cattle Farmers Union of Sonora. Sonora is a major poppy growing area.

Portillo enters Mexico's highest office with the blessing of Echeverría. Both men are members of Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party. The party has continually refused to take action on the plight of the estimated 607 Americans being held in Mexican prisons. In a related incident, the Echeverría regime recently refused an invitation to join the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), thus paving the way for Mexican oil to flow unhindered into the U.S.

Kissinger, Bolivia Seek Coke Accord

LA PAZ.—Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and President Hugo Banzer Suárez of Bolivia agreed on the necessity of stepped-up efforts to cut off the flow of cocaine from Bolivia to the States.

The verbal agreement was announced during Kissinger's recent trip to South America in a communique that also expressed satisfaction at what was termed the "high level of understanding" between the two countries.

The Kissinger-Banzer cocaine

communique, soon to be released by the U.S. State Department, states the necessity of both governments to combat the manufacturing and trafficking of cocaine.

Bolivia is generally considered the world's largest exporter of cocaine, but the mountains also contain a rich array of zinc, lead, antimony, copper, gold, silver, tungsten and bismuth that are important to American industry.

Three days after the Kissinger-Banzer meeting, *High Times* re-

ceived reports that 536 kilos were seized near La Paz. United States State Department sources deny any knowledge of any multikilo raid taking place. However,

sources in Bolivia confirmed that "a large cocaine bust did take place." A representative of the Bolivian government in Washington also denied the action.

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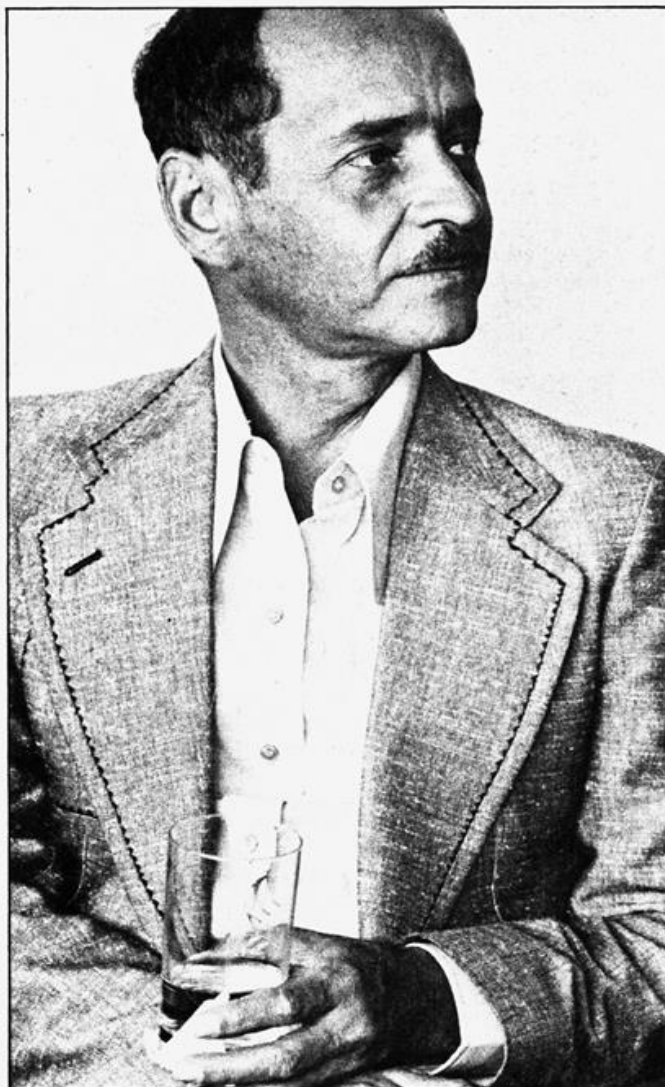
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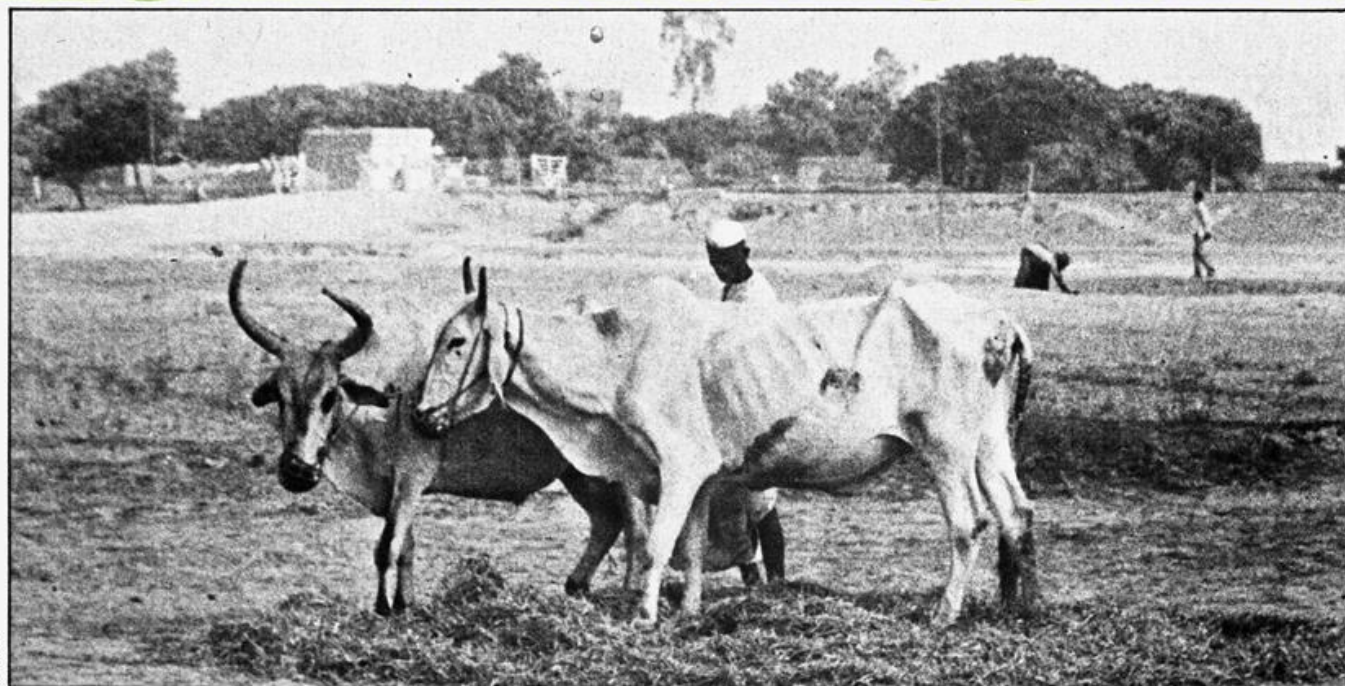
Bolivian President Hugo Banzer Suárez (above) met with U.S. Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger to discuss plans to halt the manufacture and traffic of cocaine.

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Cows graze in Khajuri Plain, whose hash output is two or three tons a day. The hash is processed and sold in nearby factories in Peshawar in half-pound bricks.

Pakistani Hash Exports Up Despite War, Flood, Famine and Official Crackdowns

PAKISTAN—The latest statistics out of Pakistan show that 16½ tons of hashish were seized in 1974, just barely a week's supply from the Khajuri Plain factories. The hash factories, abounding in the backward tribal areas on Pakistan's rugged northwest frontier, are beyond the reach of civil law.

At the foot of the Khyber Hills on the Khajuri Plain stretching some 40 miles southwest of Peshawar are about 60 factories that process hash brought down from the mountains on donkeys by gun-carrying tribesmen. The factories sell the hash in half-pound bricks for \$5, arranging delivery in coats with secret pockets, suitcases with false bot-

toms and specially constructed clocks and toys. For an extra \$2 a pound, the factory will arrange for a professional carrier to transport the hash to Karachi, Pakistan's main seaport.

The average factory produces between 70 and 100 pounds of hash a day, which puts the total daily output from the Khajuri Plain at two to three tons.

The Peshawar area is administered by the Pakistani government through a political agent who must deal with the tribal *maliks* ("chiefs"). The leaders of these tribes strongly resist any movement to curtail the hash trade, which they rely on as a livelihood for thousands of their people.

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Birchers Prominent in Laetrile Smuggling

Four of the 19 Americans and Mexicans indicted last spring in San Diego for smuggling the anti-cancer drug laetrile into the United States have been named as members of the John Birch Society.

The society has been active in promoting the drug since it was banned by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in 1963.



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Four of the 19 Americans and Mexicans indicted last spring in San Diego for smuggling the anti-cancer drug laetrile into the United States have been named as members of the John Birch Society. The society has been active in promoting the drug since it was banned by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in 1963.

The alleged leader of the smuggling operation was Andrew McNaughton, who has spearheaded laetrile research and distribution in Montreal, Sausalito and Tijuana since 1971. The federal indictment described him as the owner and manager of Cyto Pharma de Mexico, a large pharmaceutical based in Tijuana.

McNaughton also operated a 250-bed private hospital as well as the Sunshine Motel, located near the hospital for the use of cancer patients who crossed the border for supplies of the drug.

McNaughton has confirmed acceptance of \$130,000 from organized crime figures to help establish a complex drop-shipment and mailing system set up to supply laetrile to doctors and patients throughout the U.S.

Robert W. Bradford, of Menlo Park, California, was described as the most prominent Birch Society member involved in the laetrile operation. He is currently president of the Committee for Free-

dom of Choice of Cancer Therapy, founded in 1972 by John Birch personnel in Los Altos, California. They claim a total of 28,000 members, including 600 physicians.

Laetrile, an extract of apricot pits, has been reported effective in cancer treatment. Its proponents do not tout it as a cancer cure, but call it a food supplement. They claim it has been proven useful in halting the spread of cancerous malignancies, easing pain and prolonging the lives of cancer sufferers. Also known as vitamin B-17, amygdalin and nitrosilide, and by such trade names as Kemdalin, Cyto H-3 and KH-3, laetrile has been denounced by the FDA as a "cruel hoax with no therapeutic benefit." Nevertheless, it has been used by an estimated 10,000 cancer victims, many of whom had found no relief in chemotherapy, radiation or surgery. Outlawed in the United States and Canada, the substance is still legally

The grand jury indictment made special mention of the smuggling ring's enormous profits, which have made millionaires of McNaughton, Bradford and several others. When the drug crosses the border, the markup is as high as 600 to 700 percent. Once in the United States, a three-day supply of laetrile, which retails for \$6 to \$7 in Mexico, is sold for \$50.

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Brazil's New Dope Laws Would Expel Foreigners

BRAZILIA—President Ernesto Geisel has sent a law to the Brazilian Congress that will establish preventive and repressive measures against the misuse of clinical drugs as well as marijuana and cocaine trafficking in Brazil.



Brazilian President Ernesto Geisel, 68, has drafted a series of new dope laws to stamp out the use of marijuana and cocaine.

Under the new measure, any person found importing, exporting, preparing, producing, acquiring, selling, offering or carrying any illegal substance will be subject to 15 years imprisonment. A similar sentence will be given to anyone found planting, cultivating or using a plant that produces a

narcotic substance.

The law also stipulates that any doctor, dentist or nurse found prescribing or administering a larger-than-necessary dosage of a clinical drug will be subject to six months to two years in a federal prison.

Foreigners found in violation of the new law will be expelled from the country either after carrying out their sentences or immediately after arrest, if the matter is "considered of national interest."

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Cocaine Confidential

Four Kilos Busted in New York Voodoo Practiced in Florida Coke Trial

• Three men from Queens, New York, were arrested for alleged possession of four kilos of cocaine after TWA mistakenly sent the incriminating suitcase on a flight from San Francisco to Newark Airport instead of its intended destination, New York's La Guardia Airport. When nobody claimed the bag at Newark, officials opened it to find identification.

Officials reported that the bag contained identification as well as six plastic bags of cocaine. Lieutenant Fred Luhman of the Port Authority called the men to tell them where the suitcase was. When they went to Newark to pick it up, Efriam Sanchez, Alavero Neyrra and Julio Oetuelo, all Colombian nationals, were arrested.

• The courtroom drama of seven persons indicted for conspiracy to import cocaine into the U.S. from abroad includes the daily voodoo rites of one of the defendants. Each morning in a Miami federal court, Raquel Dumois sprinkles some dust around herself and her co-conspirators.

Dumois was allegedly consulted before each trip that brought in a reported 71 pounds of cocaine from Puerto Rico, Haiti, Santo Domingo and South America. Dumois, a self-proclaimed Voodoo priestess, would cast sea shells and perform a voodoo ritual to decide if the time were right for the alleged smugglers to travel by plane, train, ship or bus.

• A University of San Diego law student and the son of a former Customs Service officer have been charged with possession of one pound of cocaine with intent to distribute. Kirk Ziegler, 26, and Robert Gary Spohr, 25, were arrested after they allegedly attempted to sell the coke to a DEA undercover agent in San Diego.

• Two men were arrested in Polk County, Iowa, in connection with what police dubbed the largest cocaine seizure in the history of the state. John Danielson of Altonna, Iowa, and George Morris of Kansas City, Missouri, pleaded innocent to charges of possession of three-quarters of a pound of cocaine.

• Ruben Garcia, 35, and Eugene Garcia, 41, both of Oceanside, California, were seized after their residence was surrounded by San Diego County Narcotics Task Force agents. The pair were charged with possession of 12 ounces of cocaine and 850 pounds of marijuana. The arrests were the result of a continuing investigation

over several months by southern California narcs.

• A Detroit man suffered seizures and died on a plane at the Atlanta, Georgia, airport after he swallowed several prophylactics apparently filled with cocaine, which opened in his digestive tract. An autopsy performed on Joshua Cohen, 27, revealed 19 prophylactics, each containing a quarter of an ounce of what appeared to be cocaine, in his stomach and digestive tract.

• Large quantities of cocaine and two .45-caliber pistols were confiscated in a raid on two alleged dealers from Bayamón in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Orlando Machado Zaya, 23, and Juan Antonio Nunez Zayas, 35, had been under observation by Puerto Rican narcs. The bulk quantity of cocaine was reportedly discovered in plastic bags, apparently before it was divided into smaller lots for sale. Puerto Rican authorities have not yet weighed or analyzed the alleged cocaine.

• Three men from Queens, New

York, were arrested for alleged possession of four kilos of cocaine after TWA mistakenly sent the incriminating suitcase on a flight from San Francisco to Newark Airport instead of its intended destination, La Guardia. When nobody claimed the bag at Newark, officials opened it to find some identification.

Officials reported that the bag contained identification as well as six plastic bags of cocaine. Lieutenant Fred Luhman of the Port Authority called the men to tell

met a man known as Jorge on Copacabana Beach who offered her \$1,000 to carry the packages to Miami, where she was to be met by someone claiming them.

• A lieutenant colonel of the Bolivian National Guard was arrested by federal police in Corumbá, 1,550 kilometers west of Rio de Janeiro, after crossing the border with a kilo of cocaine hidden in the air filter of his jeep.

Upon arrest, 50-year-old Demetrio Ozinaga Montagna confessed to police that he had con-



Comanche County Sheriff Department Investigator Lieutenant Bill Banks with part of 6 pounds of hashish and 300 pounds of Mexican marijuana taken by sheriff's strike force from a rural Lawton, Oklahoma, home. Three men and a woman in their twenties were arrested. Also seized were two loaded 12-gauge shotguns, a 9 mm. automatic pistol, two scales and \$8,250 cash.

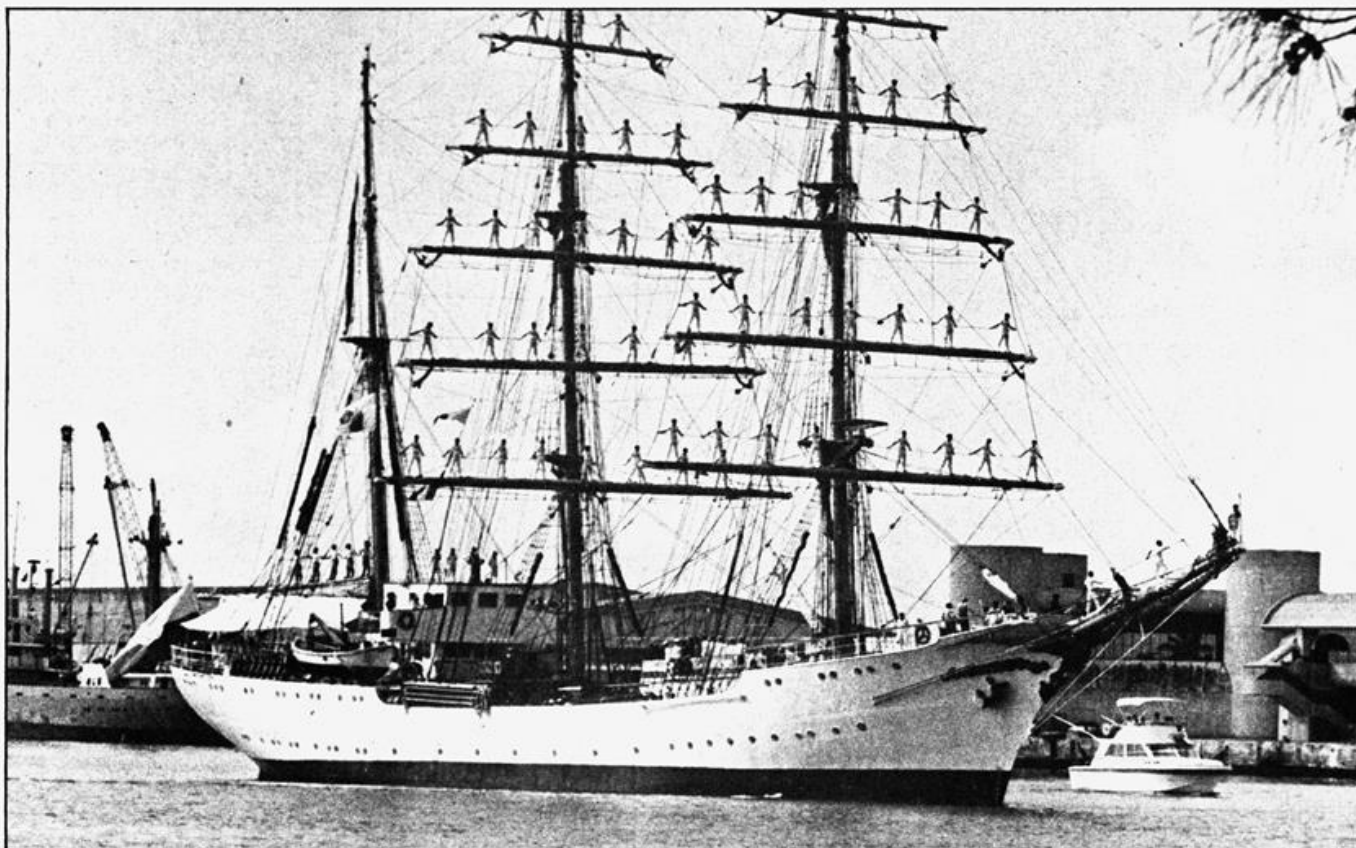
them where the suitcase was. When they went to Newark to pick it up, Efriam Sanchez, Alavero Neyrra and Julio Oetuelo, all Colombian nationals, were arrested.

• Charges have been filed for possession of cocaine against an American school teacher stopped in Rio de Janeiro as she was preparing to leave for Miami. Jean Kosanovich, 26, of Pennsylvania was arrested at Galeao International Airport for allegedly concealing 462 grams of cocaine in two plastic bags hidden beneath her clothing. Kosanovich explained to the judge that she had

nections with Brazilian cocaine smugglers and that he had been offered \$1,000 to bring the cocaine into Brazil from Quijarro, Bolivia.

• The stepdaughter of actress Deborah Kerr has joined the growing list of Americans being held in Colombia for alleged possession of cocaine. Christine Viertel, 23, was arrested with two other Americans on cocaine charges when the substance was reportedly found in her handbag as she boarded a plane in Bogotá bound for Miami. This brings the total number of Americans being held in Colombian jails to 90.

Colombians Hail Bicentennial with Coke Salute



Miami Herald

The Colombian schooner *Gloria*, which arrived in Miami to help celebrate the Bicentennial, was boarded by U.S. Customs officials not to welcome the crew, but to destroy six pounds of cocaine belonging to two of the crew members.

In what appears to be an agreement with the Colombian government, no charges were filed by Customs officials as

there was no attempt to bring the cocaine ashore. The cocaine was found by the ship's captain, Rafael Martinez Reyes, who discovered it while the ship was enroute to Miami. Captain Reyes put the men in the brig and notified Customs in Miami, who boarded the full-masted ship as it docked at Pier 8.

Cherry Picker's a Bust

Police in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, confiscated a small quantity of grass after utilizing a cherry picker, belonging to the borough's electrical department, to reach the window of a third-floor apartment, which was reported to be a cocaine center. Arrested were 18-year-old Nancy Hamilton and 20-year-old Bradley E. Virtue, charged with running a 10-gram, \$1,000-a-week Colombian coke business that allegedly dealt to local high school students.

Nabbed at another location but linked to the apartment's alleged cocaine center were Paul L. Bancroft, 19, and Jean L. Lightcap, 18. The arrests were part of a sweep against 21 suspects by 55 law enforcement officers in Bucks and Mercer Counties.

The early-morning, hour-long raid turned up some marijuana, paraphernalia, and \$200 cash. The police said that they deployed the cherry picker, ordinarily used to repair damaged electrical lines, to make sure the suspects didn't sprinkle any cocaine out the window.



Joel Bieler

How to Buy a Judge

(continued from page 42)

sented by Edward Bennett Williams, who is a very respected trial lawyer. Williams put up a masterful defense, strictly above board, and got the guy off.

"In the meantime, unbeknownst to Williams, the guy hired another lawyer to fix it and gave him 35 grand, part of which was to go to the judge. The crooked lawyer pocketed the money himself. This is larceny by trick, and we made a practice of prosecuting lawyers who did it whenever we could catch them. In this case, we discovered it only after we reinvestigated the union and found that the guy had embezzled the money to make the payoff."

A few years ago, in his book *The Bench Is Warped*, lawyer Alvin Gershenson described six courtroom activities that may indicate that a judge has been bought out.

1) If, without warning, the judge grants a motion for continuance without legal cause; this may be done so the opportunity for a "fix" can be carried out.

2) If the judge's bailiff walks around the courtroom and then pauses behind one of the parties for a short period of time until certain the judge has seen, then walks back to the usual position. This may mean that the "fix" is in, and the fee has been paid to the bailiff.

3) If, during the trial, the judge adjourns court early or arrives late on more than one occasion, likely there's a meeting with someone who is interested in the case.

4) If the judge receives a telephone call while the case is in court and gets off the bench to answer the telephone—someone is trying to apply influence.

5) If the judge keeps telling the opposing lawyers to hurry up with their evidence and keeps speeding up the case. This means the judge has heard enough.

In the opinion of most legal experts, these guidelines are bullshit. The biggest obstacle to buying a judge, in fact, is that unless you have direct knowledge of corruption, it is impossible to discern who is for sale.

"Nobody can tell when a judge is corrupt," said Professor Blakey of Cornell. "Look at the case of Judge Manton—he was corrupt as hell, but he had all the judges from the court of appeals testifying on his behalf, including some of the best judges this country ever produced, like the Honorable Learned Hand. And if they couldn't detect that Manton's decisions were shaded, then how can some layman who doesn't know anything?"

"Unless you have a film of the judge putting the money in his pocket, it's very difficult to prove criminality in such a case," he continued. "Even then it's hard, because corruption is a victimless crime.

You don't have a woman with her dress ripped off, or a complainant of any sort at all. Bribery isn't conducted at certain convenient hours of the day—you can't just plant a device in a judge's office and listen, because all you're probably going to hear is his judicial opinions all day. And then if you do manage to catch him at something, he'll make a Fifth Amendment issue out of it, anyway."

Blakey's opinion is upheld by a review of the simple facts. Of ten indictments of judges secured by the special prosecutor's office in New York in the last four years, none has resulted in conviction. The ratio is much the same in other states. Even in cases where judges are caught red-handed, they usually find some way to beat it—for example, by claiming that they were illegally wiretapped. When caught, crooked judges are often driven off the bench in disgrace, but they very rarely go to jail.

If a judge or lawyer is caught in the act, he or she will never hesitate to throw the defendant to the wolves. A year ago, a Brooklyn bookie named Sherbert retained a lawyer named Seymour Kane who promised to "influence" Judge Burton Roberts to the tune of \$30,000. Roberts, who was thoroughly honest, turned them both in, and as soon as the smoke had cleared, Kane waived immunity and cooperated against his own former client.

If you search hard enough, you will find many other excellent reasons for avoiding doing business with Your Honor. The point is, if you've got any money at all, you can get away with murder without buying a judge. "Judges tend to view money as a plus," a lawyer told me. "A defendant appears before them, who may have been charged with something terrible, but the trial is in progress, so there's no proof of a crime yet. The judge lets the defendant go without bail just because it's obvious there's money and roots in the community. The law says you're supposed to consider a person's background."

A respected dope lawyer in San Francisco agrees that, Patty Hearst notwithstanding, you do have a better chance with money. "You can put up a better defense," he explained. "Your lawyer will be out there doing a better job. You can hire investigators to locate witnesses. You have no idea how many cases are lost because a defendant can't locate a witness. If you do get convicted, you can hire a sociologist to testify what a good parole risk you are. That's how it works."

Be aware that when you corrupt a judge, you are supporting a public enemy, who's probably lost money at the track. Dealing with such vermin is not very nice, but then going to jail is a bummer, too. If you are forced to buy your way out of a bust, you might as well do it cheerfully. Be thankful you didn't have to buy the jury. ■



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Michael Stepanian

(continued from page 32)

High Times: How has dope smuggling changed? What new techniques...

Stepanian: Much more complicated, many more airplanes are being used, except I think driving it across and packing it across is the way the majority of it comes across. Cops are getting more refined. Straighter people are getting involved in it. Superstraight people who own farms and ranches in Texas and Arizona are letting these planes land.

I guess one of the most sophisticated operations I knew was in San Diego where they imported 157 tons in these oil tankers coming across from Mexico. They had to go into them with gas masks to take out the marijuana. It's getting tougher because the movement in Mexico itself is becoming a lot more complicated. DEA agents are making it difficult to move it from where the stuff is grown to the place where they can take off and bring it across the border.

High Times: Do you think people will start growing their own more and more? Will domestic pot ever overtake Mexican or Colombian in terms of quality?

Stepanian: Well, I think in California, if we have our way, we will allow people to grow personal weed so that they won't have to spend money to get dope and go in the black market to get it. I find out there are many places where a hundred to a thousand plants are being grown in remote regions in California and the Midwest. It's dangerous because cultivation is a felony in California.

But if an airplane goes over a pot field, the pilot can't then have the police go on the land and arrest the people. The pot has to be seen from a place where the public has access. The *Lorenzano* case in California establishes that police can't trespass on land and get a peek and then arrest the people. It's a very important case. I think the California Supreme Court is one of the few supreme courts in the United States which really is concerned with the rights of the individual. I think Rehnquist and people like that do not realize that the police are creating crime in many cases, as opposed to stopping or preventing it. They're gonna pay the price, too.

High Times: Okay. Is your book *Pot-Shots* out of date now? Both the laws and society have changed. How would that change the book if you were writing it today?

Stepanian: As far as I'm concerned, it's not out of date. I wouldn't change it at all, because I anticipated the way Nixon's appointees on the Court would change the law. But basically in my book I keep saying over and over, as I say now: "Do not consent to search. Do not make any statements. Consult the lawyer. Do not run away; do not make up stories, alibis,

excuses. Don't be an informer and don't be afraid. Do not consent—you have a right to remain free from unreasonable searches and seizures. And if he's gonna arrest you, don't resist arrest. Get bailed out and then work it out later. Call a good lawyer, talk to him. Ask him questions, make him read you the law, make him show you his briefs, probe, don't be afraid to ask a lot of questions. There's no mystical thing about a lawyer. There are millions of lawyers."

High Times: Okay, since a dope lawyer is a kind of criminal lawyer, I'd like to ask you about some famous cases. For example, how would you have defended Patty Hearst?

Stepanian: I wouldn't have put her on the stand—and my partner, Kayo Hallinan, who defended her, would have won. I mean, I wouldn't have had her take the Fifth on the stand or talk to the psychiatrist. I wouldn't have had her give any statements. She hung herself. You can't be equivocal. Look, as far as I'm concerned, the jury had pity for her; from the get-go. Why didn't she just shut up and try a simple robbery case? Why make a big deal out of her? Now she's just a victim of the whole trip.

High Times: Okay, what about two more notorious criminals. What if you had the task of defending Hitler at Nuremberg, or Lee Harvey Oswald?

Stepanian: Nobody's gonna ask Mike Stepanian to defend all these guys. I'm a simple criminal lawyer. I try and keep a low profile. I don't grant many interviews. I only grant 'em to organizations I really like and have great respect for. Basically, I just wanna do these cases. I hope eventually marijuana, cocaine, heroin, all this stuff will be legal. I hope you will be able to buy it in the drugstore.

I wanna do criminal cases, I love the people, I love my clients and I like the law because it's ever-changing. Search and seizure and the constitutional ramifications are mind-blowingly interesting. I love the business, I love traveling around. It just turns me on just as much now as it did ten years ago. It's the greatest business in the world, but ya gotta do it right.

I hate these lawyers who just take money from these kids and then jam 'em or bullshit 'em or screw 'em up. If you're gonna take money, you better work your ass for it, because it's a tough business. There are many, many informers. You gotta be an expert at it, you gotta be on top of the cases and most of all, you gotta have a good heart and have respect for your clients. I learn more from my clients than I learned from any other time in my life. My clients make me into who I am, and I'm better for doing these cases.

High Times: Okay, one of the most famous drug cases of recent years, of course, is the Timothy Leary case. What do you think of the Leary case?

Stepanian: Timothy Leary reminds me of Patty Hearst. To me they just were...

High Times: Victims?

Stepanian: Yeah, yeah, but I get pissed off at Leary trying to bust my buddy Michael Kennedy.

High Times: What about George Chula?

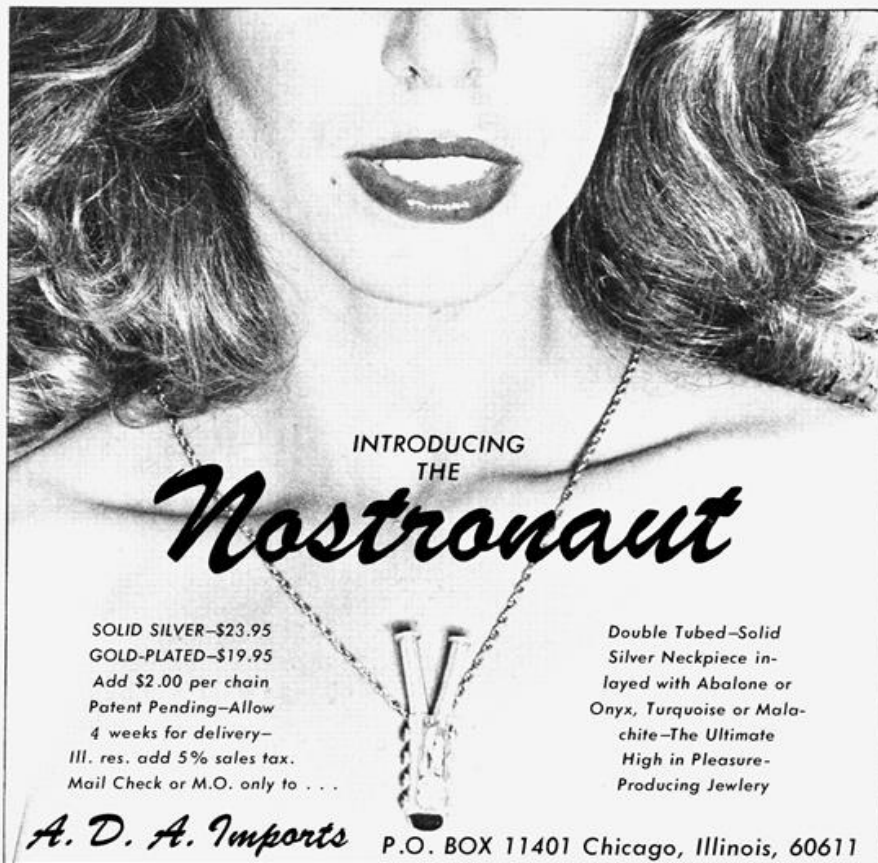
Stepanian: Like we said before—if you get too close to these guys, you may become a victim. Remember, don't take money from one person to represent another if the second one is in a vulnerable position. The worst thing a lawyer can be is bought. Leary and those people came to me and they said, "Mike, how about getting involved?" I said forget it. I just felt bad about it, ya know? I try and pick my people, to be quite frank with you. I'm not interested in getting headlines on dope cases, because if you get headlines, you're gonna get burned. The best way to do it is to open up your office, do the cases that come in, do the best job you can, and don't try to grab headlines, because if you do, you're gonna be a headline yourself someday.

High Times: Okay. How would you have handled some of the recent big dope cases, big dope busts?

Stepanian: Well, all I can tell you is my basic technique is to get it organized. I mean, every single case is different, a living case. I work as hard as I can, I think I got my finger right on the pulse of these cases. I keep that search and seizure together, and my reputation is giving advice and keeping strong and giving encouragement and staying on top of it. I listen to lawyers telling me about how great they are, and like I told ya, I tell 'em about the cases I lose. I'm better off. I don't have to blow my own horn. I love to fish, I love to play rugby. I just try my best.

High Times: Do you have any final advice for young lawyers?

Stepanian: My final advice to young lawyers is this: Don't be afraid. Read your advance sheets. Don't be bullied by your client. Don't cooperate with the police—don't turn over your men—because ultimately, ya know, the vibes of going through life as an informer is a lot worse than doin' six months in jail. Don't be afraid to tell the judge the truth. Don't be afraid to communicate with cops; find out as much evidence as you can. Have good people around you; it is absolutely necessary to have a good secretary. Patti is one of the main reasons why I can keep up with the whole thing. Basically do your homework, stay cool, write good briefs, get close to your client, talk to the other lawyers. Get into science and get to know experts in scientific areas (the lawyer who knows all about this is Rommel Bondoc, a great lawyer and my friend). This is important because the government is using transponders, radar, infrared, wiretaps, drug testing, the SLAR tracking system. You must learn this stuff. If I can, anyone can. Don't break the law. And don't get cute and give advice on how to smuggle dope. ☐



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Even Cowgirls Get the Blues

(continued from page 63)

mostly water. (The brain, with its fragmentary and elusive qualities, yes, water; but body meat?)

Since the hidden cameras were trained on the lakeshore, they could not record the images that moved at the crest of the hill, nor could the concealed microphones steal conversation. Sissy and Jelly were talking when they walked over the crest, and after they had studied the lake for a while, they sat and talked again.

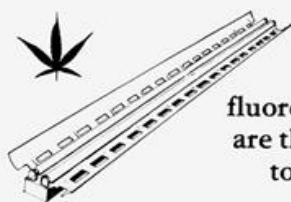
"She was living in Louisiana, in a shack town built by runaway slaves deep in the bayous. That's one story, anyway. I've also heard that she was traveling through Yucatán with a circus, popping false eyelashes off a trained monkey with a bullwhip. It doesn't matter. Wherever it was that she was, she ate peyote one night and had a vision. Niwetúkame, the Mother Goddess, came to her on the back of a doe, hummingbirds sipping the tears she was shedding, crying 'Delores, you must lead my daughters against their natural enemy.' Delores thought about it for a long time—it was one hell of a vivid vision—until she determined that the natural enemy of the daughters were the fathers and the sons. That night she whipped the shit out of her black lover, or the circus owner—it doesn't matter which—and ran away. For a while she drove around, making a living selling peyote buttons to hippies. Then, Niwetúkame came to her again, saying that she must go to a certain place and prepare for her mission, the details of which would be revealed to her in another vision. The place the Peyote Mother directed her to come was the Rubber Rose Ranch. Isn't that incredible? She zonks out on peyote at least once a week, but so far her Third Vision hasn't happened. Meanwhile, she and Debbie are rivaling each other like a couple of cross-town high schools. Tension. Cowgirl tension! What a drag."

"What is Debbie's position?" Sissy asked. A breeze swatted her ribcage with grassheads.

"Well, as I understand it, Debbie feels that people have a tendency to become what they hate. She says that women who hate men turn into men. Eee! That grass tickles, doesn't it?" Jelly was being swatted, too. "Debbie says that women are different from men and that that

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difference is the source of their strength. Way back before Judaism and Christianity, women were in charge of everything, government, economics, family, agriculture and especially religion; both Debbie and Delores agree on that. But Debbie says that if women are to take charge again, they must do it in the feminine way; they mustn't resort to aggressive and violent masculine methods. She says it is up to women to show themselves better than men, to love men, set good examples for them and guide them tenderly toward the New Age. She's a real dreamer, that Debbie-dear."

"You don't agree with Debbie, then?"

"I wouldn't say that. I expect she's right, ultimately. But I'm with Delores when it comes to fighting for what's mine. I can't understand why Delores is so uptight about the Chink; he could probably teach her a thing or two. Or how can anybody dislike Billy West, that good ol' rascal? God knows I love women, but nothing can take the place of a man that fits. Still, this here is cowgirl territory and I'll stand with Delores and fight any bastards who might deny it. I guess I've always been a scrapper. Look. This scar. Only twelve years old and I was felled by a silver bullet."

Jelly took Sissy's hand, carefully avoiding its first or most preaxial digit, and helped her to feel the depression in her belly. It was as if she had bought her navel at a two-for-one sale.

Ignoring the possibilities that she had piqued Sissy's curiosity or lit up her limbic switchboard, Jelly continued to speak. "God, I dig it out here. This raw space. Nobody has ever nailed it down. It's too big and too tough. Men saw it as a challenge; they wanted to compete against it, to conquer it. For the most part they failed, and now they hate it. But women can regard it in a different way. We can flow with it, merge with it and love it. The Chink says that these plains exist on the edge of meaning, at a zone between meaning and something so great it's got no meaning. I think I understand. Why any cowgirl wouldn't be content with this I don't know, but I reckon some people just can't have fun unless everyone else is having fun, too."

Sissy kept her hand on Jelly's tummy, for as soon as the cowgirl quit talking she wished to inquire how she happened to catch a silver bullet in such a tender spot at such a tender age. Before she had a second to ask, however, Jelly lobbed a question of her own. "Say, Sissy, you working for the Countess and all. I wonder if you've had a chance to try the perfume trick we told the guests about the other day?"

"Er, well, no. I haven't. It actually works, does it?"

"Sure it works. Why don't you try it?"

"You mean now?"

She meant now, Sissy. N for narcissus.

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NOTICE

The greatest discovery of civilized man is kissing.

Primitives, pygmies, cannibals and savages have shown tenderness to one another in many tactile ways, but pucker against pucker has not been their style.

Parakeets rub beaks. Yes, it's true, they do. However, only devotees of premature ejaculation, or those little old ladies who murder children with knitting needles to steal their lunch money to buy fresh kidneys for kittycats could place bird-billing in the realm of the kiss.

Black Africans touch lips. Quite right; some of them do, as do certain aboriginal tribesmen in other parts of the world—but though their lips may touch, they do not linger. The peck is a square wheel, awkward and slightly ominous. What else did Judas betray Our Savior with but a peck: terse, spit-free and tongueless?

Tradition informs us that kissing, as we know it, was invented by medieval knights for the utilitarian purpose of determining whether their wives had been into the mead barrel while the knights were away on duty. If history is correct, for once, then the kiss began as an osculatory wiretap, an oral snoop, a kind of alcoholic chastity belt, after the fact. Form does not always follow function, however, and eventually kissing for kissing's sake became popular in the courts, spreading to the tradesmen, peasants and serfs. And why not? For kissing is sweet. It was as if all the atavistic sweetness still remaining in Western man was funneled into kissing and that alone. No other flesh like lip flesh! No meat like mouth meat! The musical clink of tooth against tooth, the wonderful curiosity of tongues.

If women took short delight in lesser inventions, such as the wheel, the lever and the blade of steel, they applauded kissing, practicing it upon their men, for fun and profit, and upon each other—within limits. Because they were designed to suckle both male and female child at their breasts, women are not as sexually restrictive as men. They have always been prone to kiss other women, a practice that has made our Faith uneasy and our smut-sniffers pale. In 1899, even so relatively liberal a Victorian as Dr. Mary Wood-Allen felt compelled to write, in *What a Young Woman Ought to Know*, "I wish the friendships of girls were more manly. Two young men who are friends do not lop on each other, and kiss and gush. Girlish friendships that include fondling and kissing are not only silly, they are even dangerous."

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you mashed your mouths flat until soon your tongues were entangled in bubbles and breaths. Long, thick tongues painted each other with tongue stuff; painting away gradually the feminine fears so that you could extract your fingers from her sterling scar and slide them down her belly. When the hair and juice whispered against your fingertips—whispered dirty words such as "pussy," "cunt," and "snatch"—you thought of Marie, always grabbing you there, and you almost pulled away. But Jelly moaned in your mouth, flooding it with sweetness, and in a moment her own hand was exploring the hot folds of your vulva.

Embraced, you toppled over in the wheatgrass. Her Stetson fell off and rolled away in the direction of Oklahoma City. Maybe it wanted to say howdy to Tad Lucas. Your eyes sent an archeological expedition to Jelly's face, and hers to yours; both unearthed inscriptions and pondered their meaning. She whispered that you were beautiful and brave. She called you a "hero," meaning heroine, but her fingers were not fooled for an instant. You tried to tell her how much her friendship meant to you. Did you get the words out or didn't you? Teeth of foam, lips of pie.

After a hungry stillness, like intermission at a wolf dance, rhythms were established. You were socked into one another now, it had been acknowledged and approved, and so you arched and pushed and corkscrewed and jackknifed, softly but with pronounced cadence. Finger-fucking is an art. Men indulge in it; women excel at it. Ohh. Fireman save my child!

You felt as if your hand were up a jukebox, a flesh Wurlitzer spewing colored electrical sparks as it played itself to pieces on the Dime of the Century. Your clitoris was a switch without an "off." She snapped it on on on and further on. You crooked your tongue around an erect nipple. She smiled at your quiverings when she parted your asshole.

Everything became scrambled. You rocked each other in cradles of sweat and saliva, until you could see nothing. You imagined her in a bride's trousseau, pictured her a mare. Did you ferment, the two of you? You smelled like it. Fans of funk and fever opened and closed, chins were aglisten with the juice of kissing. You rocked and rocked, your thumb swacking her belly in rhythm, adding to the excitement—hers and yours.

Eyes closed, or maybe only glazed, you pictured her tight young whatdoyoucallit in your mind. Hair by dripping hair, it gaped before you. Your own clitoris felt as swollen pink as a bubblegum cigar. Oh these things were made to be loved!

Suddenly, you were weeping. Noisy breaths bucked out of you. You called "Jelly Jelly" when you intended only to

(continued on page 96)

Marley

(continued from page 48)

and Jamaica. We've been told that there are quite a few agents down there going around with the Jamaican police. Do you have any opinion as to why they're doing it, or who in Jamaica wants them down there?

Marley: Jamaica and America 'ave a deal. Ya mean, why would Jamaica invite a t'ing like dat? I tell ya, man, is in Jamaica interest. Same system, same people who control America. I don't know if is President Ford or whoever de president is. But what I know—de same force what control de system look de same in my eye. I t'ink de same force control Jamaica dat control all dem type a t'ings, y'know. I t'ink dem devil. For de devil 'ave a fight against de rights, y'know.

High Times: Manley is a socialist. Isn't he changing things?

Marley: Manley supposed to be a socialist. See, I don't have nuttin' ta say 'bout Manley, Manley personal self, man to man. But me no unnerstan', me no educated to know about big words like democratic socialism. Do it, let me see it, don't tell me 'bout it. Live de life.

High Times: What about Seaga, the capitalist who's running against Manley?

Marley: Ya 'ave two powers in Jamaica. One name Labor Party, an' one named PNP [People's National Party, Manley's ruling party]. An' every year now dis one [the PNP] win. Well now, I like to give de guy a chance, de one who win. I find it look like before him can get papers together, is votin' time again! So somebody set de trap fa dem, for before him can really check out Jamaica, an' find out how much Jamaica owe America or Jamaica owe Canada. I mean, what is de backside doin'?

High Times: Didn't Manley use a reggae song for his campaign?

Marley: Yeah, "Better Must Come." One t'ing is, ya can't blame Michael Manley, ya can't blame dem guys. Da t'ing is, de system set dat dey maintain de power.

High Times: Who sets the system?

Marley: De system been set! Manley come, comes ta someone. Dat someone, dere was someone before dat, someone comin' from where it was comin' from in England. It comin' down from England now. I don't know how financial dem set up, how much money Jamaica borrow from England, or what kinda plan Jamaica an' England 'ave, but I know Jamaica owe money to certain people. And if de politician run for politics an' jus' wanna run for politics and don't unnerstand de runnings a all de t'ings a' gonna face him, den he gonna run away from de system, an' if ya run from de system, de people kill you! Y'unnerstan'?

Dat is when ya dare to go up 'gainst God, fight 'gainst God. If ya come to do somet'ing, ya do it. But if ya come to do

something an' ya don't do it, ya fighting 'gainst God. An' all de people ya trick all de while. So where's de system settin' from? I don't know de business deal dem have, but dey can't just look upon Jamaica an' say, "All right Jamaica, we give ya some a dis an' some a dat. All right Jamaica, we're withdrawin' from ya," or whatever. Because either you swing wit' capitalism, or ya go wit' de other "ism"—socialism. Tell 'em 'bout some more "isms." See, ya govern by dis "ism" or dat "ism." We gotta trim it in right dere; no middle way. Even if ya go upon dis "ism," him don' wanna lose friendship wit' America. Let me tell ya something—de same situation dat put de people in gonna catch 'em. Devil trick devil. I find now people want Africa. But if America help Africa, I don't even want dat neither. But what de people want is Africa.

High Times: They want to go back?

Marley: Forward. Yeah, man. I mean, we love Jamaica, an' we love de earth. But dere's a part a de ear' where it need plenty help—Africa.

High Times: Would you be willing to get a big boat and take people back and forth?

Marley: No, dat is not de t'ing. Dat is not de t'ing. Y'see, when Marcus Garvey come, he have de *Blackstar Liner*. Dat is not de problem. De problem is, ya gotta get de people's heads togetha. Why ya go to Africa? No sinner shall enter dere. Dat's why Africa become a place dat ya don't want to be like 'ere. Me don' wanna talk 'bout Africa too much, but I love to talk 'bout Africa. Yeah, because Africa is my land. Just like de Englishmen 'ave England an' de Indians 'ave India. Africa! [Bob points to himself.] It should be a t'ing where everybody help me go home, because dem supposed to be my brother. "But until dat day when de African continent will know peace..." I don't unnerstan' why when people talk about Africa dey wanna push Africa to one side. Now we know dat as de children of God, not as de children of America or as de children of Jamaica, but as de children of God, we know dat Africa need help. Poverty, y'know, it's not dat. De type a help Africa need is unity. Any time ya say Africa, is unity. If ya can't cite Africa, ya still in Babylon. Don' care who—anytime ya cite Africa, ya in unity. Until dat day, no have no peace Rasta! Yeah. But y'know when people talk 'bout Africa, dey talk like ya can't go dere, is a jungle, y'know what I mean? Yeah.

High Times: Have you been to Africa?

Marley: I'm going dere, yeah.

High Times: Soon?

Marley: Yeah, man. Africa teach all over de earth. Civilization, everywhere, every corner of de earth is African civilization. Now, a man hafta know himself. Ya can't tell me he's American or he's Jamaican or wherever he is. We know Noah had three

(continued on page 93)

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SPLIT COCONUT, by Dave Mason (Columbia PC 33698).



How many of us know any Englishmen with integrity? Then again, how many of us get to know an Englishman at all? These strange characters handle fame and stardom in so negligent a style that most of them end up forgotten, or making us wish we could forget them. So many rock and rollers of that Brittanica era of Beatlemania and post-Beatlemania have kicked about or kicked the bucket looking for that integrity they had for 5.26 minutes in 1971 that it's a goddamn thrill to know there's still a Dave Mason alive. He's played enough good music in his life that he could be content to have carved a minor niche in the history tablet of Rock, but then again, he seems to understand that he's never played enough of it to be content with himself. That's why you'd find him in the strangest of collaborations, with Delaney and Bonnie, Jimi Hendrix and Mama Cass Elliot. But don't you just have to love the guy who presses his first solo album, a classic in swirled vinyl? Now he's playing the audition clubs in New York and Los Angeles, preparing for his new tour and writing a screenplay. Unlike some former English biggies, Mason is not wearing a Kotex on his head. He doesn't crave attention and is something of an exile.

That's Mason's appeal—the lyric cast-away, thrown like a split coconut back upon the beach that had scorned him: as if the split coconut were not a coconut that has been split for us to bathe in its milk (as Myrna Loy used to, three times a day—or was it wombat's milk?), but rather a coconut that *has* split, like the Caribbean, whose raw, savage yet gentle and caressing environment system has been ravaged by tourists and bauxite imperialism, a civilization whose get up and go has got up and went just as Kerouac used to say something he admired was “gone.” Or in more modern terms, the former Traffic superstar and collaborator with the gods is making his long-awaited return to the racks with *Split Coconut*.

Sun, surf and palm trees jump off the album jacket like a diver jackknifing off the big board: fast in reality, but slow and leisurely in appearance. The same can be said for the sound within, outwardly telling us to lay back on the sand and dig it, but that is wet sand down there, and it's like wet merkins. His understated lyrics and undramatic music are a relief indeed

from the waves that beat on our ears every time Dylan cuts himself shaving. Mason has been up, and he's never been quite down, but he likes being understood the best, a mature, elegant and intelligent way of thinking that may just make him a star. A bit of the stiff, grinning upper lip that has a good beat and the finest of intentions. —Gilbert Choate

BURUNDI: MUSIC FROM THE HEART OF AFRICA, recorded in Burundi by Giuseppe Coter (Nonesuch H-72057).



Burundi lies between Zaire (formerly the Congo) and Lake Victoria, land of the fabled Watusi warriors and the Hutu—a shorter, less martial people. Tribal conflict has been tearing up this small country for years, and according to the liner notes of this album, many of the Hutu players may have been victims of recent war. They were already the victims of the producers of this record, who forgot to take their names and probably didn't pay them a dime for being recorded. But Burundi isn't really a pop-music country like Ghana, so the anthropological style of this album is perhaps unavoidable.

Yes, this is the heart of darkest Africa—no guitars and wa-wa's here; only “primitive” instruments. But what comes out is de natural blues. Take the third cut, called “Bees.” The artist is unidentified. He sings and plays *inanga*, an eight-stringed wooden zither that looks like a portable barbecue pit and is the national instrument. The liner notes explain that this song tells “of the hard-working bees and their unselfish generosity” and that it is sung in a style known as *kuvuga muvuyongoshwi*, or “covered voice.” In fact, it is a blues song—and as for the hard-working bees, remember “King Bee,” a blues number the early Stones covered that had a line, “I'm a king bee baby, buzzing around your hive, we could make honey baby, let me come inside.” It is quite possible that the Burundian “Bees” is essentially the same song. The only lyric reproduced on the notes here is “If you give his son a potato, he will give your son fresh honey,” which of course could be translated, “Give my baby your sweet potato, and my baby will give your baby honey, honey.”

A cut called “Warriors of the Drum” is a four-minute drum spectacular, better than Ginger Baker beating on the same log with Elvin Jones, Tony Williams,

Keith Moon and Buddy Rich, better than “Let There Be Drums” or the longest rock drum solo on record, one whole side of Iron Butterfly's *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*. And if you think four minutes is a lot of drumming, this is an excerpt from a 45-minute show by 17 drummers from a technical school, playing in the traditional style reserved for Watutsi kings. This music is more frighteningly primitive and militant than Gary Glitter, which it resembles, but is ten times better. And 50,000 warriors can dance to it.

Most of the other songs on this album are overpoweringly grateful love songs to the president of Burundi, to missionaries, to the people who recorded this album. Songs with lines like “Take me to your home, give me a suit.” But whatever the content of the songs, these are remarkably sophisticated performers who could blow just about any American act off any stage, if not with sheer talent, then with a blowgun. —Neal Barlowe

BACKSTREET CRAWLER, by Paul Kossoff (Island ILPS 9264).



Ten years ago, *Backstreet Crawler* would have been called acid rock; today it's lude music. A body that can swallow some pills, a nose that can snort and ears that can take lots of loud, roaring guitar are all you need to get behind it. But the music itself, or the creation of it, made some heavy demands on Paul Kossoff, who died recently en route to his comeback. The excitement was too much, one must suppose. The last turn in Paul's long career was indeed something to get excited about, especially if the raspy punk guitar of Kossoff is the type of twang you savor. In intensity, *Backstreet Crawler* burns with the fire that gave birth to Free. Kossoff's collaboration with Simon Kirke et al.; yet Kossoff's music went a strange route, from rock to jazz-rock and back to rock again, with all the polychromatic wailing of a lost guitar trying to find a home in your head. Music to get or be fucked up on, fucked up like Paul Kossoff was most of the time.

The four instrumentals are long-running guitar, heavy on the primal and very thin on the intellect. The lyrics bounce in and out like some studio backdrop noise, add up to nothing much and are very similar to the last conversation you had at the singles club for downheads. Kossoff was a punk with few ideas in his head and one mean set of fingers.

At high volume, some psychedelic roots show a bit: the old grit that had thousands of English kids saving their shillings for "a sumpin' axe" and had even Eric Clapton a bit envious in the old days of "Fire and Water" and "All Right Now." What Paul learned in the years after the Free breakup was the spirit of the cat whose blues are strictly for "the pain of it all" ... understand? Maybe that's why it's so easy to get along with.

Rock is dead, and *Backstreet Crawler* doesn't suggest that it isn't. But the death of Rock, the great acid battle cry that was supposed to save us all, has made way for quiet—or even dead—but in their own way outstanding talents like Paul Kossoff to be heard. The fact that Hendrix is dead doesn't hurt him, either. But if Kossoff isn't Jimi, he's still worth a couple of spins on your turntable. And I'm not saying that because I get a nickel everytime you play it, because I'm not. —L. Morrissey

TAXI DRIVER—ORIGINAL SOUND-TRACK RECORDING, by Bernard Herrmann (Arista AL-4079). Only a sax-



ophone could provide meaningful company to a city street at four in the morning. That brazen, melancholy strain is peculiarly individual, lonely and somehow revealing in the fact that blocks whiz by without a trace of humanity.

And then the taxi turns the corner. The winsome sax is lost in a haze of dirty brass, cheap horns and a tom-tom that speaks the awful truth. Suddenly everything is bassier. An occasional harp tries to sing out, but the filth hides even an iota of good. "All the animals come out at night. Buggers, queens, fairies, dopers, junkies; sick, venal. Someday a real rain will come and wash all the scum off the streets ... Each night when I return the cab to the garage, I have to clean the back seat. Some nights I clean out the blood."

Back to the avenue, where brighter nights and the sense of a 4:00 A.M. rebel is all-encompassing. Night in the city is an awesome sight, a dream that is lost with the moon at dawn.

Soon, even the brilliance of the sun won't hide it. The predawn surges of the saxophone aren't enough anymore. Not sufficient. Not enough to shade the reality of a 14-year-old prostitute. The horns are even more vile, the bassoons tell a sad story, even the joyful harp dies out with time. Then the drums. A marching beat, a march demanding duty. The wonderful

sax melody sounds frail and weakened, on a tiny keyboard. Time it is today to do something. Something violent, if it has to be that way.

Taxi Driver was the last film scored by the late Bernard Herrmann, most famous for the tracks he laid down on Hitchcock's *Psycho* and *North by Northwest*. It's a jazz masterpiece that's well worth your money. —Howie Blumenthal

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION—EDGAR ALLAN POE, The Alan Parsons Project (Twentieth Century T-508). Music from horror



movies is usually created to provoke fright, and it is generally useless without a low-budget flick about a deserted mansion to accompany its rather flimsy basis. Written with the sole intention of supporting a visual image, the soundtrack is often the most suggestive element to accompany the mind in its darkest meanderings and to provoke demonic imaginings.

That's why the idea of a record album inspired by the tales of a master storyteller like Edgar Allan Poe is so intriguing. Imagine sitting in a blackened room, under the headset, eyes tightly shut, visualizing the brutal slaying of a fellow with a decomposing eye and the subsequent burial of his aged body beneath the floorboards. And the endless beating of his telltale heart, starkly percussive, the only sound for miles around on this bleak wintry eve. Not a word need be uttered. The instruments tell the whole embittered tale. *The Fall of the House of Usher*, a horrific symphony in Poe's prose, becomes even more frightening under the classically trained hands of arranger Andrew Powell.

Alan Parsons and Eric Woolfson, the men who molded this incredible undertaking, have pop music on the brain. The difference between the quarter-hour, Powell-designed *House of Usher*, which is appropriately chilling with rock band and full orchestra, and the other four-minute "Impressions" written without Powell is striking. Each of the Parsons-Woolfson songs, be it a musical reading of *The Raven* or *A Cask of Amontillado*, sounds like a Hollies' hit. Lou Reed still holds the championship for his 18-minute horror story on the second Velvet Underground LP, but the Poe album is, on the whole, spectacular.

—Howie Blumenthal

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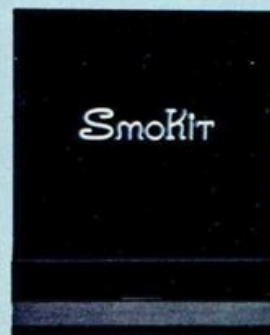
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(continued from page 89)

sons. De las' destruction t'ing, three son him have: Ham, Shem and Japhet. De three brothers, three colors. Dat mean, I don't know if I can tell a white man him come, say, live in Africa. My duty is to talk to de people who want to hear, who listen. If dey ask me a question, dey want to learn an' I 'ave somet'ing I can tell, den Jah will give me de inspiration to answer it. De whole earth start in Africa, de whole creation. But yet de people today come say, "Boy, de people dem starve in Africa." Money control whole lotta t'ings. But y'know, dem t'ings jus' reveal demselves out to de youth. Because if I don' unnerstand, my son will because de truth is always dere. Den ya realize dere's somet'ing going on about de place. Go up in a White House, go check it out an' find out de president don' even know. Go check it again. Maybe it end up inna other room. Maybe some big Catholic guy control. Ya don' know where it end up, y'know.

High Times: Huh?

Marley: Ya don't know. [He laughs.] It might end up here, y'unnerstan? Yeah? So, ya have to be careful—de whole t'ing is truth.

High Times: What was that?

Marley: Be careful, y'know?

High Times: Be careful? Yeah.

Marley: Whole t'ing is truth.

High Times: Amen.

Rasta Music

(continued from page 53)

BURNING SPEAR: Spear is a top band in the street these days. Country Rastas from Ocho Rios on the north coast of Jamaica, these boys really put the brimstone to skank. Their album *Marcus Garvey on Island* (9377) shows how dread one band can be. The Spear's latest is called *Garvey's Ghost* (Island 9382), and it's "a dub album." Dub is now the latest reggae style. It's what Marley calls his latest work—the sound has evolved out of the D.J. dubbing style, concentrating heavily on bass and vocals, improvising around a standard melody. The Spear does it all here, in some of the funkiest rhythmic jamming you'll ever hear.

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: The fastest-rising dread men in J.A. feature mellow vocals and right-on lyrics. "Right Time," their song about Marcus Garvey, stopped up the charts for months. Another, "I Need a Roof," is currently smashing up everything. Their American debut album, *Right Time*, is out now on Virgin.

JUNIOR BYLES: Some say he is crazy, but he is dreader than dread. Check out his album *Beat Down Babylon* on Trojan, and check the words on the cut "Fade Away," which says, "Those who check only for vanity and not for humanity, shall fade away." (continued on page 100)

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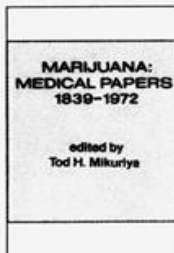
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Books

MARIJUANA: MEDICAL PAPERS 1839-1972, edited by **Tod H. Mikuriya**, M.D. (Oakland, Ca.: Medi-Comp Press, hardcover, \$23.50; paper, \$8.45). "Medicine in the Western world has forgotten all it once knew about the therapeutic properties of marijuana," writes Dr. Mikuriya, who has gathered the best of 133 years of research to demonstrate marijuana's medicinal promise as an argument for its legalization and for new research. He argues, "Failure to heed previous insights results in superfluous repetition, stupidity through ignorance and resultant failure."



Several articles touch upon the difficulty of research under current laws. For example, cannabis apparently still has not been extensively tested in treatment of epilepsy, despite its history as an anticonvulsant. A 1947 paper indicated that certain THC isomers are more potent than Dilantin in preventing seizures. Like most writers who aim to concentrate on medical rather than visionary aspects of grass, Mikuriya finds the two inseparable. Modern papers on the chemical composition of the resin and the comparison of driving performance under alcohol, marijuana and normality are included as well.

Informative and thorough, especially in its coverage of the latter half of the nineteenth century, when cannabis was a popular nostrum, the book includes many personal accounts of open-eyed self-experimentation by doctors.

—Gary Stimeling

OF MINNIE THE MOOCHER AND ME, by **Cab Calloway with Bryant Rollins** (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$9.95). I just completed a one-hour interview with the Hi-De-Ho Man on the subject of dope during the Jazz Age. Would you believe that Calloway, whose first monster hit back in 1931 was "Minnie the Moocher" (all about Minnie and her bloke, Smokey the Cokey), the man who sang "Kicking the Gong Around" and "The Wail of the Reefer Man," the original zoot-suited hipster himself, claims that he has no knowledge of what was happening in the dope circles of his day?

I don't know why Calloway is so coy about grass and coke; they're only made conspicuous by their absence from the

book. Still, there's plenty for anyone interested in one of the most flamboyant personalities of his era. His descriptions of Harlem's Cotton Club and gigs in the Deep South are worth the cover.

Calloway's music has been neglected by critics in recent years. *Of Minnie the Moocher and Me* should focus attention again on Calloway's high-spirited big bands—groups that included such top names as Dizzy Gillespie, Tyree Glenn, Jonah Jones, Chu Berry and Cozy Cole. Today, Calloway says that back in the Twenties when a finger-waving dance was making the rounds, he had no idea that 50 years later people would still be saying "Keep on truckin'." —Steve Ditlea

THE HERB: HASHISH VERSUS MEDIEVAL MUSLIM SOCIETY, by **Franz Rosenthal** (Leiden, The Netherlands: E. J. Brill, 1971, 64 guilders). It has long been believed that the Assassins, a twelfth-century Persian sect of neo-Ismailite fanatics, took their cult name from *hashish*, on which they were customarily stoned when they crept out to slit the throats of unlucky wayfarers. However, *hashish*, as Franz Rosenthal points out, "does not have the properties that would ordinarily make it a serviceable stimulant for anyone being sent on a dangerous mission of assassination." In fact, it might well be concluded that the use of *hashish* was originally imputed to the Assassins by their enemies, to portray them as dope-smoking, effeminate heretics.

The controversy over *hashish* as a legal crisis in the twelfth-century Arab world appears to have coincided with the foundation of the revolutionary Sufi sect, another variety of the neo-Ismailite heresy. The Ismailites have forever been the grand nutbars of Islam, promoting one belligerent *mahdi* or bloody *Jihad* after another, but Sufi is their least odious manifestation to date. Basically itinerant Koranic scholars dedicated to poverty, the Sufi embraced a kind of ecstatic pantheism that allowed for mild elements of humor and sex. Sufi tempered traditional Islamic puritanism with such Greco-Roman traditions as tolerance for women and homosexuals. Much of the Sufi inspiration, in fact, derives from a curious seventh-century Christian mystic called the pseudo-Dionysus, who may have been a monk from Scythia on the Black Sea.

Rosenthal implies that *hashish* was first popularized by the medieval Sufi as the poor man's equivalent of wine. Now,

THE HERB
HASHISH
VERSUS
MEDIEVAL MUSLIM SOCIETY

94

wine is specifically proscribed by the Koran, which means that it can be drunk only by persons rich enough to pay the fine for public intoxication. Poor people are subject, in default of payment, to a mosque scourging (*hadd*) of 40 to 80 strokes, plus a civil penalty (*ta'zir*) of anything from banishment to forcible extraction of all molars to death. Those in power always hate to see the peasants dissipating themselves on intoxicants.

So the appearance of hash and its instant popularity all over the medieval Muslim world created quite a rhubarb. While the Prophet Muhammad had said nothing specifically prohibiting the consumption of *hashishah* (Arabic generic term for "plant"), it was clear from the start that hashish performed essentially the same recreational function as wine, only more effectively. And it was deviously portable.

It was, therefore, decided by the ruling imams and amirs to proceed according to the legal definition of intoxication, which was pretty comprehensive: "anyone whose orderly speech is confused and who spills his hidden secret, or someone who does not know heaven from earth or length from width." Hash eaters perforce became subject to *hadd* and *ta'zir*.

Once the full weight of imperial authority fell against it, hashish naturally acquired a grand variety of euphemistic nicknames. *Kaff* ("palm of the hand") arose because of the plant's spanlike appearance and made for a lot of clever Arabic puns, as did "little morsel" (used by beggars), "receipt" (by merchants) and "the one that lightens the load" (by porters). The Sufi called it "the one that connects the Heart" and used it ... well ... religiously.

It appears that the Sufi used it primarily to reinforce their vows of celibacy. When used immoderately, hashish abolishes all prurience, and the Sufi clearly used it well beyond moderation. According to one Ibn al-Baytar, he "saw Sufis use hemp in various ways. Some thoroughly baked the leaves, then rubbed them carefully by hand until they formed a paste and rolled them into pills." With hash tabs in their turbans, the Sufi wandered from Tripoli to Samarkand, preaching the glories of their founder Haydar, who discovered, among other things, the mind-manifesting properties of hashish around 1100 A.D.

The notion that Sufi may have been influenced by a Scythian priest, though, might prompt one to cast back to Herodotus of Halicarnassus, who around 450 B.C. set down a description of the known world in his *Histories*. In Book IV, Herodotus describes a funeral ceremony of the Scythians: the mourners erect a wooden hut on a tripod, set a bowl of glowing

coals inside and toss in a few handfuls of hemp seed. "At once it begins to smoke," writes Herodotus, "giving off a vapor unsurpassed by any vapor-bath one could find in Greece. The Scythians enjoy it so much that they howl with pleasure." Very likely they did!

—Dean Latimer

THE COCA LEAF AND COCAINE PAPERS, edited by George Andrews and David Solomon (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. \$13.95).



Anyone who really cares about the history of cocaine would do well to snort up a noseful, before attempting to read this volume. Otherwise, I doubt they'll have the strength to knock through the entire 360 pages of graphs, charts, essays and reports it offers on the Inca Indians and their pharmaceutical counterparts, the cokeheads of North America.

In massive form, the book documents a number of truths that coke users have known in their hearts for years. We learn, for example, that the coca leaf enabled the Indians to work long hours without food or drink. We further learn that the leaf had absolutely no harmful effects. It was not uncommon to see Indians who chewed it reach the age of 125 years. What's more, the stuff was nonaddictive. As the Indians moved to lower altitudes, where it was not needed, they gave it up, though it was still available in quantity.

True enough, the leaf itself never caught on in the north, but as late as 1900, its alkaloids were present in a number of popular libations, including Coca-Cola and Mariani's coca wine. Coca Cola still contains a percentage of cuskohygrine, which medical science has never been able to separate and characterize fully, and which might well be the psychotropic element of cocaine. The most intelligent data on all this appear in the Consumers Union report, *Licit & Illicit Drugs*, which, naturally, the United States government has ignored.

Most of the reports in this collection are dull, scientific papers, some dating back 100 years. The only comic relief occurs in a list of endorsements for Mariani's coca wine by world figures including Henrik Ibsen, Anatole France, William McKinley and two popes. "His Holiness," writes Pope Leo XIII's secretary upon receiving a case of the *vin coca* from Mariani, "does me the honor of presenting Mr. Mariani with a gold medal containing his venerable coat-of-arms." Leo, it is said, drank a bottle of the stuff a day.

—Ray Schultz

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(continued from page 88)

murmur "mmmm." It didn't matter. Jellybean couldn't hear you. She was screaming. Hysterical from the scalding hot softness of girl-love.

Criminey, how that filly can come, you thought, after your own spasms had subsided. At the same moment, Jelly was wondering how a city apartment house could possibly contain your sex cries. For Jelly, too, was at rest. Only gradually did you both realize that a third auditory ingredient had mixed with Jelly screams and Sissy groans—a brasher, wilder sound, though obviously the work of the same composer.

Sticky fingers were pulled from melons. Soaked inside and out, the two of you sat up. There came that noise again, only louder, more eerie. Had your hairs, short and long, not been so damp they might have stood. It was a mighty trumpeting, a whoop such as the World might have made on the day it was born.

It was then that you ladies, your rosy bodies imprinted with patterns of crushed leaves and stems, looked to see a squadron of white satin airliners circling Siwash Lake, a flock of birds so grand and giant and elegant that your hearts squeezed out eternity's toothpaste.

Describe the whooping crane (*Grus americana*) in twenty-five words or less.

The whooping crane is a very large and very regal white bird with long black legs, a sinuous neck and a thrilling trumpetlike voice.

Okay. I'll grade that a C.

Only a C? May I try again?

Go ahead.

The most spectacular of our native wading birds, the whooping crane stands about five feet tall and has a wingspread of nearly eight.

No improvement, I'm afraid. Still a C.

One more try?

Be my guest.

Imagine Wilt Chamberlain in red yarmulke and snowy feathers...

Hold it. You're assuming that the reader knows who Wilt Chamberlain is. Many people don't follow basketball and wouldn't understand that Wilt signifies size and strength and arrogance made palatable by grace.

I give up. The whooper enters one's spirit the instant it enters one's senses. It

is perfect radiant sky monster and I cannot describe it.

Better. Make that a B.

Patute Indians called the crane *kodududududu*," said Sissy. "Isn't that a funny name?"

Jellybean was delighted. "Say it again," she urged.

"*Kodudududududu. Six dus. Kodududududu.*"

They both laughed.

"You know a lot about Indians, don't you?" asked Jelly. She brushed dead cherry leaves from her panties before stepping in.

"A little," said Sissy. She was slower getting into her undies because of her thumbs.

"And birds, too. I can't get over the way they let you walk up so close to 'em. Whoopers are supposed to be really skittish. 'Specially if they're migrating."

"Maybe they've never seen a human being nude before. We're different when we're naked. But I do have a way with birds, I guess. I told you about Boy, only parakeet to ever flag down a Diesel rig." Sissy looked at Jelly's popover tits as they disappeared into glossy shirt of cactus sunset design. In the looking, her blue gaze grew solemn. "I understand a tad about Indians and birds," she said softly, "but I don't know if I understand what happened up there."

Jelly's eyes snagged Sissy's, elevated them. "Something nice happened up there."

"Yes," admitted Sissy. "It was nice."

"Do you feel bad about it?"

"No, oh no. I don't feel bad. I feel... different. Or maybe I don't feel different; maybe I feel like I *should* feel different." She was thoughtful. She zipped up. "Have you had sex with girls much before?"

"Only since I've been at the Rubber Rose. Between Miss Adrian and Delores, every eligible male's been scared away from here, and there's usually trouble of one kind or another if we fool around with the hicks in Mottburg. That leaves your fingers or other women, and at least half the cowgirls on the ranch have been in each other's pants by now. There's not a queer among 'em, either. It's just a nice, natural thing to do. Girls are so close and soft. Why did it take me all these years to learn that it's okay to roll around with 'em? It's 'specially good when it's somebody you really like a lot." She hugged Sissy and sugar-doodled a few kisses around her neck and ears.

A pair of smiles rode across the Dakota hills.

Perhaps a person gains by accumulating obstacles. The more obstacles set up to prevent happiness from appearing, the greater the shock when it does appear, just as the rebound of a spring will be all

(continued on page 99)

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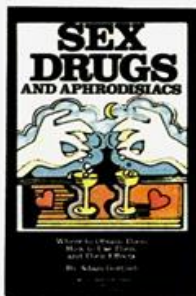
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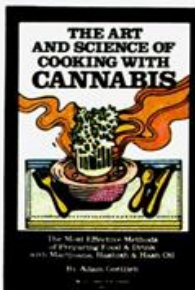
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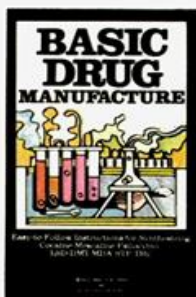
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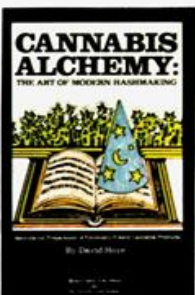
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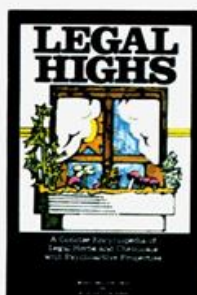
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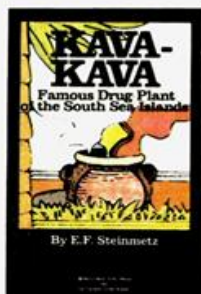
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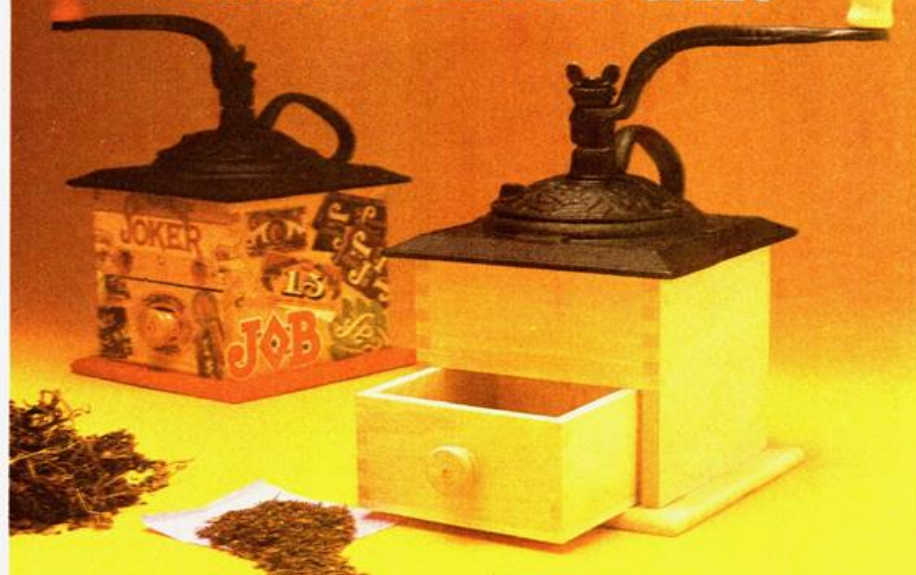
(continued from page 96)

the more powerful the greater the pressure that has been exerted to compress it. Care must be taken, however, to select large obstacles, for only those of sufficient scope and scale have the capacity to lift us out of context and force life to appear in an entirely new and unexpected light. For example, should you litter the floor and tabletops of your room with small objects, they constitute little more than a nuisance, an inconvenient clutter that frustrates you and leaves you irritable: the petty is mean. Cursing, you step around the objects, pick them up, knock them aside. Should you, on the other hand, encounter in your room a nine-thousand-pound granite boulder, the surprise it evokes, the extreme steps that must be taken to deal with it, compel you to see with new eyes. And if the boulder is more special, if it has been painted or carved in some mysterious way, you may find that it possesses an extraordinary and supernatural presence that enchants you, and in coping with it—as it blocks your path to the bathroom—leaves you feeling extraordinary and supernatural, too. Difficulties illuminate existence, but they must be fresh and of high quality.

To the obstacles that had conspired to prevent Sissy Hankshaw Gitche, white female Protestant of South Richmond, Virginia, from attaining normality, from filling a responsible and orderly role, from operating as a productive, well-adjusted contributor to the human community, now must be added friendship with Bonanza Jellybean. Whether this latest obstacle was to elevate Sissy or nudge her toward the breaking place, as a certain straw is reported to have done to a certain burdened camel, was impossible to judge from her smile, for it was simultaneously gladdened and apprehensive. It is of little or no value to analyze mental states such as this. The kingdom of formal ideas will always be a weak neighbor to the kingdom of thrills, and Sissy was a princess of thrill. Blood bunched in her head like grapes in a wig. It sang there like a popular ballad—even though the only radio station in the area played nothing but polkas. Jelly had promised to come to her room that night, with marijuana and new positions. If those prospects excited her, she was also excited by the memory of the whooping cranes, a sight all the more breathtaking because of the knowledge that those huge, elegant fugitives were so few in number and perched so precariously on the brink of total extinction. No heat, no agony, no bloody struggle, but a band of exquisite creatures (for which the world has no replacement) poised coolly—defiantly!—on the winking eyelid of doom.

Perhaps crane and cowgirl merged in her mind into a single bright-eyed beaky goblin of love. ♣

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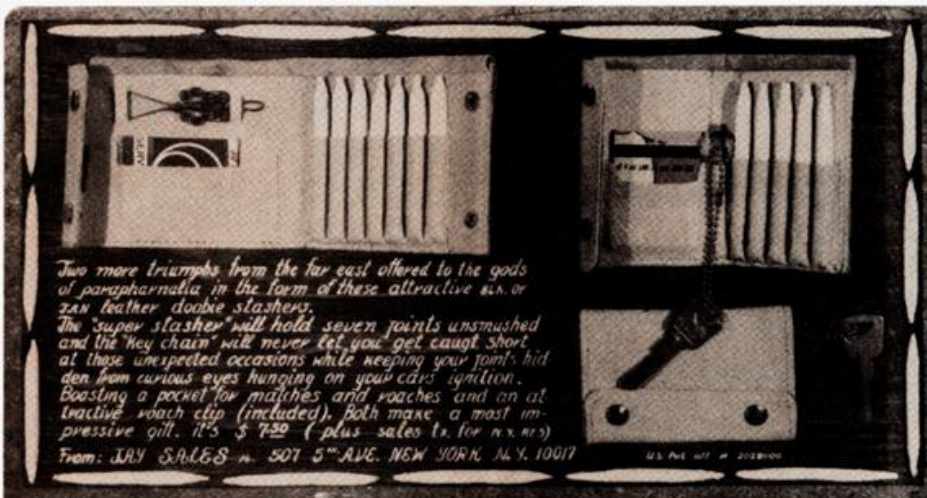
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Rasta Music

(continued from page 93)

MAX ROMEO: Another right-on Rasta, his *Revelation Time* album features the Wailers' Barrett brothers and inspired lyrics. Check his Rasta-ized "Three Blind Mice," a song about the police.

THE I-THREES: Now appearing with Bob Marley and the Wailers, Judy Mowatt, Marcia Griffiths and Rita Marley are the best-known women singers in Jamaica. Judy's album *Only a Woman* offers a look at the Rasta woman's way of life, definitely not for Helen Reddy.

JIMMY CLIFF: See *The Harder They Come*; buy the soundtrack. Jamaicans haven't been crazy about Jimmy since he went Muslim.

JOHNNY CLARKE: Now him sing on Red Stripe beer commercial, but all know he check hard for Jah. Listen to *Moveout of Babylon*, *Rastaman* and decide for yourself.

CYMANDE: They don't play reggae—they call it "Nyah rock" (as in Nyabingi?) and it sounds more like old Santana than the Wailers—but it's full of Rastaman positive vibration. Cymande is a bunch of London West Indians with Rasta ideas and they play a mean jungle rock. Maybe when Janus records realizes there's a Rasta craze going on, they'll reissue Cymande's three albums, which you might yet find in your discount bin: *Cymande* (out of print), *Second Time Around* (Janus 3054) and *Promised Heights* (Janus 7004).

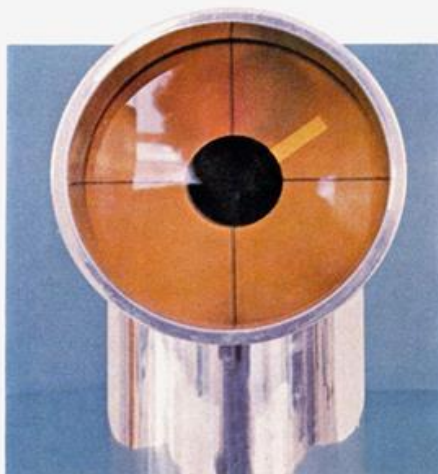
THIRD WORLD: Jamaican, Rasta-oriented but also not exactly a reggae band. Third World is into a lot of progressive areas, and it shows on their *Island* (9639-A) debut album; the band cooks and puts on a terrific live show.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Mystic Revelations of Rastafari* by Count Ossie and the *Mystic Revelations of Rastafari*. The history of music Rasta-style—pure country dread. Fifteen dollars, but worth it.

This Is Reggae Music—Parts I (9251) and *II* (9327). Good samplers from Island, including many artists not available on U.S. albums. Most other assortments are ripoffs, but check for Studio One or Coxson labels in the 49¢ bins. At that price, it might be worth suffering the recording quality on their collections of sometimes great songs.

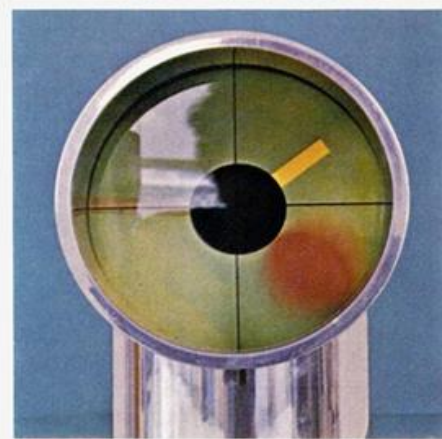
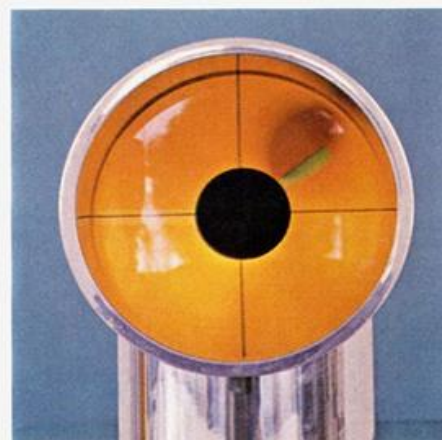
Jamaican Cult Music (Folkways, FE 4461). Here's a musical education on reggae roots recorded in 1954. Only two cuts are by Rastas, the Ras Tafari Youth Group at that, and they show traditional Rasta chanting, not reggae. But these and

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If Le Corbusier or any of the Bauhaus set had taken acid and seen a lava lamp, they'd probably have designed something like this the next day. This clock, which looks like a perfectly innocent, ugly ultra-modern clock unplugged, becomes a real mind-blower when turned on. Just watch the polarized color filters turn the background, hands and sweeping-dot second hand all the colors of the rainbow and then some. Better than black and white television at \$175. Write to Kirsch/Hamilton Associates, 77 Shuron Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02138 for the name of your nearest distributor.



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Sterling silver straws and spoons make Tequila Sunrises a pleasure to mix and sip and make your mucous membrane come out whiter and brighter besides. The serpent-shaped coke spoons feature eyes of red ruby, blue sapphire or green onyx; the straws are grooved to turn corners on straight lines. Spoons \$9, Straws \$7 from Night Lines, Inc., P.O. Box 568, Lenox Hill Station, 219 East 70th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

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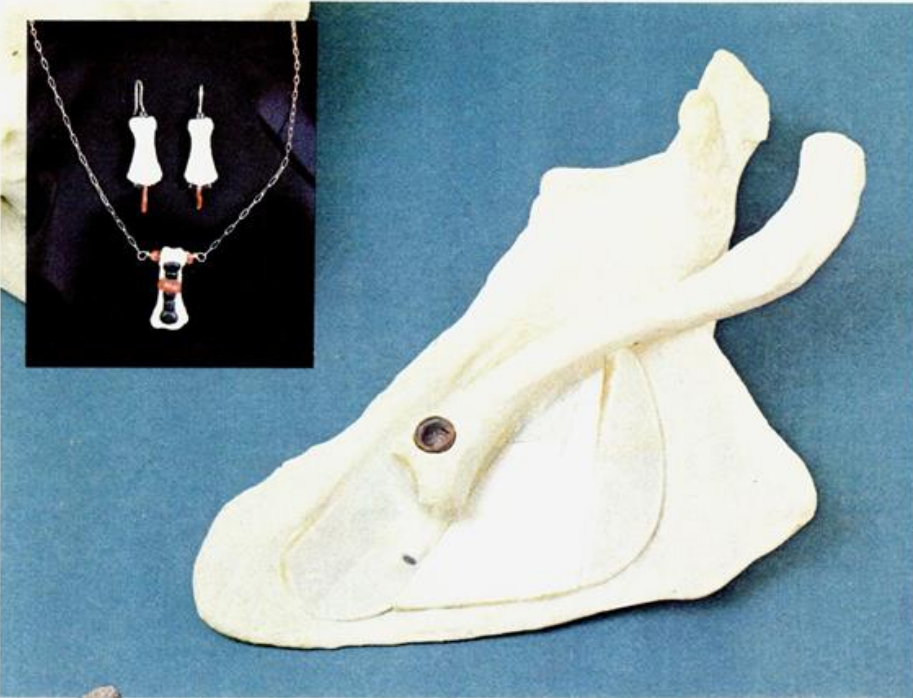
The SmoKit combines extra-wide rolling papers and matches slit to convert into roach holders in one package, for absent-minded tokers who have problems organizing their workbench and hobby tools. Under \$1 from 2nd Generation Industries, 475 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10016.



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human bone earrings and necklace will get you into any good restaurant in the upper Amazon. The bones come from rugged little Mexico. These priceless items have a price, available on request from H.K.M. Fine Arts, 15 Gramercy Park South, New York, N.Y. 10010.



Pre-Columbian Primo

Quimbaya pipes, hand carved from stone in present-day Colombia, look pre-Columbian anyway. In fact, the pipe we tested looked like it could cause immediate fertility in any woman who smoked it. Demons, phallic shapes, fertility goddesses with big tits and tushies—everything you could want in a pipe, lovingly worked in with sand and water and polished with coconut oil by mestizo craftsmen. The pipes are heavy and stay stone cold even on a hot beach. La Quimbaya, 18 centimeters high, sells for \$15. La Mujer Soltera, 18 centimeters long, sells for \$13. Quimbaya Imports, Box 116, Encinitas, Ca. 92024.

Le Stash

Precisely crafted in France, these rosewood stashes snap solidly to assure airtightness. The wood gives off a pleasant aroma, and the lids come in various designs of inlaid metal. "Le Stash"? Why, it means "the stash," of course. \$20 from Morgan Love & Company, 58 West 15th St., New York, N.Y. 10011.



"Paraphernalia" is devoted to the latest in dope accouterments. If you know of an item that should be reviewed on these pages, please send it to the Paraphernalia Editor, along with all relevant information on the product: price, how to obtain it and a brief description. All submissions will be carefully considered and quality tested. ☐

the rest of the album, which features revival music, show the evolution of the sound of the Kingston ghetto where reggae was invented.

WHERE TO BUY: Albums on Island, Columbia, Virgin and Mercury are available everywhere. For Jamaican labels try Chin Randy Records, 1342 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. (212) 778-9470. Or Keith's records at 1394 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. (212) 772-2635. In Jamaica, try Randy's, 17 North Parade Street, Kingston; or Micron, 14 Retirement Road, Kingston (926-7499).

Smoke Rasta

(continued from page 55)

Mouton, is a very amusing and enlightening document filled with hilarious tables, appendices, graphs chock full of useless information. For example—in 7 percent of the clinical cases, ganja smoking was introduced to the subject by his father; 40 percent had their first smoke "in the bush" while 23 percent was "on the riverbank" or in the field; 73 percent exercise caution when buying ganja, 80 percent exercise caution while smoking; but only 57 percent feared getting caught. An overwhelming majority of the test subjects reported a preference for kali ganja, and who can blame them?

Although Jamaica is now a stop on the Colombia coke run, there isn't much dope in Jamaica besides ganja, though some herb doctors make forms of hash along with their tonics and ganja preparations. We've also heard rumors of magic mushrooms in the hills, but if they exist, they are used by a very small group. The craziest drug in Jamaica is rumored to be honey—ganja honey, made of pollen local bees collect from the finest kali flower tops.

Rasta Theology

(continued from page 59)

participation and lacked organization. What the Rastas had was an African lifestyle with an anarchic righteousness perpetually on strike, which would inhibit the organizing powers of white colonialism in the black community.

Around 1960 when Jamaican independence was imminent, economic chaos loomed, and the ghettos grew like wildfire around Kingston. Some Rastas believed that they would be returned to Africa early in the Sixties, some thought in 1960. Because many of the brethren felt that the time was at hand, and by official estimate there were more than 20,000 Rastafarians living in Kingston, Rasta was fast becoming the philosophy of the ghetto, attracting more and more young people to the dread style.

Dreads clashed increasingly often

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with police who tried to control the ganja trade. Roadblock campaigns hassled ganja users and rudies (violent ghetto rebels of the Niyabinghi school), and locksmen began to battle it out with the police in gunfights over the politics of herb.

In 1958 the Rastas held a convention in Kingston. Many poor Rastas from the farthest parts of the island sold everything to attend, believing that the time was at hand and that the convention would culminate in departure for Africa. The convention lasted for 21 days: there were fires, clashes with police, dancing and singing. The brethren had a good time, but they were no closer to Africa.

During the summer of 1959, the Reverend Claudius Henry, founder of a Rasta church, distributed thousands of cards reading: "Pioneering Israel's scattered Children of African Origin back home to Africa, this year 1959, deadline date October 5, this new Government is God's Righteous Kingdom of Everlasting Peace on Earth, 'Creation's Second Birth.' Holder of this Certificate is requested to visit the Headquarters at 78 Rosalie Ave., off Waltham Park Road, August 1, 1959, for Our Emancipation Jubilee commencing 9 A.M. sharp. Please preserve this Certificate. No passport will be necessary for those returning home to Africa."

Meanwhile the ghetto grew tense as conflicts broke out. Rastas were arrested, beaten and sometimes forcibly shaved. Finally police raided Henry's camp, seizing ganja and arms and arresting Henry and many of his followers. In 1960 Reverend Henry was sentenced to ten years in prison, while other brethren, including Henry's son, were sentenced to death. Rasta leaders, many charging that they had been betrayed by the People's National Party, which they said had promised repatriation to Africa in return for Rasta support, asked the University of the West Indies to study their doctrines and their movement and to make recommendations for arranging a Rasta emigration. The commission issued a report that clarified the beliefs and intentions of the Rastas and concluded: "The Ras Tafari brethren do not regard the Jamaican government as their government. The true believers or extremists refuse to vote. To them, the two-party system of which Jamaica is so proud is utterly discredited, and there is some fervent admiration for a one-party state. The only true government is the theocratic government of Emperor Haile Selassie I, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The Communists' system is far preferable to the present capitalist system of white and brown Babylonians. Dr. Fidel Castro is showing what can be done in Cuba, but for 16 years Jamaicans have used their control of government merely to perpetuate and intensify slavery. The only thing which will satisfy the true brethren is repatriation to Ethiopia ... as Marcus

Garvey said, 1960 (or the Sixties) is the time of redemption. If nothing is done, 'Watutsi war dance going play here.'"

The Jamaican government, realizing that the report was probably right, especially about the "Watutsi war dance," began seriously to consider getting rid of troublemaking Rastas by sending them back to Africa. Some Rasta representatives were sent to Ethiopia and other African nations, and negotiations were carried on. Haile Selassie had already made token land grants to his believers, but he indicated that mass immigration was not possible immediately. Still, this progress fired the hopes of Rastas—and although trouble continued between Rastas, rudies and the police, the crisis was over, temporarily.

How much Haile Selassie encouraged Jamaicans to believe in his divinity is not clear. There was certainly encouragement given: the land grants in Ethiopia, the receptions for Rasta brethren who visited there. Selassie always denied his divinity, but in 1966 he traveled to Jamaica to visit his flock. Thousands of Rastas dressed in white rags saluted his arrival with their wooden walking sticks. It is said that at first the emperor was frightened by his vast flock and hid in his plane, but later he gloried in all the adulation. Reportedly, some Rastas were surprised to see that Jah was only 5'4".

The only beliefs common to all Rastas are that Haile Selassie, Ras Tafari, is the living God, and that salvation can come only through return to Africa—and even these beliefs are the subject of various interpretations. The death of Haile Selassie in 1975 after his removal from the throne by a military coup in 1974 did not alter Rastas' conviction that he was the Living God. The Rastafarian Movement Association in Kingston declared, "We Rastafarians stand firm and know that God remains the Almighty, one forever that can never die and will never die." Some Rastas believe that Selassie was immediately reincarnated and has not yet revealed his new personage. Some say he is not really dead. Being prophets, Rastas usually reveal their attitude in a poetic way. Bob Marley produced a single called "Jah Lives" that explains the attitude of high Rastas.

When Bob Marley, or any Rasta with his poetic and prophetic chops together gets going on Jah, the result is a very interesting theological argument. Marley attacks pie-in-the-sky Christian orthodoxy as plainly as Voltaire and the Enlightenment crowd in ghetto songs like "Get Up, Stand Up."

Marley's Rasta philosophy is rational deism as clear as the Enlightenment, but charged above and beyond white philosophical accomplishment with practical, sense-oriented poetic power. Jah is a living man. Any other God or first cause is too complicated and irrelevant to

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think about. "Jah Lives" is good music.

According to a report by the University of the West Indies in Kingston, the Rastafarians, or certain sects of Rastas, have quite a galaxy of cryptic religious and political beliefs. Most of them would seem startlingly naive and idealistic to the average white, but they are, in fact, Shakespearean in their cosmic stoned analysis. For example: "The black race are the true Israelites, the House of David; and the Emperor, the Lion of Judah, descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, is their true head. Those Jews whom Hitler and the Nazis exterminated were merely false Jews of whom the Scripture has said, 'Woe unto them that call themselves Israel and they are not.' God is black (Jer. 8:21). Haile Selassie is black, Solomon and Sheba were black, and so are the true Israelites. The white men have worshipped a dead God, and have taught the black man to do likewise. The white man's God is really the pope, the head of the Ku Klux Klan. The emperor, who as God controls the world and its future, is head of the Niyabinghi, who are champions of the good in the fight against Babylon (Rev. 19) and its defenders, the Ku Klux Klan, who are evil."

Furthermore, the Rastas believe that the Bible has been distorted by King James of Britain, but through the inspiration of Jah, the black man can find the true word of God. The black race sinned and was punished by God in the form of slavery and conquest by the white man. "The four pirates, John Hawkins, Cecil Rhodes, Livingstone and Grant, brought the Africans to the Western World as slaves under Elizabeth I, who has been reincarnated as Elizabeth II. Her former husband, Philip of Spain, has also been reincarnated as her present husband Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. The golden scepter that belonged to the House of Judah in Ethiopia and that carried with it the dominion of the world was stolen from Ethiopia by Rome—which then had a world empire—and from Rome by Britain, which inherited Roman power.

"On the coronation of Haile Selassie I in November 1930, King George V of Britain sent his son, the Duke of Gloucester, with this scepter as a gift to the Emperor. While in Ethiopia, the Duke of Gloucester wandered off into the bush, eating grass, thereby revealing himself to be the reincarnated Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. The Emperor Haile Selassie, receiving the scepter, simultaneously recovered the symbol of Ethiopian world power. In return, he is said to have given the Duke of Gloucester a small emblem for King George V. When the Duke returned to Britain and handed this to his father, the latter is said to have been stricken with paralysis and to have died shortly thereafter. The Duke of Gloucester then became King and fulfill-

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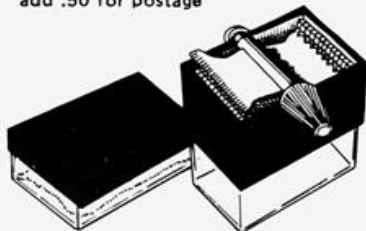
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ing prophecies, abdicated, knowing that he shall resume the throne after they reincarnate Elizabeth, to rule as the last King of Babylon and witness its defeat.

"This is clearly apocalyptic, the Messiah being the Emperor and the instrument chosen for the destruction of Babylon being the beast (Rev. 13), that is, Russia, which will come to stamp up the residue thereof, so that Babylon shall be a desolation among nations."

Babylon is the West and its agents: the government, the police, the Church. Zion is Africa. Armageddon is now.

Michael Manley

(continued from page 60)

little ... uh ... ungrateful. Some worry about the reports of full-scale battles raging in Kingston's Trenchtown ghetto. Some are worried by the full-page ads in the Daily Gleaner advertising "indefinite detention" for possession of guns. Some just can't understand the fierce-looking blacks with matted hair wearing woolen hats in the equatorial heat, smoking joints the size of carrots. Natty Dread vs. Doubleknit.

On the other hand, two other industries are beginning to boom: ganja and reggae. Kingston now has a dozen studios working 16-hour days recording 150 singles a week. Seven more studios are under construction. Even without the boom in local records and reggae, every rock band that can afford it wants to record in Jamaica, pick up a few pointers, have fun in the sun and smoke kali ganja. The old \$20-bill-and-a-shotgun style of Kingston record producers has been bought out by the contract and credit-card-toting hipsters from Island, Columbia, Motown, Mercury, Atlantic, London, A & M and Arista.

Ganja brings plenty of cash into J.A., but with the DEA's helicopters spotting mountain airstrips and with the DEA erecting poles painted flat brown (so as not to reflect light) along highways to shear the wings off ganja barnstormers, major export is no longer easy. If ganja was legal in Jamaica and the DEA illegal, it could be an enormous cash crop.

An official of J.A.'s Ministry of Industry, Trade and Tourism told *High Times*: "Sure, we have considered making ganja an export item. They say our ganja is among the best in the world, don't they? But the Americans will put too much pressure on us. It's no secret that they'll do anything to keep large amounts of ganja from entering their country and have been working with our police. But I foresee a time when economic necessities may force us to legalize. Yes, that will be odd—a country's economy running on a combination of popular music and marijuana, but it could happen in the next five years."

Manley's on the hot seat. The majority of his people smoke ganja, but the DEA is

leaning hard, and he remembers the CIA's plans for his friend Fidel.

"Rasta don't work for no CIA," sings Bob Marley on "Rat Race." But that doesn't mean that no CIA working on Rasta. And the FBI, since Rasta is American too. There are an estimated two million people in Jamaica (one million in Kingston alone), and there are an estimated one million Jamaicans in the New York City area. Brooklyn is Dreadful. To the cops they're a streetgang, and they appeared as such on a New York Times gang-turf map of the city. The FBI is investigating the Rastas as potential Bicentennial disrupters.

The group Cymande dedicates their Rastafarian Folk Song to "the world's first hippies." And there are some Rasta hippies 70 years old—they get very high.

It's taken the Rastas 40 years, but it's becoming a national movement. Rasta is a nation without boundaries: like Islam was, like Israel was (B.C.), and is the opposite of now (A.D.). In the Zion of Ras Tafari—J.A., Brooklyn, London, the Dominican Republic—it's all Africa.

Is this a fad? Or is a real alliance possible between white intellectual youth and patois-talking dreads in the Caribbean? An economic alliance already exists between them, courtesy of a few record companies. The company that brings you Walter Cronkite's news is now bringing you Peter Tosh's "Legalize It." But how big can reggae get? Some say Kingston is the new Nashville; on other days it looks like the new Watts, the new Havana or the new Jerusalem.

On his *Rastaman Vibration* album, Marley makes a little statement called, "Roots, Rock, Reggae." Bob sends it out to the D.J.'s: "Play I on the R & B... Want all my people to see... We're bubbling on the top 100... Just like a mighty dread."

How come white kids dig it and black kids don't? Maybe because they don't play I on the R & B. Could it be that Frankie Crocker and other R & B D.J.'s are too hip to Babylon disco-party to play the religious cult music of some natives? The R & B is more radio-oriented than the rock scene, and so until reggae is on the radio, it's not really here. It can't break. Once it breaks who knows—dreadlocks on 42nd Street, Toots at the Apollo and U-Roy on the Mutual Black Network. Reggae could be a lot bigger. If it went black here, the combined audience would be enormous.

Legally or not, it's already happened in Jamaica, which is on the verge of becoming a communist, vegetarian anarcho-theocracy that resembles Cuba and Moses' Israel about equally, but is more fun than either.

How can you help? Travel to Jamaica. Buy Jamaican records. Support Jamaican herb growers. Respect the Rasta brethren, before they chase the crazy baldheads out of town. ■



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DOMESTIC

EAST COAST			
Regular	ordinary green	oz	15-20
Mexican		lb	100-200
Top-grade	occasional Guerrero	oz	30-40
Mexican	and Oaxacan; tops	lb	325-425
Jamaican	barely smokeable	oz	20-25
		lb	225-300
Commercial	shaky but cheap	oz	25-30
Colombian		lb	275-375
Connoisseur	rare goods; all	oz	40-60
Colombian	others missing	lb	425-575
Hawaiian	amazing when found	oz	175-225
		lb	2200-3000
Thai sticks	scarce	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
Nigerian	scarce	oz	40-60
grass		lb	425-500
Moroccan	rock hard green,	oz	75-100
hash	fair	lb	900-1200
Lebanese	decent red around	oz	90-140
		lb	1000-1550
Afghani	fair supply,	oz	110-165
hash	good quality	lb	1200-1700
Nepalese	severe shortage;	oz	120-180
hash	some fingers	lb	1400-1900
Paki hash	quite decent,	oz	120-165
	slabs	lb	1300-1750
Lebanese	good when found	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	325-450
Afghani	strong & dark	gm	25-35
hash oil		oz	325-425
Honey oil	great demand,	gm	24-35
	small supply	oz	350-525
THC	unknown qualities	one	1-2
		100	75-50
LSD	computer blotter	hit	1-3
		100	75-150
Psilocybin	real thing	oz	20-35
		lb	150-250
Cocaine	all different toots	gm	75-120
		oz	
Quaalude 714s	brief spot of	one	2-5
	pharmaceuticals	100	200-375
Ups	black beauties	one	1.25-2
	and pink tabs	100	80-150

FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Domestic	Gainesville green,	oz	15-20
	local pride	lb	100-200
Mexican	seedy but good	oz	20-30
		lb	150-250
Jamaican	poor to fair	oz	20-30
		lb	200-300
Commercial	decent quality and	oz	20-30
Colombian	supply	lb	225-325
Connoisseur	poor availability	oz	30-45
Colombian		lb	350-500
Hawaiian	occasional ok	oz	175-225
	brown tops	lb	2200-2800
Thai sticks	good; uncommon	one	20-30
		oz	160-215
Angel dust	debilitating; PCP	joint	3-5
	product	oz	50-100
Moroccan	just ok smoke	oz	80-110
hash		lb	90-1200
Afghani	small amounts of	oz	120-170
hash	black surfboard	lb	1500-1900
Lebar-	blonde and red,	oz	85-115
hasr	both fair	lb	1000-1300
Lebanese	one of the better	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	325-450
Afghani	thick black	gm	350-475
hash oil		oz	1.50-3.00
LSD	microdot and	hit	75-150
	windowpane	100	75-125
Cocaine	quality available	gm	1100-1700
		oz	
Quaaludes	bootlegs floating	one	2-3
	around	100	100-250
Ups	dexadrine and boot-	one	1.50-2.50
	leg black beauties	100	80-150

SOUTH

Domestic	fair	oz	10-20
		lb	100-225
Regular	usual bricks,	oz	15-25
Mexican	average quality	lb	150-250

Top-grade	some pretty Guerro	oz	30-40
Mexican	tops	lb	350-450
Jamaican	stringy and seedy	oz	20-30
		lb	200-300
Commercial	good supply, fair	oz	25-35
Colombian	quality	lb	325-425
Connoisseur	excellent red,	oz	40-55
Colombian	some gold	lb	450-575
Moroccan	green, only fair	oz	90-120
hash		lb	900-1200
Afghani	black slabs, good	oz	120-175
hash		lb	1300-1800
Lebanese	tasty red	gm	25-35
hash oil		oz	300-450
LSD	various kinds	hit	1-3
		100	80-150
Cocaine	fluctuating quality	gm	65-110
	and quantity	oz	1000-1600
Ups	decent black	one	1.25-2
	beauties	100	90-125

GREAT LAKES REGION

Regular	standard green	oz	10-20
Mexican	bricks; fair	lb	100-225
Top-grade	Oaxacan and	oz	35-60
Mexican	Michoacán; stony	lb	450-600
	green		
Jamaican	so-so dope	oz	20-30
		lb	275-375
Commercial	just ok smoke	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	300-450
Connoisseur	some gold	oz	35-60
Colombian	around	lb	450-625
Thai sticks	pressed green	one	20-35
		oz	175-225
Afghani	surfboard slabs	oz	120-165
hash		lb	1250-1800
Nepalese	fresh temple	oz	130-190
hash	fingers; rare	lb	1350-1900
Paki hash	black/green; good	oz	110-150
		lb	1200-1600
Honey oil	supply dwindling	gm	25-35
		oz	425-550
LSD	windowpane the	hit	1-3
	best; others around	100	100-200
Mescaline	poorly cut	hit	2-4
		100	125-225
Peyote	buttons still available	one	.50-1
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	75-115
		oz	1200-1800
Quaaludes	pharmaceutical	one	3-5
	unavailable	100	250-375

MIDWEST

Domestic	fair to good crop	oz	10-15
		lb	75-175
Regular	generally "Tex Mex"	oz	15-25
Mexican		lb	150-250
Top-grade	small supply,	oz	25-45
Mexican	large demand	lb	375-525
Commercial	dry and seedy	oz	30-40
Colombian		lb	350-450
Connoisseur	rare of late	oz	45-60
Colombian		lb	500-625
Thai sticks	irregular quality	one	20-35
		oz	175-235
Afghani hash	stale black slabs	oz	110-160
		lb	1500-1800
Lebanese	fair quality red,	oz	100-140
hash	good supply	lb	1150-1600
Honey oil	amber	gm	25-35
		oz	450-550
Afghani oil	very strong	gm	20-30
		oz	375-500
LSD	mostly blotters	hit	1.50-3
		100	75-125
MDA	questionable origin	gm	30-40
Peyote	good quality buttons	hit	1-2
Cocaine	heavily cut	gm	75-115
		oz	1100-1700

SOUTHWEST

Domestic	'76 crop looks	oz	10-20
	promising	lb	75-175
Regular	standard of the	oz	10-20
Mexican	people	lb	75-175
Top-grade	delightful Oaxacan	oz	25-45
Mexican		lb	250-450
Commercial	fair shape and	oz	25-35
Colombian	quality	lb	300-400
Connoisseur	seldom seen of late	oz	35-55
Colombian		lb	450-550
Thai sticks	rare	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Lebanese	fair red	oz	80-110
hash		lb	900-1250
Afghani	black and potent	gm	25-35
hash oil		oz	375-475
LSD	all kinds	hit	1-2.50
		100	75-150



Peyote	still fresh	one	.15-.25
Cocaine	fluctuating quantity	gm	65-110
	and quality	oz	1100-2000

WEST COAST

Domestic	all ranges; average	oz	20-75
	to surreal	lb	200-500
Commercial	decent varieties	oz	15-25
Mexican	available	lb	100-175
Top-grade	red hair tops	oz	30-50
Mexican		lb	300-500
Commercial	fair, overpriced	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	325-450
Connoisseur	spicy gold, short	oz	40-55
Colombian	supply	lb	475-600
Hawaiian	poor availability	oz	175-225
		lb	1900-2500
Thai sticks	large gold and	one	20-30
	good	oz	175-225
Lebanese	sacked red, good	oz	90-130
		lb	950-1350
Paki hash	black on the outside,	oz	100-145
	green inside	lb	1000-1500
Afghani	black with white	oz	115-170
hash	streaks	lb	1400-1800
Lebanese	very tasty red	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	350-450
Afghani	fresh, black & good	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	400-500
Honey oil	delicious but	gm	25-35
	scarce	oz	400-550
LSD	assorted types	one	1-2
		100	75-125
Peyote	still available	one	.30-.50
Cocaine	various qualities	gm	65-120
	around	oz	1100-2000

NORTHWEST

Regular	plentiful	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	100-275
Top-grade	fine high altitude	oz	35-60
Mexican	products	lb	425-600
Commercial	decent; good	oz	25-35
Colombian	supply	lb	325-450
Connoisseur	spicy gold	oz	40-60
Colombian	available	lb	450-600
Lebanese	red; good	oz	100-150
hash		lb	1000-1500
Moroccan	regular green	oz	75-100
hash		lb	900-1150
Afghani	excellent moldy	oz	120-175
hash	black; limited	lb	1300-1900
Lebanese	very tasty	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	300-425
Afghani	potent	gm	20-35
hash oil		oz	350-450
Honey oil	highly refined;	gm	25-35
	very good	oz	375-525
LSD	mostly brown	hit	1-3
	blotter	100	75-125
Peyote	still in season	one	25-.50
Cocaine	all qualities	gm	70-110
		oz	1100-1600
Psilocybin	grows profusely;	oz	25
	a family pick		

ALASKA

Domestic	excellent when	oz	35-60
	found	lb	425-550
Regular	constant supply	oz	20-30
Mexican		lb	250-350
Top-grade	Oaxacan	oz	40-60
Mexican		lb	400-550
Commercial	decent quality	oz	25-40
Colombian	and quantity	lb	350-475
Connoisseur	occasional gold	oz	40-65
Colombian	buds	lb	475-625
Hawaiian	tremendous high	oz	225-300
		lb	2300-3300
Thai sticks	scarce	one	25-35
		oz	200-250
LSD	brown blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	various qualities;	gm	75-125
	decent flow	oz	1800-2500

HAWAII

Commercial	pantheless import;	oz	30-40
Colombian	decent	lb	350-450
Connoisseur	resiny red	oz	40-65
Colombian	tops; scarce	lb	450-650
Kona gold	excellent	oz	75-100
		lb	1200-2000

Maui	first harvest,	oz	75-125
	very promising	lb	1100-1700
LSD	windowpane;	hit	2-3
	excellent	100	125-175
Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	80-120
	rock	oz	1500-2000

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

Domestic hash	needs agricultural improvement	oz	15-20
		lb	200-350
Senegalese & Congolese	the smoke of	oz	45-60
	the month	kilo	625-1300
Moroccan hash	mostly garbage	oz	50-70
		kilo	800-985
Lebanese hash	still going strong	oz	45-50
		kilo	860-1000
Pakistani hash	spectrum of quality	oz	45-55
		kilo	910-1200
Kashmiri hash	great high grade	oz	55-60
		kilo	1115-1325
Hash oil	a knockout	liter	2000
LSD	all kinds, all doses	hit	2-4
		100	130-200
Cocaine	it's snowing	gm	60-120
		oz	1100-2000
Burmese opium	the greatest	gm	3
		oz	65-70

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	make love, not war	oz	35-50
		lb	400-700
Mozambique grass	good head	oz	55-75
		lb	500-800
Quaaludes	scarce	hit	2-3
		100	150-250
Dormadinas	Spanish	hit	1-2
	methaqualone	100	75-150
Morphine	tremendous	oz	5-10
		lb	100

BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass	all you can smoke	oz	3-4
		lb	30-50
Sticks	always great	one	50-75
		oz	4-5
Buddha sticks	the finest	one	50-1
		oz	5-10
Burmese opium	sweet dreams	oz	5-10
		lb	100

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	top-notch	oz	5-7
	smoke	lb	30-40
Macho Piccu	excellent	oz	5-7
		lb	23-32
Punta Roja	very tasty	oz	7-9
		lb	25-35
Colombian hash	improving	lb	30-50
		100 lb	2000-3000
Colombian hash oil	still trying	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	not necessary	hit	3-5
		100	250-400
Mushrooms	everywhere	lb	3-5
Cocaine	flake	oz	300-450
		lb	4500-5500
	rock	oz	250-350
		lb	4000-5000

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

Chitral hash	supply declining	gm	2-3
		oz	45-60
Lebanese hash	decent and plentiful	oz	35-50
		lb	400-500
Nepalese hash	new fine	oz	45-75
	temple balls	lb	475-575
Nigerian grass	fair domestic	oz	25-35
		lb	400-500
Cocaine	new imports	gm	50-100
		oz	1000-1800
LSD	nonpure speedy	hit	2-5
		100	225-325

EASTERN CANADA

Domestic	fair at best	oz	10-20
		lb	150-225
Regular Mexican	poor to good	oz	15-25
	quality	lb	150-225
Top-grade Mexican	good supply	oz	35-50
	of late	lb	400-550
Commercial Colombian	dry and seedy	oz	25-40
		lb	375-450

Connoisseur	scarce	oz	45-65
Colombian		lb	475-600
Hawaiian	excellent when found	oz	175-250
		lb	2000-3000
Afghani hash	black/white; very good	oz	150-200
		lb	1300-1800
Indian hash	just ok	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1550
Kashmiri hash	wonderful	oz	150-225
		lb	1500-2000
Afghani hash oil	unimpressive	gm	25-35
		oz	375-500
Honey oil	highly refined; excellent	gm	25-40
		oz	425-550
MDA	dubious	gm	25-30
Cocaine	excellent rock	gm	75-125
	available; limited	oz	1400-1800

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lebanese hash	usual quality (price on decline)	gm	2-3
		lb	625-850
Moroccan hash	pressed black/green	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-750
Magic Moroccan hash	sweet and potent	gm	2.50-4.50
		lb	700-950
LSD	microdots	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

Lebanese hash	readily available	gm	2-3
		kilo	1100-1200
Afghani hash	potent, the best	oz	40-60
		lb	500-700
Moroccan hash	some good black	oz	35-50
		lb	450-550
Thai sticks	the best import	one	10-12
		100	800-900
LSD	blotters	hit	3-4
		100	350-375
Cocaine	some excellent rocks	gm	60-100
		oz	400-650
Speed	pharmaceutical, meth.	gm	20-35
		oz	400-450
Heroin	made in France	gm	40-75
		oz	1000

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO

Torreón violet	decapitating	oz	5-10
		lb	40-60
Guadalajara green	envious domestic	oz	3-4
		lb	25-40
Oaxacan tops	very mature, sweet	oz	4-7
		lb	30-50
Guerrero gold	consistent	oz	4-6
		lb	40-60
Pueblo	excellent taste	oz	5-8
		lb	40-60
Magic mushrooms	mental magic	oz	4-5
		lb	30-50
Cocaine	mostly pure rocks	gm	25-40
		oz	500-750
Opium	heavy dreams	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	mostly ragweed	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Thai grass	excellent	oz	50-100
		lb	500-950
Thai sticks	very good brown	one	8-12
		oz	75-150
Heroin	brown rocks, the best	oz	90-100
		lb	1000
Hashish	small amounts, various kinds	gm	8-10
		oz	75-150

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Turkish hash	high grade, potent	oz	5-8
		lb	70
Antonia hash	highly cherished	oz	8-10
		lb	100
LSD	microdots and blotters	hit	7-12
		100	100-225
Opium	could be better	oz	3-5
		lb	60

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	better than nothing	oz	1-2
		lb	50-75
Water-pressed hash	little on	oz	1-1.50
	harsh side	kilo	30-50
Shirac hash	a fine catch	oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-Sharif	personal stash	oz	5-8
		kilo	125-250

Hash oil	the best ingredients	kilo	120-200
		liter	600-800

LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	good black, poor green	oz	50-70
		lb	600-750
Lebanese hash	red slabs	oz	70-80
		lb	800-900
Afghani hash	A-1	oz	70-90
		lb	800-900
Colombian hash	50-50	oz	55-70
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	too impure	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
LSD	some windowpane	hit	2-4
		100	75-150
Cocaine	high price, lowgrade	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
Mandrax	British Quaalude	one	1-2
		100	75-150

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	good smoke	oz	20-30
		lb	160-300
Nepalese hash	black, white and potent	oz	80-110
		lb	900-1000
Indian hash	much better	oz	70-80
	quality available	lb	875-1000
Afghani hash	excellent	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1500
LSD	scarce dots	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	leaves something to be desired	gm	85-125
		oz	1750-2500

PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	a better African pot	oz	40-60
		lb	300-600
Colombian	good tourist, imports	oz	30-55
		lb	425-700
Moroccan	tasty but non-potent	oz	30-50
		lb	350-500
Afghani hash	top grade	gm	5-7
		lb	900-1100
Chitral hash	scarce, decent	oz	50-70
		lb	500-700
LSD	U.S. dots and excellent blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-350
Opium	a great buy	gm	12-15
Morphine	French pharmaceutical	gm	50-100

QUITO, ECUADOR

Colombian red	excellent import	oz	8-10
		lb	80-100
Ecuadorian red	ok	oz	4-5
		lb	40-50
Cocaine	Bolivian pink flake	gm	20-30
		oz	500-600
San Pedro cactus	mescaline-like	oz	free for the cutting

ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass	scarce but very good	oz	80-90
		100 gm	260
Lebanese hash	sacked, red and blonde	oz	100
		100 gm	300
Afghani hash	slow burn, long lasting	oz	100-110
		100 gm	270-280
Moroccan hash	occasional good	oz	85-115
	black	100 gm	270-285
LSD	some blotters	hit	4-5
		100 gm	300-350
Cocaine	flake, varied quality	gm	40-60
		oz	900-1100
Speed	some powder meth.	gm	50
		oz	1000
Smack	good quality	gm	100
		oz	2000

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

Closers

Culture

This month we happen to be presenting two of the greatest cult novelists of our time under one cover. Paul Bowles's cult includes William Burroughs, Patti Smith and Tennessee Williams. Tom Robbins's cult includes Thomas Pynchon, Graham Greene and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Who has a bigger cult? It's West Coast vs. North Africa—a real tossup.



Bowles

For 20 years, Paul Bowles has been America's foremost literary émigré, the unofficial American consul in Tangiers. Bowles started out as a tourist, got hooked and could never leave for more than short jaunts. Bowles's novels (*The Sheltering Sky*, *Let It Come Down*, *The Delicate Prey*) are the definitive expression of the white race's romantic desire to escape civilization—and the paranoia that comes from being

unable to really make it. His collection of stories *A Hundred Camels in the Courtyard* (City Lights) is a classic of kif adventures.

In "Kifmaking in Morocco" (page 43), Bowles explains the crucial differences between the ready-to-smoke cannabis most dopers know and the special kif blend that Moroccans prepare for themselves daily. The accompanying step-by-step photo essay on



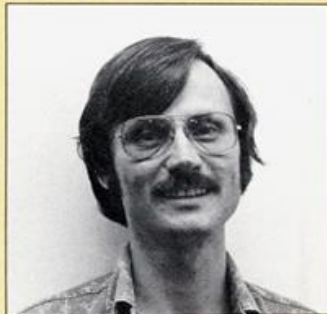
Robbins

kif cutting is by Pato, who shot our spectacular March kif-field cover and centerfold.

Tom Robbins's cult is big. About a million people have read his first novel, *Another Roadside Attraction*, and rumor has it that *Roadside* has been picked up for the screen by Otto Preminger, with Charlton Heston as the possible lead. *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, excerpted on page 62, is his latest novel (from Houghton Mifflin).

In the Courts

Steve Long, who conducted our interview with Michael Stepanian this month (page 22), has covered the radical,



Long

psychedelic and weirdo beats for the Berkeley Barb, the L.A. Free Press, City Magazine and National Weed. Long is currently writing a book with Warren Hinckle about guerrilla warfare in the United States and is considering re-

turning to Columbia Journalism School "in an effort to learn something."

Ray Schultz, who wrote "How to Buy a Judge" (page 41), is an occasional writer for both the New York Times and Screw and is an experienced observer of the magistrate's market. The actual mechanics of this often-used but little-discussed legal loophole are not only fascinating, but disgusting. But you might as well know what you are doing if indeed you do it, and, as Schultz says, "you can always take a hot bath afterward."

To our British readers: *High Times* has been found obscene by Her Majesty's government and is no longer available on United Kingdom newsstands. We will try to honor all British subscriptions (overseas rates on page 6).



Griffy and creations: Zippy and Mr. Toad

Griffiti

Bill Griffith, creator of Zippy and "Reality, Perception and Donuts" (page 64), is the founder of the famous "Young Lust" romance comics and co-editor of *Arcade*, the comics review that publishes the best of the underground: Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, Spain, Kim Deitch, Art Spiegelman and, of course,

Griffith, whose most recent *Arcade* strip featured both Zippy and Sergeant Bilko as members of sixteenth-century Italy's beloved *commedia dell'arte*.

"Comix are the illegitimate offspring of Art, Literature and Film," Griffy says, "and anyone with three parents is bound to be a little demented."

Natty Thanks

Our Rasta Reggae spectacular (page 47) owes it all to Damion Wheat, who was dreadlocked, and Eric Turner of Cinandre Coiffures, who spent three hours doing it. As you can see from the photo below, Cinandre can make anyone look more like Bob Marley. Thanks also to Lister Hewan-Lowe, Brooklyn's reggae goodwill ambassador; Island Records, especially Jeff Walker and Gary Kenton; Lee Jaffee, Peter Tosh's manager, and Al Anderson of the Wailers for rolling spliffs; Ken Weintraub, WLIR's Rasta-in-residence who helped with the Marley inter-

view and is now bringing reggae every Monday to Michael "Eppie" Epstein's My Father's Place in Roslyn, Long Island; Mark Jacobsen, for expert advice; Eugenie Bafaloukos, who got Peter Tosh's every word; Ted Bafaloukos for pix and expertise; Neil Selkirk for Rastafarian photography; Contact Images for pix and patience; Bruce McCall for transcendental professionalism; the copy department for picking up patois; The Institute of Jamaica; J. Tabasco for design; Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, the Ras Tafari brethren and Jah for inspiration and articles editor Glenn O'Brien for the number. ☐



Dread Coif

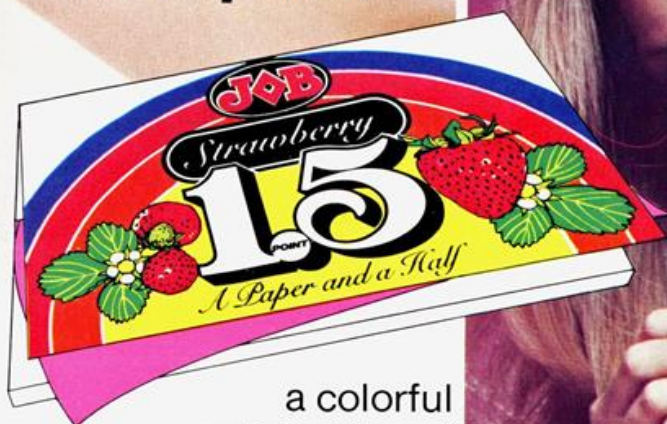
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SEPTEMBER 1976



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